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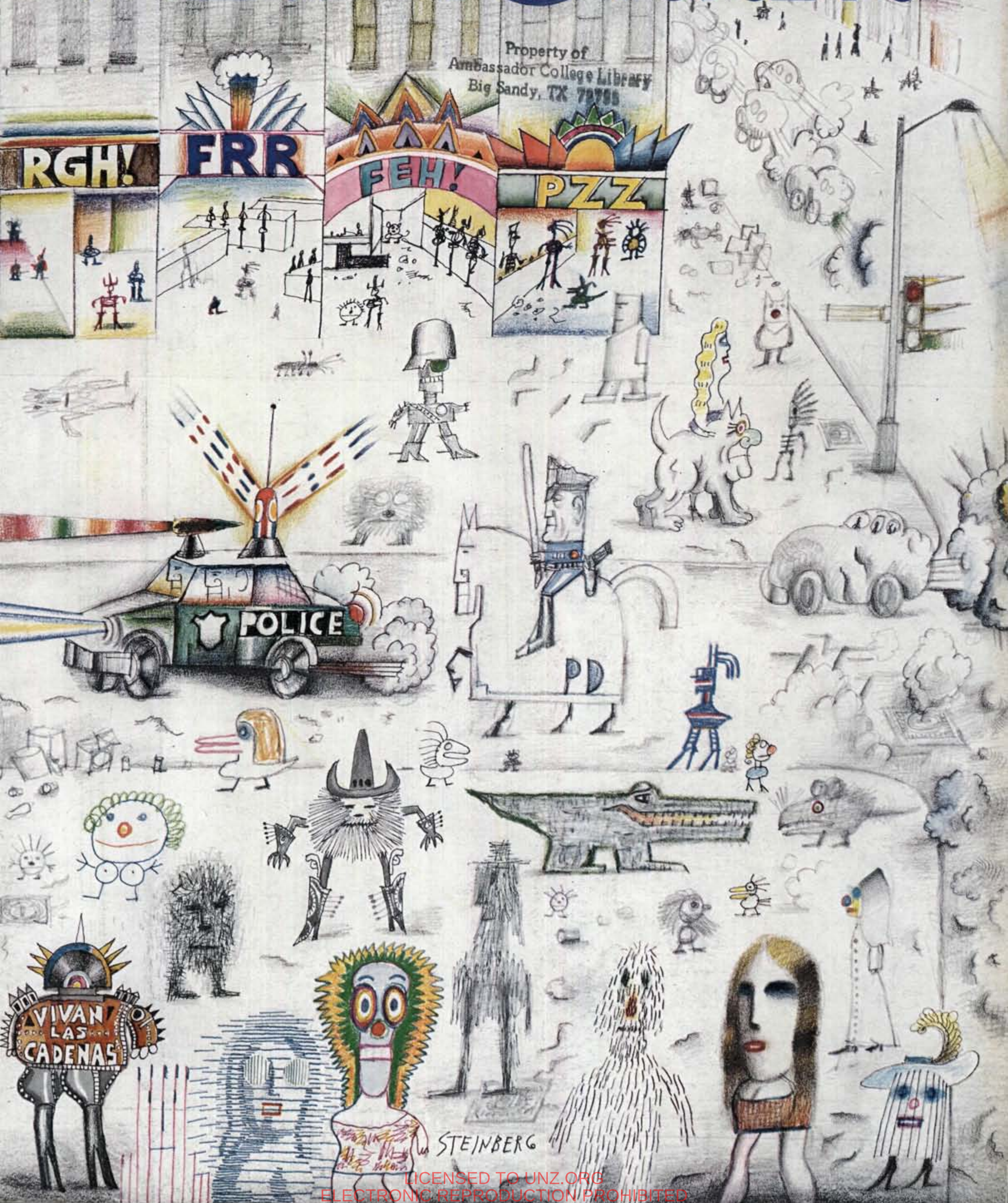
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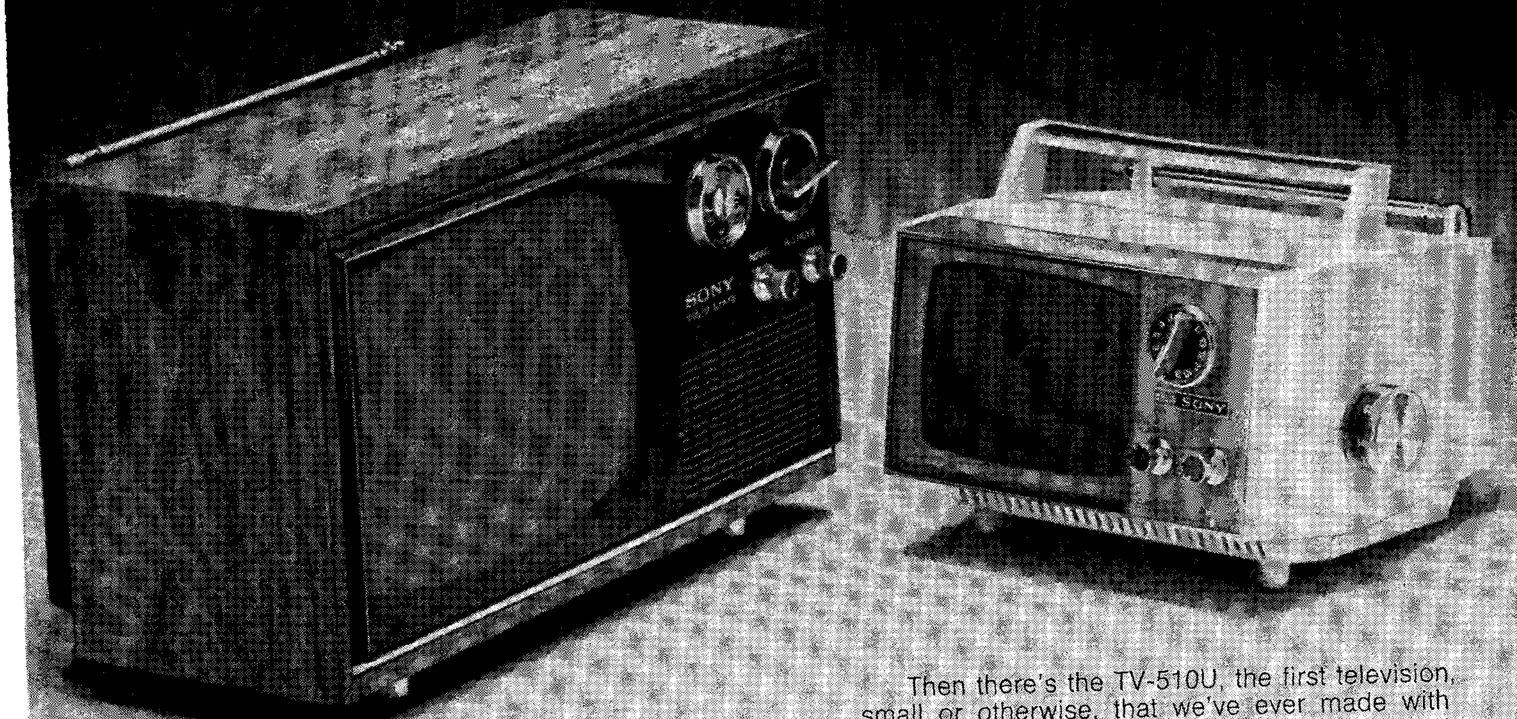

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(One of the major changes for the new year is that for all Broadway, and some Off Broadway, *shows the evening curtain time is at 7:30. And* most matinées start at 2. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A modest, homely, and beguiling evening in the company of two very bright men. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

The Carpenters—A play by Steven Tesich, with Vincent Gardenia and Alice Drummond. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8, and Friday at 9. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Dastardly crimes are being committed by unknown parties in a crack regiment of the Indian Army sometime in the late nineteenth century. A delightful melodrama by Barry England, very well acted by a large company under the direction of Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

A Doll's House—Claire Bloom and Donald Madden in an adaptation by Christopher Hampton of the Ibsen play. Patrick Garland directed. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 13. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowry. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Hamlet—Two performances only. Judith Anderson plays the title role, and the other members of the cast include Laurence Hugo, Don McHenry, and Ludi Claire. William Ball directed. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, at 8:30.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—A beautiful play by David Storey, acted to perfection by a cast that includes Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2, and Thursday, Jan. 14, at 11 A.M. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—A limited engagement of the production of the Royal Shakespeare Company, from Stratford-Upon-Avon. Directed by Peter Brook. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 18-19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 20. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:40. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday at 2; subsequently on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Place Without Doors—An imagined epilogue to an actual murder that took place in France four years ago. The play is shallow and *pretentious, but Richard A. Dysart gives a* splendid performance as the husband of the murderess. (Stairway, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Synge's **THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD**, with David Birney, is the second in this year's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 48, January 16, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Ari—A musical with a book and lyrics by Leon Uris, based on his novel "Exodus," and with music by Walt Smith. David Cryer and Constance Towers head a cast directed by Lucia Victor. Previews through Thursday, Jan. 14. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 15. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—The 1925 musical with a book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, music by Vincent Youmans, and lyrics by Irving Caesar and Mr. Harbach. Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, Helen Gallagher, Susan Watson, and Patsy Kelly head the cast. Directed by Burt Shevelove, with the production supervised by Busby Berkeley. Previews through Monday, Jan. 18. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 19. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 17, at 5.)

Soon—A rock opera with music by Joe Kookoolis and Scott Fagan, and lyrics by Mr. Fagan. The cast is headed by Joe Butler, Barry Bostwick, Marta Heflin, and Peter Allen. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 541-8940. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** He turned to Stephen and said: —Seriously, Dedalus. I'm stony. Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money. Today the bards must drink and junket. Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —That reminds me, Haines said, rising, that I have to visit your national library today. —Our swim first, Buck Mulligan said. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He turned to Stephen and asked blandly: —Is this the day for your monthly wash, Kinch? Then he said to Haines: —The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** Vanity was the beginning and end of Sir Walter Elliot's character; vanity of person and of situation. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** He had been remarkably handsome in his youth; and, at fifty-four, was still a very fine man. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Few women could think more of their personal appearance than he did; nor could the valet of any new-made lord be more delighted with the place he held in society. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** He considered the blessing of beauty as inferior only to the blessing of a baronetcy; and the Sir Walter Elliot, who united these gifts, was the constant object of his warmest respect and devotion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Allegro Brillante," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Kodály Dances" (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:15: "Harlequinade," "Valse Romantique," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 17, at 1:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Temperaments," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 17, at 7:15: "Suite No. 3," "Prodigal Son," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8:15: "Suite No. 3," "Illuminations," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," "La Source," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Four Last Songs" (première), "Concerto for Two Pianos" (première), and "Irish Fantasy.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "Kodály Dances," "The Cage," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:15: "Concerto for Two Pianos" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Four Last Songs," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Ballets Africains—Final performances of a three-week engagement by a troupe of forty-four dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra, in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Jan. 30—Monday, Jan. 18, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Jan. 20, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, at 8: "Toccata," "Reflections in D," "Blues Suite," "Archipelago" (première), and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30: "Streams," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tim Wood, Tommy Litz, Linda Carbonetto, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 17, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk singer Cheryl Deltcher will share the stage with comics Edmonds & Curley through Monday, Jan. 18. On Wednesday, Jan. 20, Curtis Mayfield, who writes and sings songs with a certain amount of social significance, will move in. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. Nico will be on electric piano and Herbie Lewis on bass through Saturday, Jan. 16. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The return of a native, Mary Lou Williams, to her rightful world of the pianoforte is celebrated, with both meat and drink, from eight to one every night but Sunday. Michael Fleming is her bassist.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an acceptable version of soul food. Skilled guitarist Kenny Burrell and bassist Wilbur Little play until Wednesday, Jan. 20, when Attilla Zoller, who sometimes gets into dodecaphonics on his guitar, arrives with bass player Lisle Atkinson. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, whose melodious tenor sax has been upholding a vigorously inventive jazz tradition for years, leads a quartet that includes Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for solid Dixieland. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This nostalgic and gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel swell. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Donald Byrd, who combines force and subtlety in his trumpet playing, is leading a quintet until Tuesday, Jan. 19, when Leon Thomas, the man with the voice like an electronic yodel, takes over, backed by an ensemble. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dark, cramped quarters where coffee, tea, and cider are consumed. But the surroundings become unimportant when Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee get into some honest-to-God, spine-tingling blues that evoke the past and all the pains and joys of living. They will perform through Monday, Jan. 18. (One small dilemma here: If you arrive early, you may have to sit through a couple of hours of middle-level entertainment before the star performers come on; if you arrive late, you may not find seats.) Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Fine musicians are scheduled, with Junior Mance playing some funky, blues-oriented jazz through Sunday, Jan. 17. On Tuesday, Jan. 19, saxophonist Lee Konitz, who has been broadening his approach to jazz lately, brings in a quartet. On Mondays, the above groups are off, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Jazz, rock, and dancing. Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra play each Sunday. The Larry Coryell trio will start a gig Tuesday, Jan. 19. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 15-17, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson will lead a sextet. On Tuesday, Jan. 19, the explosive, polyrhythmic, and sometimes mind-blowing drummer Elvin Jones will come in with his quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being played here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. Sunday, Jan. 17, cornettist Wild Bill Davison will sit in with the regulars, who are Red Balaban, Marquis Foster, Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, and Ed Polcer. The remainder of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish room, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine-thirty to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. Dinners are elaborate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, some pop performers try hard to be relevant. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Discs alternate with the live sounds of Children of God. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—José Greco and his burgeoning troupe do their final ballet recital on Wednesday, Jan. 13, but the patter of tiny and proud Iberian feet will not cease, for next evening José Molina brings in his own crew of balletomanes. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **Château Disco** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing Latin lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, nine to four, and a fine idea.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Jan. 20, is the terminal night for Jackie De Shannon, a pretty innocent as yet unversed in the cant of show business, who sings (and often well) only in her archaic native tongue—Kentuckyese. On Thursday, Jan. 21, in come a recently coined wit (he is Marvin Braverman) and a veteran caroller (Jerry Vale, whose smile is not an optical illusion but whose tenor is occasionally an oral illusion). . . . ¶ In the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back such music acts as the Dunhills.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—A Greening of Manhattan takes place in **La Forêt**, an enchanted forest indeed, where the woodland, woodwind sound of Phil Wayne's exemplary quintet lures everyone to the dance floor. The addition, after the theatre, of the subdued rock created by Joe Bill Loudermilk & Grits does not break the spell. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ There is dancing every night in the **Café**, as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Jan. 13, at ten-fifteen, Judy Carne, who got her LL.D.s at "Laugh-In" and "The Boy Friend," makes her first appearance, vocal as ever, in the **Persian Room**. Eight-thirty and eleven will be her career thereafter. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will be the musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933)—"Dames at Sea," the young musical onstage here, is not the greatest show on earth, but it's nearly the greatest show *under* earth, nestled in this admirable cellar. The parody of those song-and-dance Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movies is without fault. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller wrote it to the hilt, and a cast led by Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson play it to the hilt. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own right. In general, at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, at four and seven-thirty Sundays. . . . ¶ The **Edwardian Room** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, sev-

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Do we really need it?

America now uses more than fourteen million barrels of oil per day. We produce less than ten million barrels. And the gap gets greater with every year. To make up the difference, we are forced to depend on imports from politically unstable areas.

That's why the discovery of vast reserves of oil on Alaska's North Slope means so much to this country. Development of these reserves will go far toward alleviating our nation's energy and petrochemical deficit. North Slope oil will also bring economic blessings to the State of Alaska—it'll mean jobs and opportunity for *all* Alaskans—particularly Native Alaskans. In short, the oil is a boon.

The big hurdle is getting the oil to market. The job could be done with tankers, but feasibility studies on alternate delivery methods showed the best solution had to be a pipeline—stable, controlled, monitored and stationary—safe.

To do that job, in August of 1970, seven major oil companies with North Slope holdings formed Alyeska Pipeline Service Company. The new company has broad responsibilities—to design, build, operate and maintain an 800-mile pipeline from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez, an ice-free port in Southern Alaska. The line will have an eventual capacity of two million barrels per day. The cost will exceed one billion dollars, making it the most expensive single project ever undertaken by private industry.

We accept the fact that some 205 million Americans will be looking over our shoulders to make sure we do the job right. We know environmental problems must be faced—and solved—before the project can proceed. It will take a great deal of care and a great deal of money, but we know we can build the pipeline without significant damage to the land or to the wildlife.

We've already spent millions of dollars in finding out whether or not the pipeline could be built without damaging the environment. We've conducted experiments in the north with both warm and cold pipe. We've studied the wildlife—its breeding and migratory habits. We've carried out far-reaching botanical experiments to determine the best methods for reseeding and restoring the tundra. We've even examined our entire proposed route to make sure that we will not disturb areas of archeological importance. In short, we've done our homework.

Now we think it is time to move ahead. We need permission to use a right-of-way 54 feet wide and approximately 800 miles long. We must touch a wilderness, but we will touch it as carefully and as gently as possible.

In subsequent messages, we shall explain our proposed route, our research and our stringent pipeline safety precautions. If, in the meantime, you'd like more information, write us: Public Affairs Division, Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, 1815 South Bragaw Street, Anchorage, Alaska 99503.

Alyeska Pipeline Service Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

en to ten-thirty, except Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A set of *outré* musicians sit around a large part of the evening, communing with one another in brass, strings, electronics, and woodwinds, and evoking some pretty interesting muses. During dinner and supper, Tamiko Jones, whose coaching staff may not be conscious of her considerable potentialities, sings along with the band. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively, long, and often luxe: pre-theatre buffet, plus piano, beginning at five-thirty, in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**; then dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen do *molto-ritardo* Viennese serenading) and the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's brilliant Latin orchestra and Hal Turner's neat little band, which shuttles between Rodgers and Hart and palatable rock); and a late-evening reprise of the **ST. REGIS ROOM** (Jason & Maryhazel—stalwart young composer and guitarman, plus a lass with a delicate air, plus persuasive meeting of voices). The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, the other rooms on Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Jimmy Lyon's piano is her background. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** downstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Never a dull, or a dark, night. Dancing. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

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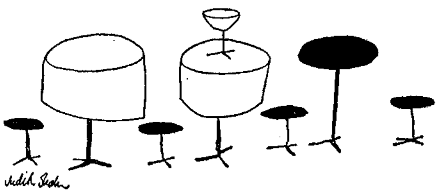
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A part of the seacoast known only to the natives, never to tourists. The life is quiet, the music is the piano of Wayne Sanders, a musician who makes nostalgia a not at all broody occasion. Closed Mondays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. Dining. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (not before ten-thirty) on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. Marty Napoleon's trio lends other notes of gaiety, and Sunday evenings the triad led by Daphne Hellman's angelic harp also takes part. Closed Mondays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SAMUEL ADLER—Sculptures in wood; through Jan. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

MIKE BAKATY—Strips and light-catching forms in fibre glass; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

HERBERT BAYER—Recent paintings, sculptures, and architectural projects by a well-known member of the Bauhaus; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGIT BECK—Cubist-derived aerial landscapes; through Jan. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

FELICIANO BEJAR—Arrangements of variously sized lenses that reflect their surroundings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

NORMAN BLUHM AND JULIAN STANCZAK—Small triptychs by the former, a leading Action painter, and patterns using transparent effects by the latter, a prominent Optical artist; through Jan. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL CAMACHO—Interweavings of mathematical shapes; through Jan. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CLEM CLARKE—Still-lifes by an artist who copies museum pieces; through Jan. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Recent paintings by a Surrealist; through Jan. 30. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

RON DAVIS—Minimal paintings with the illusion of depth; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBYN DENNY—Paintings by a British reductionist; through Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Collages done in the twenties by this pioneer American abstractionist; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD DUGMORE—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

BOB DURAN—Cloudlike abstractions; through Jan. 28. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

SONJA EISENBERG—Paintings of vaguely highlighted naturelike shapes in this artist's first show in New York; starting Tuesday, Jan. 19. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

FRED ESCHER—Free-form neon tubings on the floor and ceiling; through Jan. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Maine and Nassau subjects; starting Tuesday, Jan. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GRAHAM—Wax figures of a woman in a series of movements inside Plexiglas boxes; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Misty New Jersey landscapes; through Jan. 28. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings by the celebrated Abstract Expressionist, including works from his early American period, 1936-41; through Feb. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

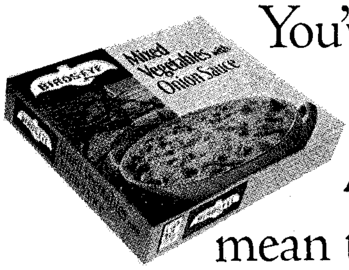
KAWABATA—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED KUBIN (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30 (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

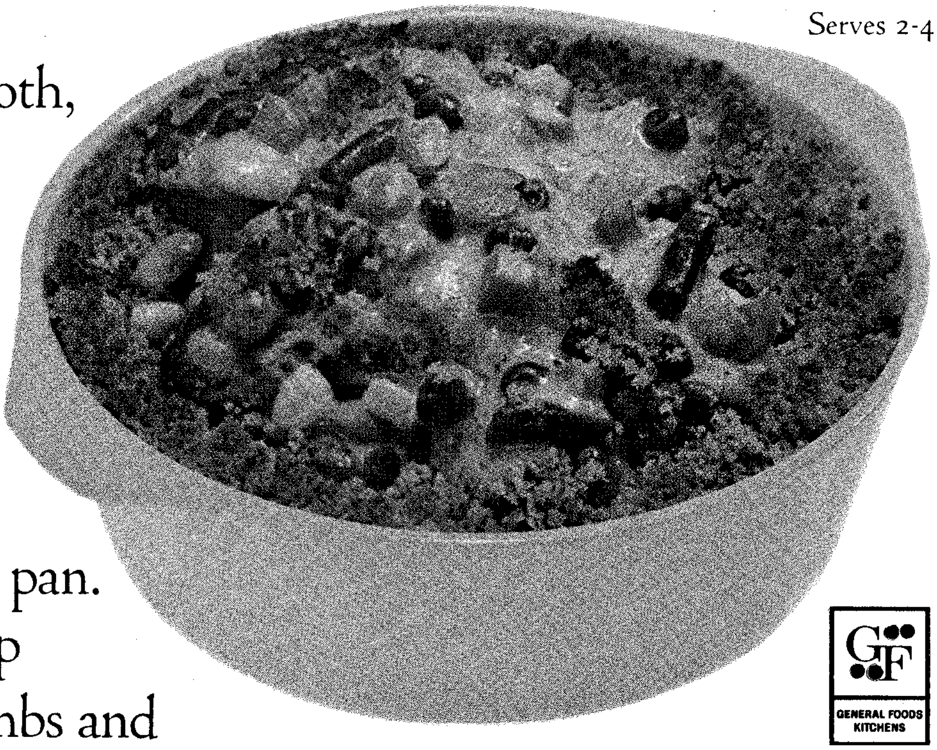
WIFREDO LAM—Twenty recent paintings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANTHONY J. LAUCK—Carvings, terra-cottas, and sculptures in plaster, also drawings, of re-

How to cook for a man

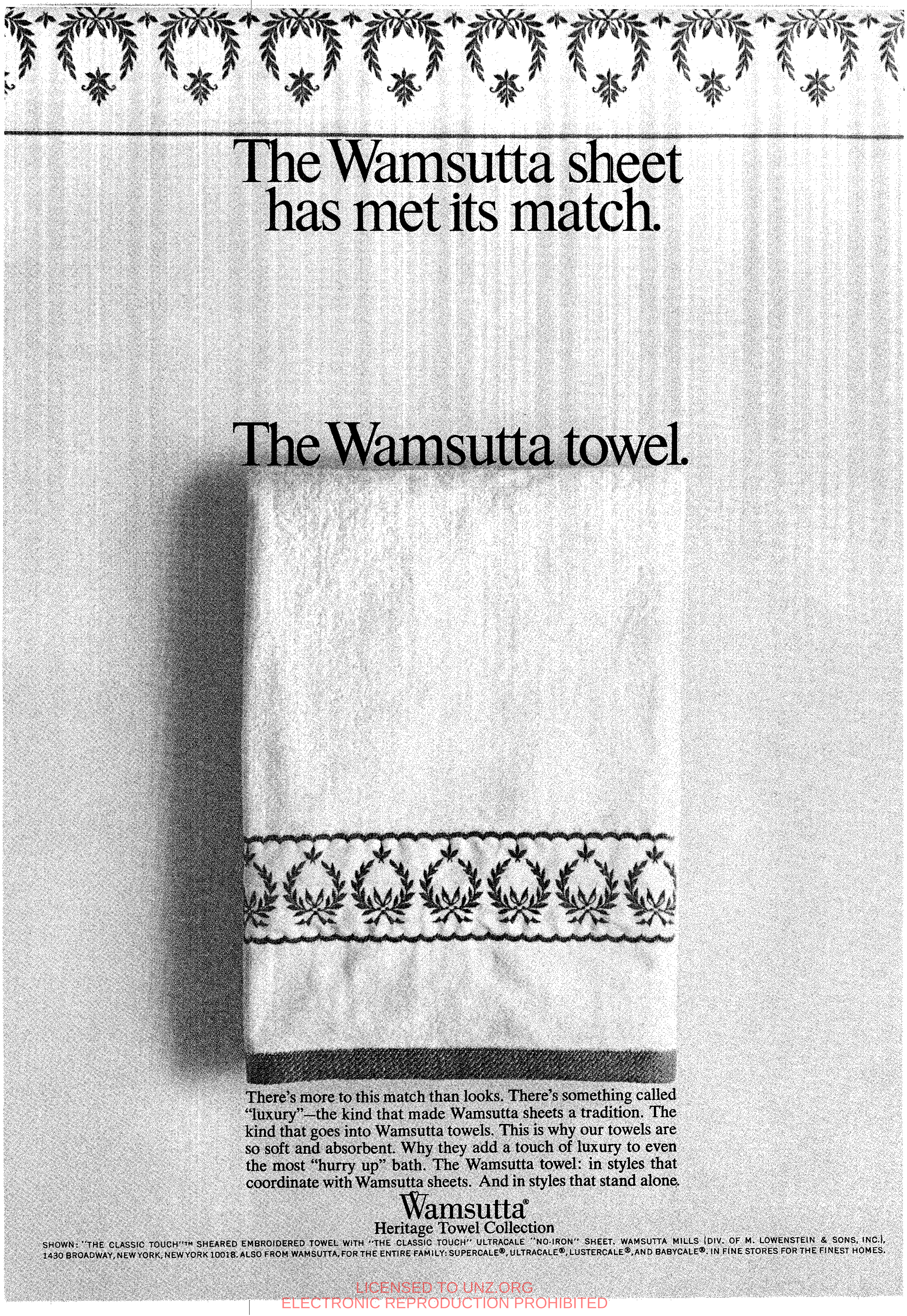


You've got recipes he'd like all right. Cut from old magazines and stacked in the closet. And some day you mean to sort them out. If you could just find time. Well, Birds Eye has time. And the time's right now. To give you a man's recipe that you don't have to burrow through a closet to find. We call it **Pork Perfect.** Cook 1 package of Birds Eye Mixed Vegetables with Onion Sauce. All your favorite vegetables in a smooth, rich sauce. (It's one of 18 Birds Eye Prepared Vegetables.) Pour them over 4 baked pork chops sitting in a shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs and brown 5 min. under the broiler. A man's recipe. From Birds Eye.



Serves 2-4

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ligious themes; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elliott Lloyd—Six shaped, stained canvases; through Jan. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Figurative terra-cotta reliefs and sculptures; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodger Mack—Bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures, including several large outdoor pieces; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Paintings based on studies made in the Far West; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

G. E. Moore—Objects of different materials—rubber, brick, glass, wood, gravel; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Parker—Large paintings of colored shapes; through Jan. 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Passuntino—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics of fantastic subjects by a member of the Rhino Horn group; through Feb. 3. (Sonraed, 542 La Guardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Fairfield Porter—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Peter Reginato—Welded-steel sculptures; through Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and seascapes; through Feb. 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ross—Static and moving organizations of light; through Feb. 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Ruddick—Abstract sculptures in bronze and fibre glass by a British artist who teaches in New York; through Wednesday, Jan. 20. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Shannon—Realistically painted individual and group figures with satirical elements; through Feb. 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Jan. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Steir—The first show here of this artist's paintings, all of which include the figure of a man with a wolf's head; through Feb. 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Tobias—An environment of concrete slabs; starting Saturday, Jan. 16. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Francisco Toledo—A comprehensive exhibit of figurative works in many mediums by a Mexican Indian who has been exhibiting in New York galleries; through Feb. 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Trova—More variations in this artist's polished "Falling Man" series; through Feb. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Tweddle—Naïve paintings of people and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Voss—Oil paintings; through Feb. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wasey—Abstract sculptures in stone, a few in wood; through Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

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Group Shows—At the **aca**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Gallery artists from the early twentieth century to the present, among them Hassam, Shahn, Moses Soyer, and Gropper; through Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Naïve art by, among others, Rousseau, Bombois, Shalom of Safed, and Grandma Moses; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Feb. 27. . . . **egan**, 41 E. 57th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A wide selection of drawings on several themes by younger artists from various United States regions and by draftsmen familiar to New Yorkers, such as Beauchamp, Cajori, Copley, Grooms, and Leslie; through Feb. 2. . . . **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 15. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Leading twentieth-century European painters and sculptors, from the Fauves to Dubuffet and from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Feb. 6. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Sixty examples of American naïve, primitive, and folk art from the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.)

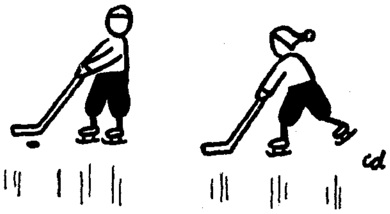
Sculpture—Pieces in wood by leading practitioners in this medium, among them Hague, Mary Frank, Sugarman, Nevelson, Kohn, Hokanson, and Cunningham; through Friday, Jan. 22. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, who has been celebrated for his boxes; through Jan. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1. . . . ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development), of Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American abstractionist; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ About forty-five works by women artists, taken from the Museum's permanent collection; through Tuesday, Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; starting Thursday, Jan. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-six contemporary drawings selected from eight regional shows—they include works by de Kooning, D'Arcangelo, Rauschenberg, Rivers, Motherwell, Rosenquist, Samaras, Warhol, Wesselmann, and many others; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, a Uruguayan who works here; through Sunday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Paintings, constructions, and drawings, all based on Hebrew letters and prayers, by Julia Pearl; through Sunday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

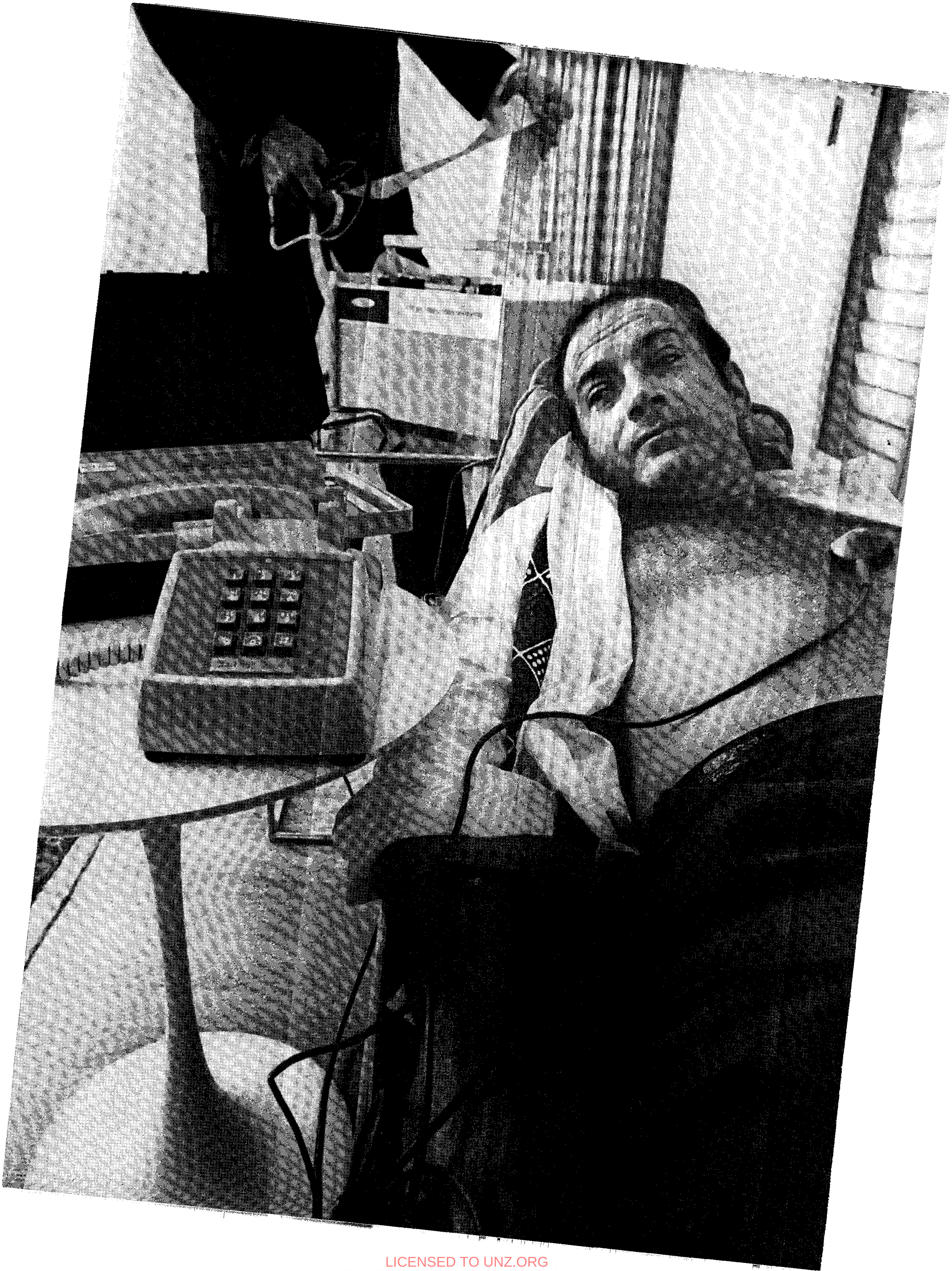
Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Sixty lithographs (thirty-three in color), plus etchings, drypoints, woodcuts, and other graphics, by Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Whistler, and many other artists who contributed to "L'Estampe Originale," a portfolio series published between 1893 and 1895; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Serigraphs in modernist modes by seven Muscovite artists; through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, Cornell MacNeil, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Matteo Manuguerra, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 18: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Hillebrecht, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Edmond Karlsrud, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Hunter College Opera Theatre—Puccini's "La Bohème," in English, with Lee Venora and Janette Moody, sopranos, and others. Staged by Frank Corsaro and conducted by Paul Callaway. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 4, and Thursday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:15.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." Staged by Osvaldo Riofrancos, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Bruno Maderna. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 (all with Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Manhattan Singers and Master Chorales of Westchester and Long Island); Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30, a program for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Artur Rubinstein, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 22, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, and Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30, both with Harvey Pittel, saxophone. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30, with Mr. Silverstein.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Eugen Jochum conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

Stravinsky-Bach Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber ensemble and acting as violin soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:30, with Christiane Edinger, violin; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 23-24, at 8:30, with Claudio Arrau, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Jeannette Walters, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing the first New York performance of Handel's opera "Orlando" in concert form, with Camilla Williams and Carole Bogard, sopranos; Rosalind Elias and Betty Allen, mezzo-sopranos; Justino Díaz, bass; and Martin Isepp, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus—David Randolph directing. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Stanley Babin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Maria Augusta—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg and Victor Babin—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Bert Lucarelli—In a program called "The Oboe 1971." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 9.)

Claude Frank—The fifth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2:15.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Maureen Forrester, contralto; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7.)

Leonard Shure—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Daniel Barenboim—Baritone and piano, in the second in a series of three recitals, this one a program of selections from Wolf's "Mörike Songs." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Maria Clodes—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Samuel Baron—Flute. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brahms, Mozart, and Haydn Concert—Benita Valente, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Ivan Davis—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 17. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday,

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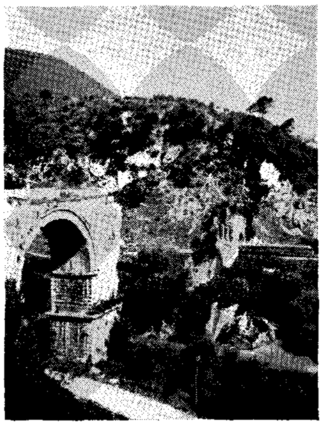

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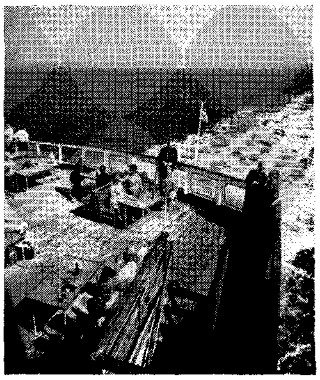

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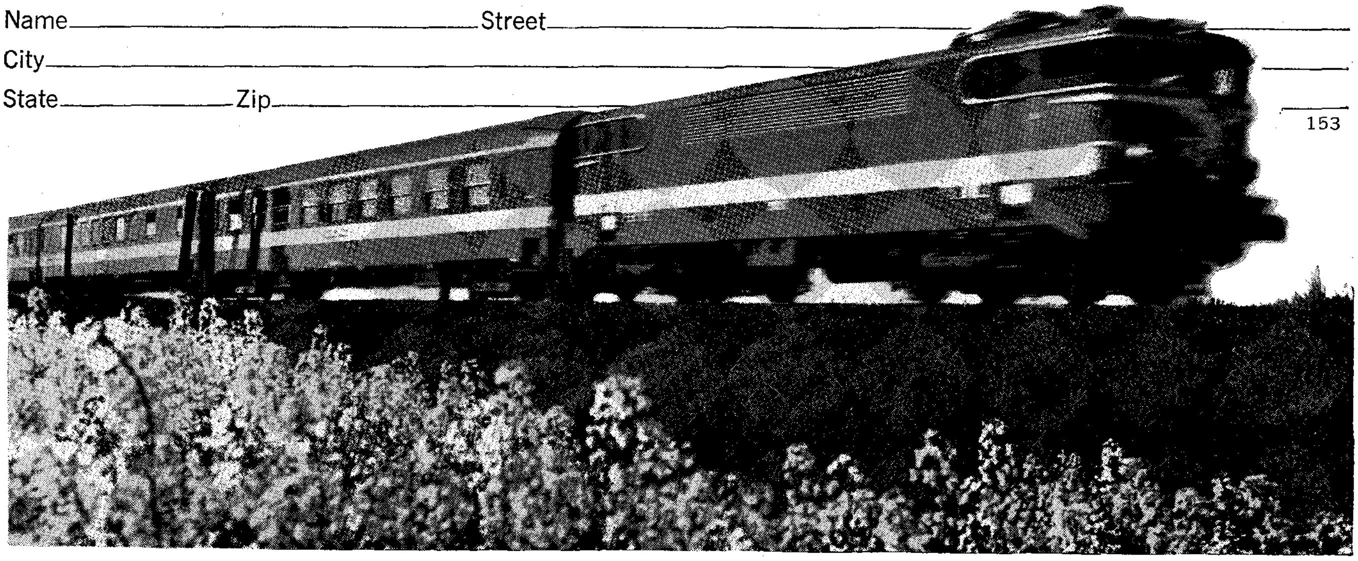


Jan. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Charles Treger—Violin, with Beveridge Webster, piano; Gary Karr, contrabass; and three members of the Tokyo String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Note—The Marlboro Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 18, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Hot Tuna, Taj Mahal, and Brethren—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 8 and 11:30.

Dave Mason & Cass Elliot, Odetta, and Livingston Taylor—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.

Sergio Mendes and His Brasil '66—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8 and 11.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 7:35.)

Racing—At Liberty Bell, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:15 and 9:45.)

Tennis—The fifth match of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic. No way of specifying the main card yet, except to say that it will be Arthur Ashe vs. someone the likes of Laver, Rosewall, Newcombe, Roche, or Emerson. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting a Tchaikovsky-Stravinsky program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator; Ruth Ray, mezzo-soprano; and Eileen Flissler, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.) . . . **new york philharmonic:** Dean Dixon conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 12:10 and 2:30.) . . . **amato opera company:** "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **dragon marionettes:** "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Jan. 17, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **performing arts repertory theatre:** "Martin Luther King, Jr." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, at 10:30.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "Mr. Popper's Penguins." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Jan. 15, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

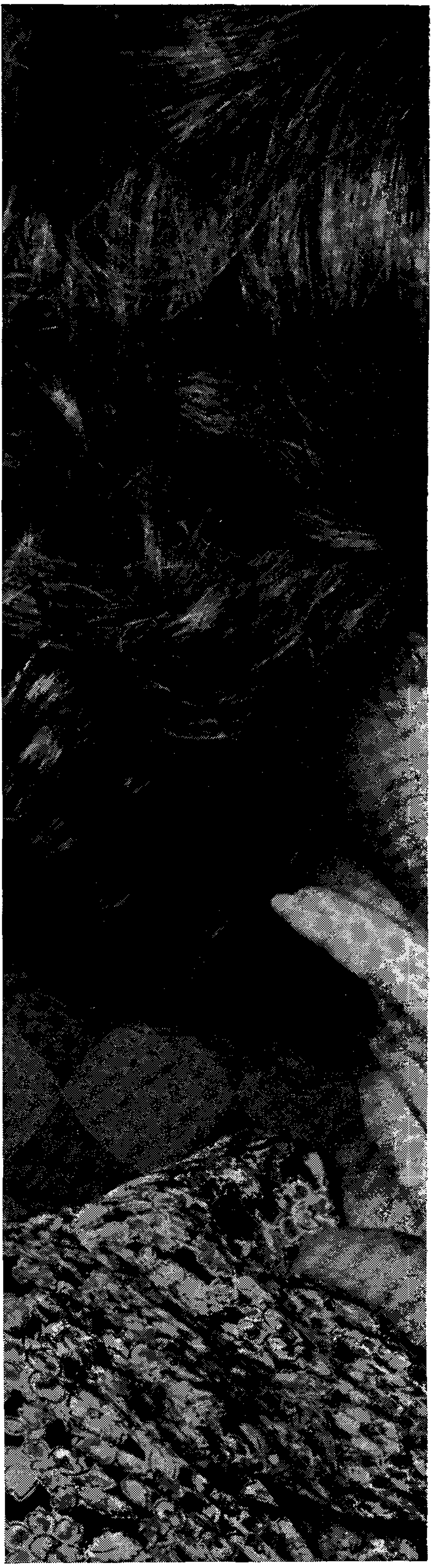
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

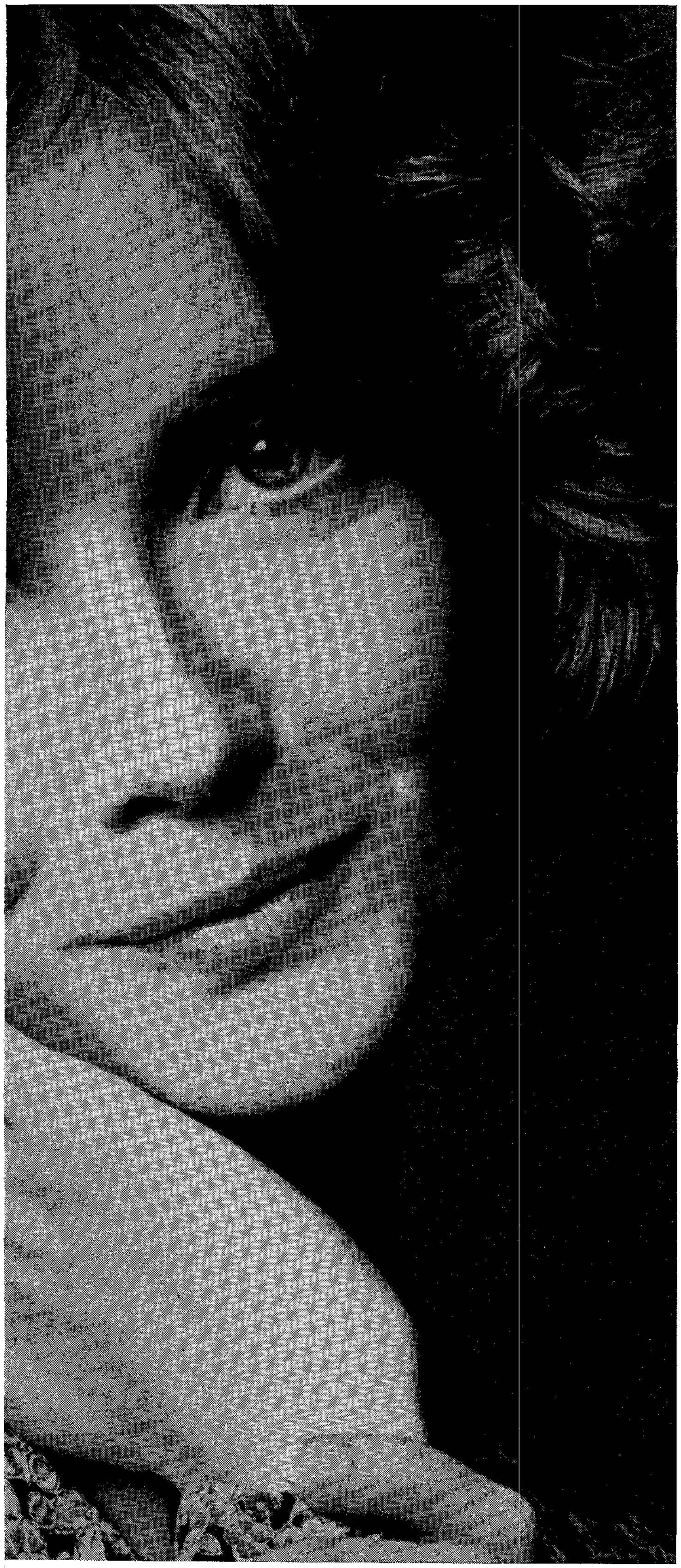
Lecture—"Writing and Drawing for Fun and Profit," by Jules Feiffer. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by such artists as Archipenko, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Pascin; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 2: Old-master paintings, including works by the school of Canaletto and the school of Romagna; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 15.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 13 at 2: "The Cousins" (1959), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Gérard Blain and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5:30: "Our Betters" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Virginian" (1913), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, and "The Unknown" (1927), directed by Tod Browning. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 11:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3 and 5:30: "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Cimarron" (1931), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Richard Dix and Irene Dunne. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 1:30: "The Old Dark House" (1932). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6 and Jan. 19 at 2: "October" (1927), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5:30: A program of films by Robert Nelson. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Moran of the Lady Letty" (1922), directed by William Marshall, with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "S:O:S: Iceberg" (1931), directed by Tay Garnett, with Rod la Rocque. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 8: "Devil's Circus" (1926), directed by Benjamin Christensen, with Norma Shearer. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of French films. Through Jan. 15: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . Jan. 16-17: "A Nous la Liberté" (1931), directed by René Clair. . . . Jan. 20-21: "Port of Shadows" (1938), directed by Marcel Carne, with Jean Gabin. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.



Only the French would create an entire ship to flatter a woman.



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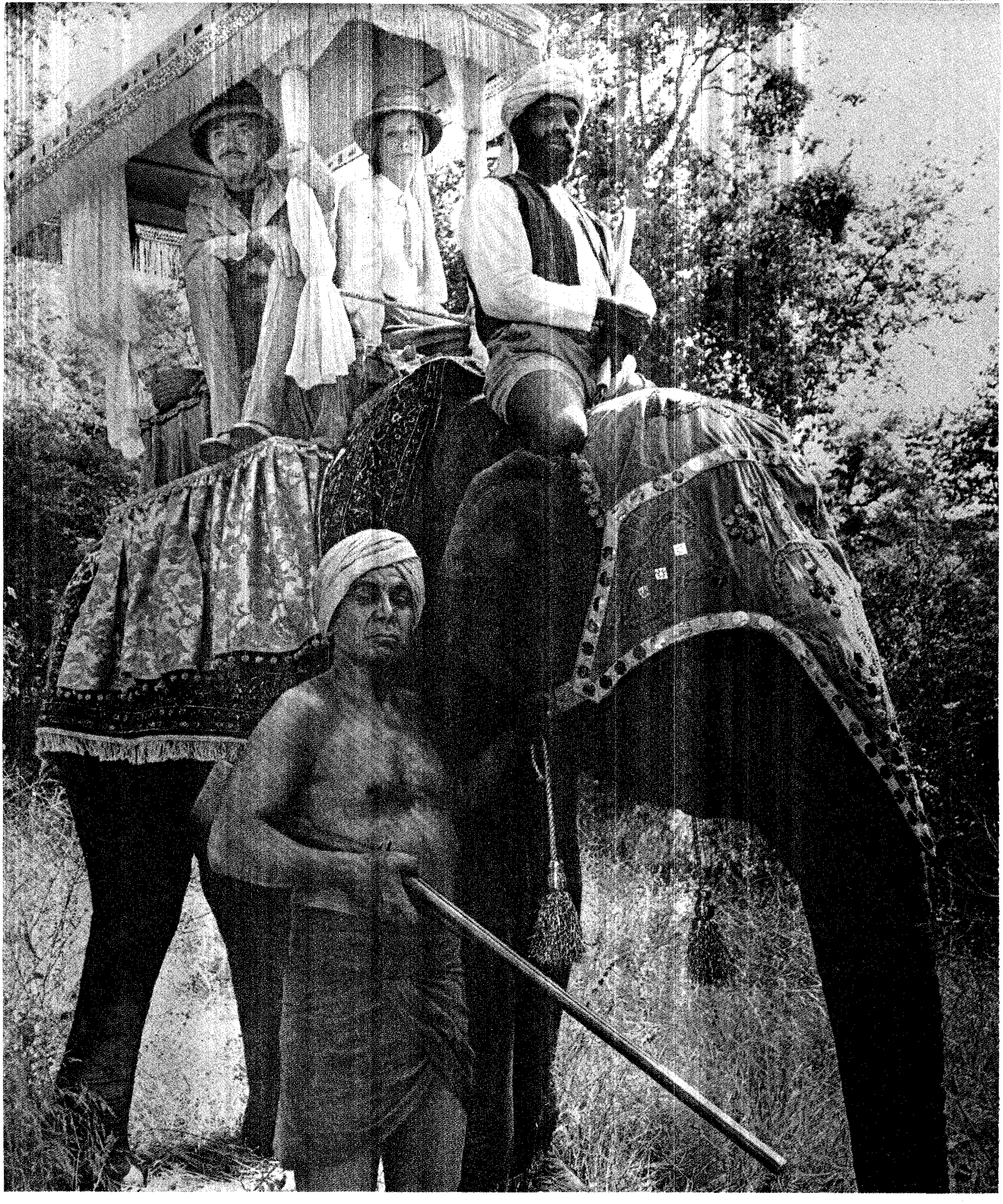

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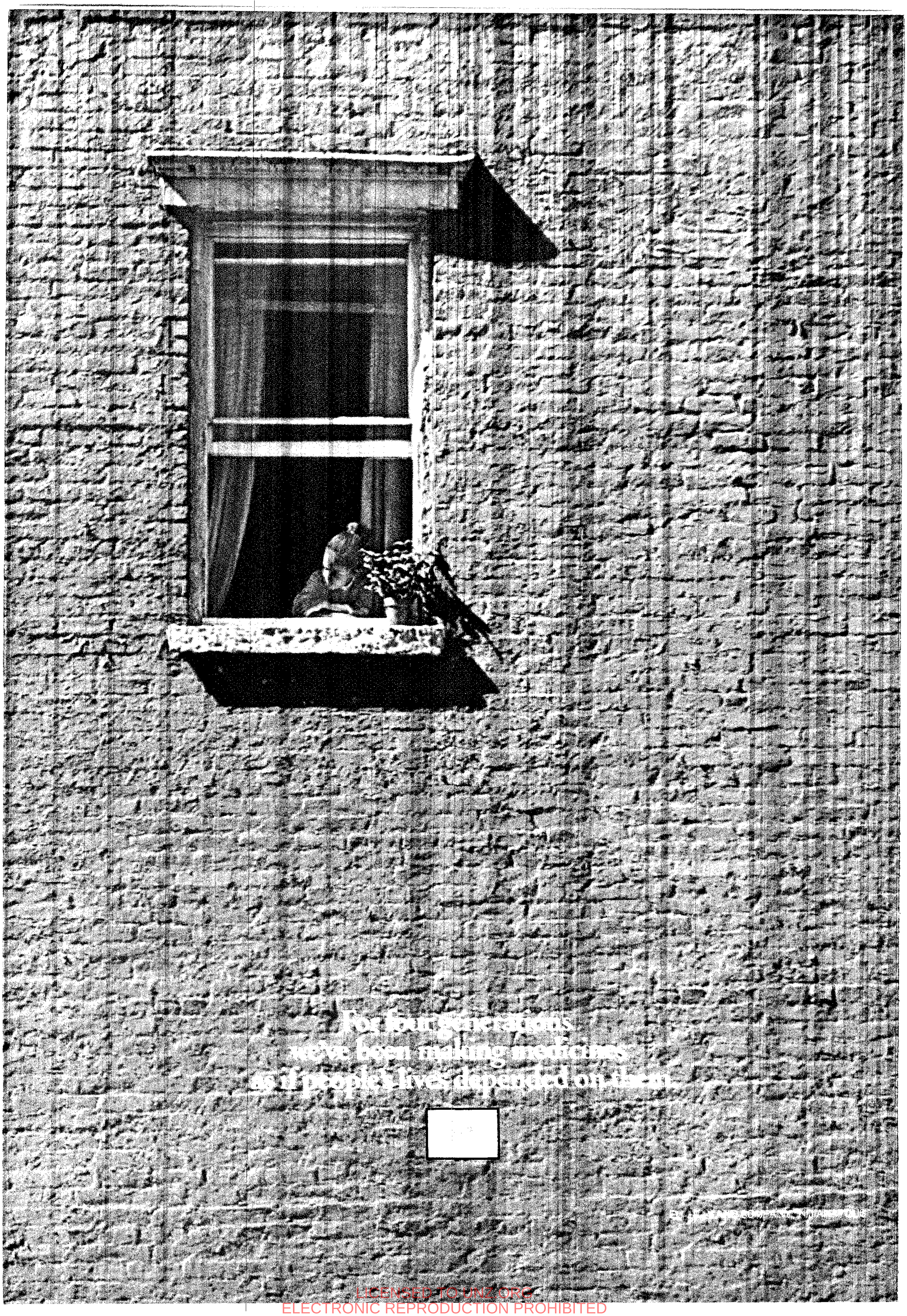
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Jan. 19: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

From Jan. 20: "Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)

Through Jan. 19: "The Pizza Triangle" and "Shame."

From Jan. 20: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

"The Twelve Chairs."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

Through Jan. 17 (one showing only on Jan. 17, at 1): "Woodstock."

From Jan. 17, at 7: "The Projectionist."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Catch-22."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"There Was a Crooked Man . . ."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

Through Jan. 17: "Cromwell."

From Jan. 18: "Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Brewster McCloud."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"Alex in Wonderland."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

"Fools."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

"Perfect Friday."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

"Gone with the Wind."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through Jan. 14: "I Never Sang for My Father" and "A Walk in the Spring Rain."

Jan. 15-19: "The Lickerish Quartet."

From Jan. 20: "Cromwell."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Jan. 19: "Five Easy Pieces."

From Jan. 20: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"There's a Girl in My Soup."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Jan. 19: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!"

From Jan. 20: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)

Through Jan. 20: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Pizza Triangle."

From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

"Z" and "Putney Swope."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

"This Man Must Die."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Through Jan. 19: "Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

From Jan. 20: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Jan. 13: "The 400 Blows" and "Rules of the Game."

Jan. 14-19: "The Blue Angel" and "The Last Laugh."

From Jan. 20: "Suspicion" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

"The Twelve Chairs."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

Through Jan. 19: "Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Jan. 20: Theatre closed.

From Jan. 21: "My Fair Lady."

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)

"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

Through Jan. 20: "Scrooge."

From Jan. 21 (tentative): "Promise at Dawn."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

Through Jan. 18: "The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."

From Jan. 19: "The Reckoning."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Fools."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Five Easy Pieces."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

"Lupo!"

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

"The Twelve Chairs."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"I Love My Wife."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through Jan. 19: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

From Jan. 20: "Cannon for Cordoba" and "Hornets' Nest."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)

Through Jan. 19: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Take the Money and Run."

From Jan. 20: "Borsalino" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Jan. 13: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."

Jan. 14: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and "Nazarin."

Jan. 15: "Nazarin" and "The Organizer."

Jan. 16: "The Organizer" and "Key Largo."

Jan. 17: "Key Largo" and "Laurel and Hardy."

Jan. 18: "Laurel and Hardy" and "White Heat."

Jan. 19: "White Heat" and "Mr. Arkadin."

Jan. 20: "Mr. Arkadin" and "Gertrud."

Jan. 21: "Gertrud" and "Pierrot le Fou."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Jan. 19: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Take the Money and Run."

From Jan. 20: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Topaz."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Through Jan. 14: "The Landlord" and "The April Fools."

Jan. 15-18: "The Boys in the Band" and "John and Mary."

Jan. 19-21: "The Madwoman of Chaillot" and "Pravda."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

Through Jan. 14: "Ann and Eve."

From Jan. 15: "Women in Love" and "Live for Life."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alex in Wonderland—This story about a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject for his next film is so casual and loose that one's attention wanders. Though it's a misbegotten, pseudo "8½," from time to time it manages to capture the super-relaxed palmy-hip style of the new Hollywood. Directed by Paul Mazursky, who wrote the script with Larry Tucker. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Ann and Eve—Arne Mattsson's fairly tame sex-teaser about two girls on holiday, one of them a movie critic whose criticism has driven her movie-director lover to suicide. A Swedish film, dubbed into English. (Midtown; through Jan. 14.)

The April Fools (1969)—An attempt to revive the madcap-romantic comedy, with Catherine Deneuve (a bit glazed) and Jack Lemmon (rather mournful and too sappy) as the lovers. The director, Stuart Rosenberg, didn't have the right light touch, but one can still perceive what was intended in Hal Dresner's script, despite the movie's lumpiness. With Charles Boyer, Myrna Loy, Sally Kellerman, Peter Lawford, Jack Weston, and Harvey Korman, who almost makes the picture worth seeing. (Thalia; through Jan. 14.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

Bed and Board—The post-marital adventures of Truffaut's hero Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). In French. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 18.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin; Jan. 14-19.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 20.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Thalia; Jan. 15-18.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly; the actors appear to be saying anything while waiting for the script to arrive. (Coronet.)

Cannon for Cordoba—A Western with George Peppard as an intelligence officer dispatched by General Pershing to capture a Mexican bandit (Raf Vallone). Paul Wendkos directed. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 20.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Murray Hill.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's exact, step-by-step demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance, and Simone Signoret, too, gives a performance instead of the star turn she's been doing recently. In French. (Beekman.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (86th St. East; through Jan. 19.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Jan. 20.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Art, Charles, and Symphony; starting Jan. 20.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (34th St. East and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 19.)

Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (68th St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 13.)

Gertrud (1965)—One of the most maddening films ever made, but in some ways it's also fascinating. Gertrud (Nina Pens Rode) seeks perfect love and is contemptuous of human weakness. Carl Dreyer's last film before his death is stylized to a degree that makes it seem insanely old-fashioned and at the same time innovative. From a play by Hjalmar Söderberg. In Danish. (New Yorker; Jan. 20-21.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Juliet 2.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 20.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Hornets' Nest—Rock Hudson as an American soldier who organizes a group of Italian children to blow up a Nazi-held dam. With Sylva Koscina. Phil Karlson directed. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 20.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal, and in the case of the bit players his method is so insensitive it's sadistic. (Cinema I.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (New Yorker; Jan. 14.)

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I Love My Wife—With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son. Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 14.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu.)

John and Mary (1969)—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Thalia; Jan. 15-18.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—was thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (New Yorker; Jan. 16-17.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—With Samantha Eggar and Oliver Reed, directed by Anatole Litvak. (Festival; through Jan. 18.)

The Landlord—Hal Ashby's film shows a rich, white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Thalia; through Jan. 14.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Elgin; Jan. 14-19.)

Laurel and Hardy—A program of three films, "Our Relations," "Hog Wild," and "Busy Bodies." (New Yorker; Jan. 17-18.)

The Lickerish Quartet—Turning Pirandello blue; kitschy illusion-and-reality games in a palace spacious enough for some elaborate bed-hopping. Directed by Radley Metzger. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; Jan. 15-19.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. It's a hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard acts like Harpo Marx but makes the mistake of talking; Robert Redford makes the mistake of acting cute and raunchy. The film, directed by Sidney J. Furie, is about motorcycle racers, and it's insufferably smirky. (Greenwich; through Jan. 19.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Midtown; starting Jan. 15.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sounds of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Art, Embassy 72nd St., and Symphony; through Jan. 19.)

Love Story—For those who like to cry so much they don't care how wretched a movie is, just so long as it's maudlin. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot (1969)—Katharine Hepburn is an extremely sane madwoman in this large, expensive, and dull version of Giraudoux's little conceit. With Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Danny Kaye, Yul Brynner, and others. Directed by Bryan Forbes, who should have known better. (Thalia; Jan. 19-21.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Elgin; starting Jan. 20.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (New Yorker; Jan. 19-20.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical clunks along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion; starting Jan. 21.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 13.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 13.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Jan. 14-15.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though over-simplified film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (New Yorker; Jan. 15-16.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 21.)

The Pizza Triangle—A genial mutt of a movie—a romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome, and comic-strip devices. Monica Vitti plays a soulfully silly waif, Marcello Mastroianni a crank Communist. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't force things, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Charles; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

Pravda—Jean-Luc Godard shot this film in 16-mm. in Czechoslovakia after the Russian occupation. Image is pitched directly against sound, and fictional narrative is thrown out altogether. The gist of the dialogue is an attack on the Russians for invading Czechoslovakia and an attack on the Czechs for wanting bourgeois pleasures. (Thalia; Jan. 19-21.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Genevieve Page as the lady who outwits him. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 19.)

The Projectionist—With Chuck McCann and Ina Balin, directed by Harry Hurwitz. (Kips Bay; starting Jan. 17, at 7.)

Promise at Dawn—With Melina Mercouri and Assaf Dayan, directed by Jules Dassin. (Music Hall; starting Jan. 21, tentative.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Waverly.)

The Reckoning—Nicol Williamson and Rachel Roberts in an adaptation of Patrick Hall's novel "The Harp That Once," directed by Jack Gold. (Festival; starting Jan. 19.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 13.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush, in impeccable focus. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—The new Ronald Neame version starring Albert Finney is tastefully dull. Leslie Bricusse simply cannot write a tune; one comes out of this musical without even a few bars to hum. (Music Hall; through Jan. 20.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles; through Jan. 19.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came—Lightweight, peacetime service comedy, with Brian Keith, Tony Curtis, Bradford Dillman, and Don Ameche. Hy Averback directed. (Charles; starting Jan. 20.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Elgin; starting Jan. 20.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write hold-up notes that anyone can read. (Embassy 72nd St. and Symphony; through Jan. 19.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, thrashes about, and soon sinks; Peter Sellers struggles uncomfortably. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Orpheum.)

There Was a Crooked Man . . .—This example of commercialized nihilism seems to have been written by an evil two-year-old, and it has been directed in the Grand Rapids style of filmmaking. There's nobody to root for but Kirk Douglas, a red-haired jokester-killer who gets sent to a territorial prison in the Arizona desert in the eighteen-eighties; he makes a fool of Henry Fonda, the warden who is trying to make the place tolerable, and he makes corpses of his buddies. Written by David Newman and Robert Benton; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Trans-Lux East.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same police detective as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. Routine melodrama, but Poitier's performance gives it some sparkle. (86th St. East; through Jan. 19.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Symphony; starting Jan. 20.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (Criterion; through Jan. 19.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Lincoln Art.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Juliet 1.)

A Walk in the Spring Rain—Fritz Weaver and the lovely Ingrid Bergman seen in wedded seclusion in Tennessee while he struggles with creation (writing an academic book) and she pines for a member of the lower classes (Anthony Quinn). Directed by Guy Green. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 14.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were too glaring in 1949. Though it's fun to see tough-guy James Cagney sitting on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), the picture is so primitive it seems much older than it is. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (New Yorker; Jan. 18-19.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Midtown; starting Jan. 15.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Kips Bay; through Jan. 17, one showing only on Jan. 17, at 1.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Waverly.)

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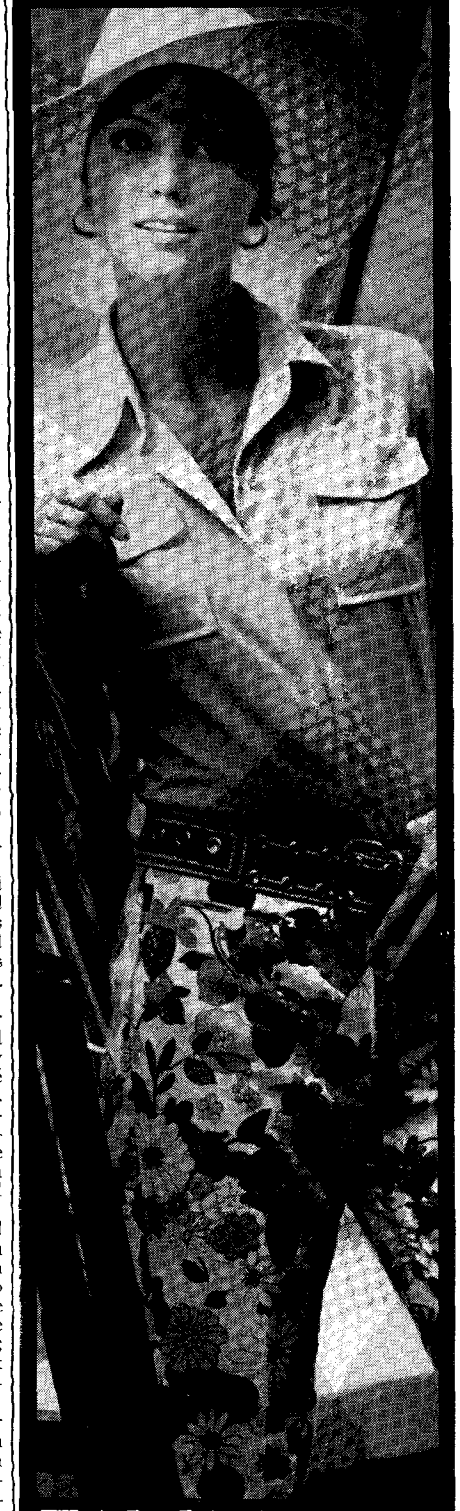

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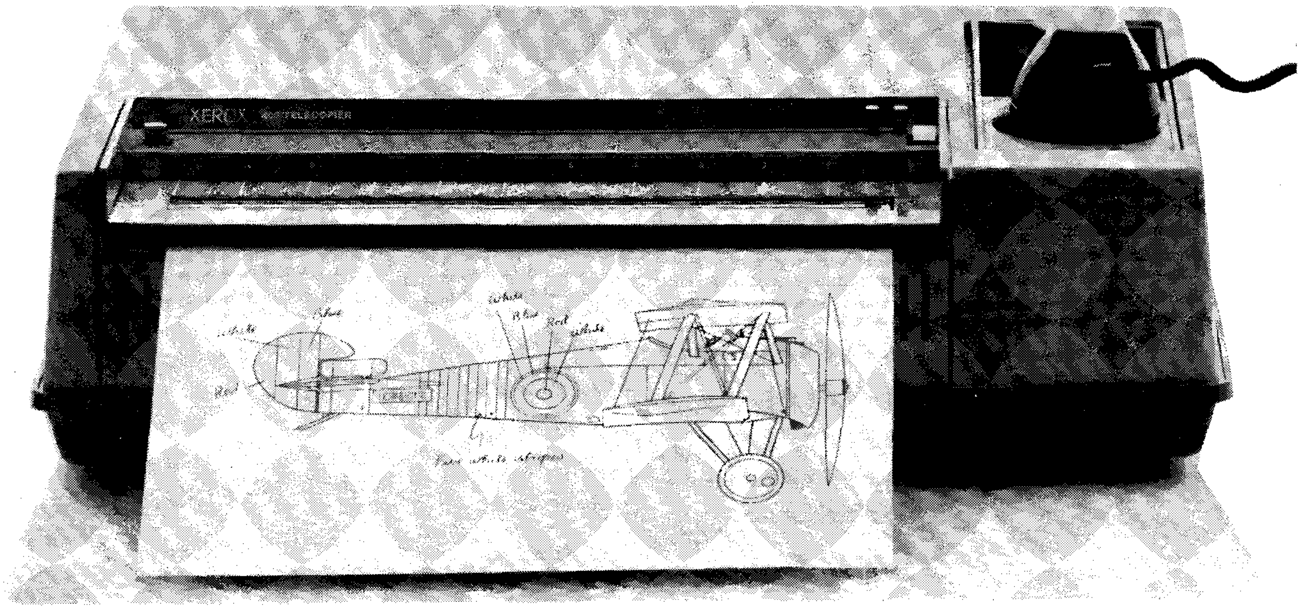
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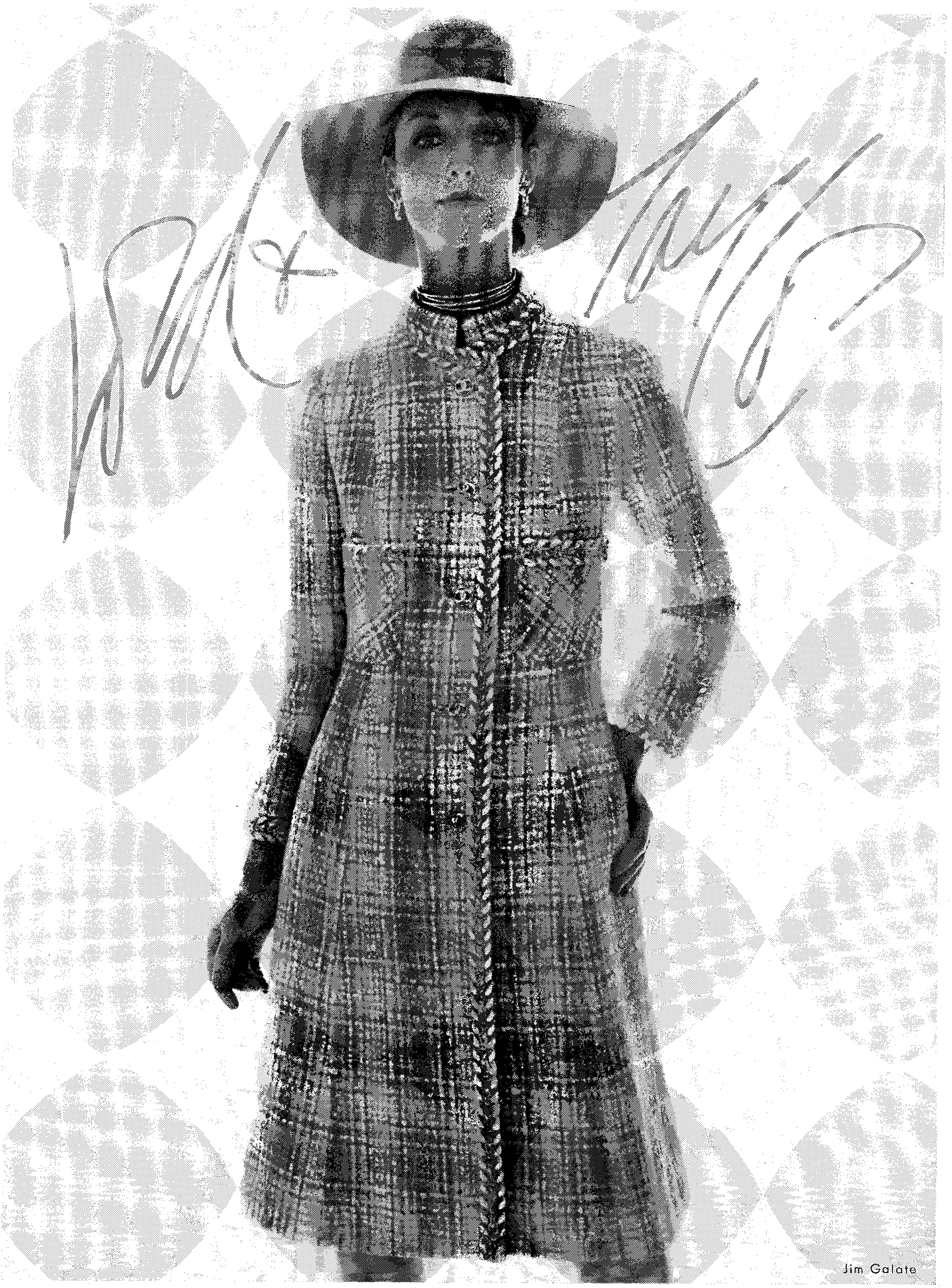

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

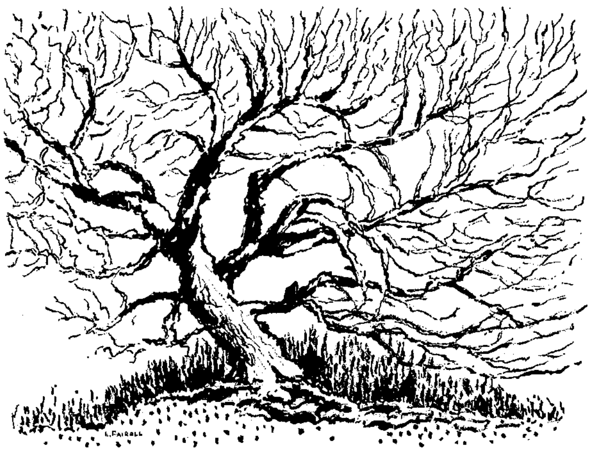
THE midnight knock on the door of the unsuspecting citizen has long been a standard percussion sound in totalitarian countries. Americans have now—thanks to the testimony of former Army Staff Sergeant John M. O'Brien at hearings in a federal suit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union on behalf of several citizens who wanted the Army to stop spying on them—been given a preview of that ominous rap in a form modified to suit a bourgeois consumer society. O'Brien is an alumnus of the Army's diligent 113th Intelligence Group, the outfit that maintained files and conducted surveillance on eight hundred civilians in the Chicago area, including Adlai E. Stevenson III, Representative Abner J. Mikva, former Governor Otto Kerner, and reporters for the Chicago *Daily News* and the Chicago *Sun-Times*. The intrusion specified in O'Brien's testimony was the inspiration of a group of agents, including O'Brien himself, who were conducting a stakeout of a house in suburban Wilmette where a political meeting the 113th didn't like was being held. Not content to copy the license numbers of those who showed up, the agents arranged—and here comes the consumer-oriented midnight knock—to have an order of unordered pizzas sent into the house that was under surveillance. On a national list of current injustices this may rank low, but we can't get it out of our mind. We suspect that we will never again be able to open our door to an unordered pizza, or answer our phone late at night to hear that we have won a dance lesson we hadn't asked for, or read an insistent letter from a charity we hoped had never heard of us, without wondering fleetingly just how we have stepped out of line.

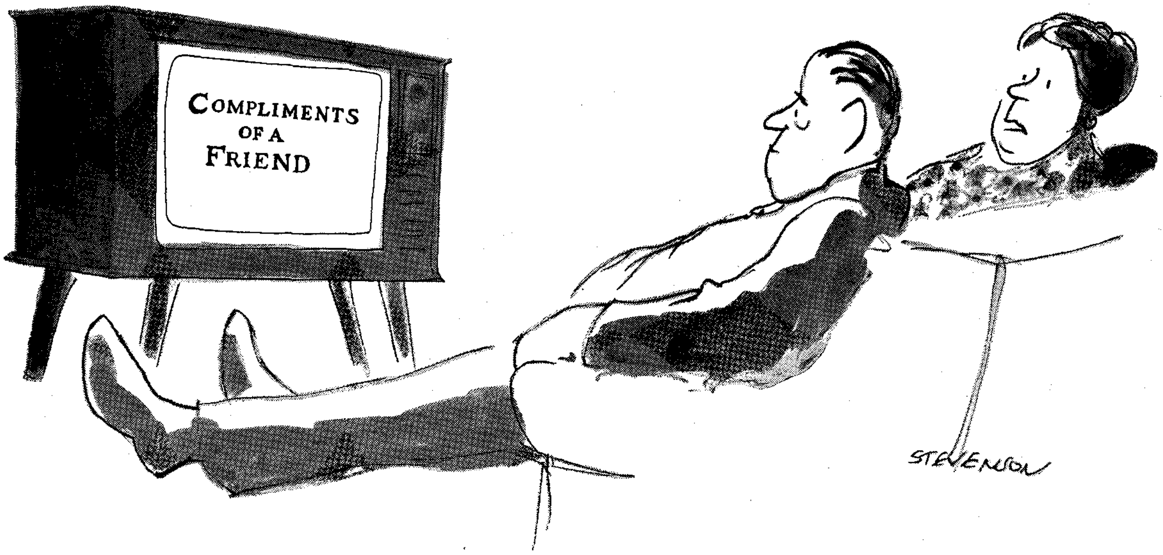
Sequence

DUANE MICHALS is a thirty-eight-year-old photographer who used to specialize in shooting empty rooms. ("People who did New York always did Times Square. People don't live in Times Square. I shot the laundromat, the luncheonette, the liquor store—interior spaces.") Michals now shoots, instead, strange and affecting sequences of pictures meant to suggest a story or the experience of one moment. The moments reflected in Duane Michals' sequences are sometimes unusual (one sequence ends with the burning of a woman's shoe in the East Twenties), and sometimes they are recognizably ordinary, but they are always touched by something Surreal, and they have about them the feeling of something old that has been rediscovered but not quite understood. Mr. Michals' sequences have been exhibited successfully in a show at the Museum of Modern Art, entitled "Stories," and are now in a book, entitled "Sequences."

We recently met Mr. Michals, a small man with a young smile, in his house, on East Nineteenth Street, as he was about to begin photographing part of a new sequence, which, he says, will be his most ambitious one. He introduced us to his model, a painter called Danny Maffia, and led us into his front room (he has no studio), which was spare and modern but contained, nevertheless, a large, old, elaborately carved grand piano. Mr. Michals did some minor preparation of the lights.

"This is my epic," he said. "It is 'The Journey of the Spirit After Death,' and it is based loosely on the Tibetan Book of the Dead. There will be about twelve parts. The most I've ever had before was nine, for a sequence called 'The Illusions of the Photographer.' I began to do sequences about four years ago. After I did empty rooms for a while, they began to look like stage sets to me, and I felt that I wanted to interject myself more into the picture. I have never wanted to be a reporter or an observer. And, at the time I began, a number of things in my personal life were making me more introspective. I often deal with the subject of death, which intrigues me enormously. Death is unphotographable. I don't mean the fact of death—there are always corpses, accidents, and weeping women. I mean the idea of death and its metaphysical implications. 'The Journey of the Spirit After Death' deals with the idea of death. Until now, the sequences have had the continuity of one event in one place—what happens in one instant, reflected in a visual *haiku*. In this sequence, Danny, the spirit, will be the only continuity. It starts out with his dying—I haven't decided whether it's a mugging or an accident. Then, using a double exposure, I'll show Danny's spirit rising from the dead body. Then there is the shot we will be shooting now—Cosmic Consciousness, The Void, the spirit's first experience, according to the Book of the Dead. This should





"I think that's very nice, when you realize they lost all those cigarette commercials."

• •

be pure light. Everything will be almost completely bleached out. The rest of the sequence will be like this: The spirit's mind becomes manifest and hallucinates, and Danny experiences the contents of his mind—I will use a crowded room with twelve or so figures, all blurred except Danny. Then the spirit visits the bereaved. It will be hard to find the right room for that. I'll need just the right amount of tacky furniture. My grandmother's house, in Pennsylvania, would be perfect. I wish she lived in Brooklyn. Then there is a picture of a pregnant woman, with Danny's spirit beside her. Then, at last, a man and wife with a child. The two last pictures will suggest reincarnation. According to the Book of the Dead, if the spirit recognizes Cosmic Consciousness and union with the Universe, then the spirit enters Nirvana, but that seldom happens, so the cycle continues."

Mr. Michals began to shoot the Cosmic Consciousness section of "The Journey of the Spirit After Death." Mr. Maffia, his shirt off, sat across from him at a black Formica-topped table, making a small gesture with two fingers that had been suggested to Mr. Michals by a painting by Odilon Redon.

"That's beautiful," said Mr. Michals.

"Do you like the idea of the shoulders there?" asked Mr. Maffia.

"Yeah, I don't mind the shoulders," said Mr. Michals. "Don't forget, the whole idea is you're supposed to be in ecstasy."

A roll of film was finished. "How did they look? Not too corny?" asked Mr. Maffia.

"Sure, they look a little corny, but it should be that way," Mr. Michals said. "How can you show ecstasy?"

No Rush

A MAN we know who was out of the city over the New Year's weekend returned to find that his apartment had been ransacked. Not wanting to use the police emergency number—911—in a post-factum situation, he dialled Directory Assistance to ask for the number of the local police station. There was a pause, and then Directory Assistance asked politely, "The what, sir?" "The number of the police," our friend said patiently. There was another pause, after which Directory Assistance said, "Would you spell that, please?"

Fellows

IN the fall of 1968, at the suggestion of two Yale undergraduates, Assistant City Administrator Sigmund G. Ginsburg drew up a program to train college students—both male and female, and both undergraduate and graduate—in city government here in New York. Each student would work from September to June, as part of a class of twenty, and would receive a stipend of thirty-five hundred dollars from the city and, from his college, at least five hundred dollars and a waiver of tuition, plus academic credit for the time spent away from his classrooms. The plan went into effect in September of the following year; a second group of Urban Fellows, as they are known, started work last fall; and the city now has recruiters on four hundred and two campuses looking for twenty more Fellows.

The other day, we dropped in on Mr. Ginsburg at his office, which is on the fourteenth floor of 250 Broadway, across the street from City Hall, to ask how the program is doing. "It has been more successful than even I thought it would be, and I'm the one who drew up the prospectus," he said. "The Fellows have picked up nine months of practical experience that no university could provide, and the city has received work that would probably have cost it three times the amount of the stipends that the Fellows get. In addition, we have benefitted immeasurably from the fresh perspectives that these young men and women have given us."

Seed money for the first Fellowships was donated by the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, but in September the city will assume the full cost of the program, which comes to a hundred thousand dollars a year. "We told the Sloan people that we believed the Fellowships would demonstrate their value to the city, and they have," Ginsburg went on. "Mayor Lindsay is particularly enthusiastic about them. There may have been lots of students who were better qualified than those who were selected, but the point is that they didn't apply for the Fellowships. We don't have any geographical or racial quotas—we simply select the best-qualified of those who apply. The first year, there were a hundred applications, and four of the successful candidates were from campuses here in the city; this year, we interviewed a hundred and thirty-eight applicants, and none of those chosen came from city campuses. We are stepping up our recruiting program, though, both at the local colleges and at colleges out of town."

In addition to carrying on their scheduled work, the Fellows meet one evening a week in the office of Deputy Mayor Timothy W. Costello for off-the-record seminars with speakers both in and out of government. Last year's class of Fellows met with Deputy Mayors Costello and Richard R. Aurelio; Mitchell I. Ginsberg, then the Human Resources Administrator; Victor Gotbaum, executive director of the city's chapter of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees; the defense analyst and physicist Herman Kahn; and McGeorge Bundy, the president of the Ford Foundation. So far, the present class has heard from former Mayor Robert F. Wagner; Jimmy Breslin, the writer; and Martin Tolchin, who is a political reporter for the *Times* and the chief of its City Hall bureau.

We crossed the street and made our way through the City Hall rotunda to the Mayor's press office, where we found one of the present Fellows—the Reverend Mark Corrigan, a Roman Catholic priest, who was in mufti and had long sideburns. Father Corrigan ("Nobody calls me Father around here; in the office it's just Mark") was drafting the text of a television address in which Deputy Mayor Aurelio was to publicize the fact that elderly tenants of rent-controlled apartments were exempt from recent rent increases. "What I'm trying to do is develop an expression of my ministry," he said. "I'm trying to find new ways in which the Church can express herself within the political structure. I think my contribution to the press office comes in reëstablishing a relationship between the political structure and the academic world, and, of course, the religious world, too." Father Corrigan told us that he is currently enrolled in a doctoral program in education at Boston College, and that he hopes eventually to obtain an urban ministry, either in the Boston archdiocese, to which he is now assigned, or in New York City. "I wanted the Fellowship in order to attain an overview of the political structure of the city, and while I've got that, all right, I've also been learning that this city government amounts to so much more than the top people," he said. "A real team concept comes through."

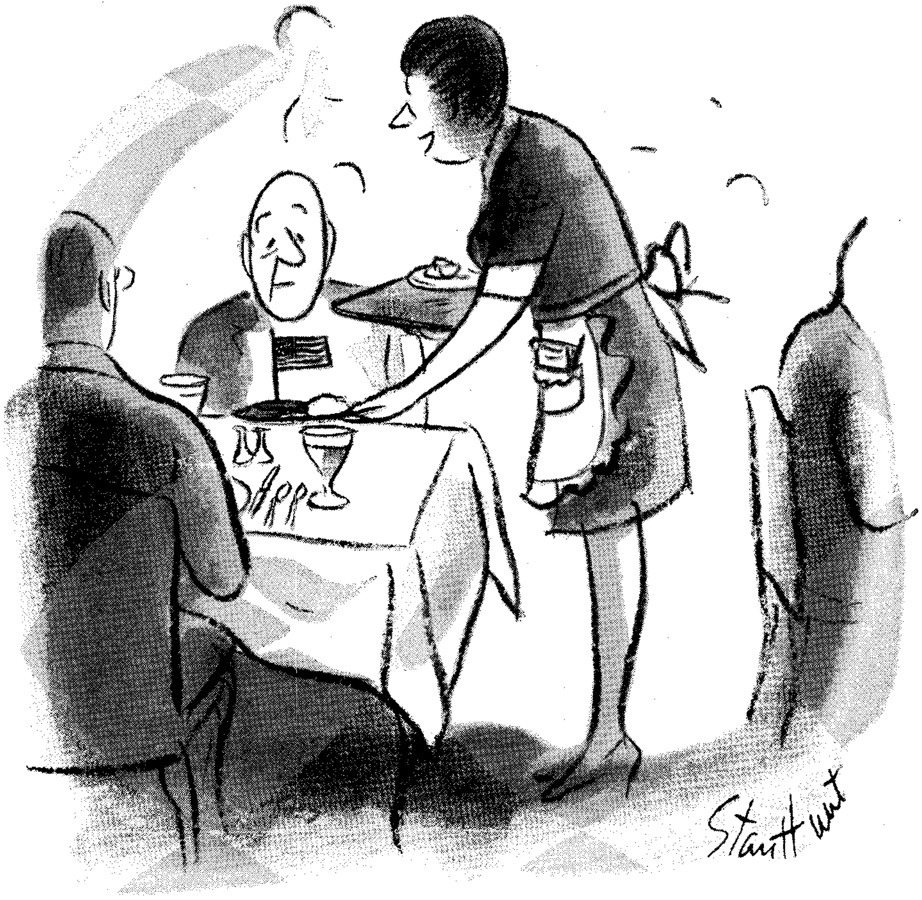
In the office of City Labor Relations Director Herbert L. Haber, on the twenty-seventh floor of 250 Broadway, we were introduced to Esta R. Bigler, a recent graduate of Cornell University's School of Industrial and Labor Relations, who at that moment was compiling wage-and-benefit figures on the salaries of the internes and the resident doctors employed by the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation. "I'm really an assistant to Mr. Haber's assistant, Robert H. Pick," Miss Bigler told us. "Right now, I'm trying to calculate what effect the internes' and residents' salary proposals would have on the corporation's budget—how much each offer would cost in dollars, and so forth. I'm also working on a wage survey, finding out what physicians receive from private clinics." Miss Bigler, who plans to return to Cornell in the fall and then go on to law school, said that she had studied the principles of collective bargaining in college, but her training up to now had been completely academic. "For the first time in my life, I'm getting a chance to see how everything meshes," she went on. "I never attended a collective-bargaining session before I came here, and now that I've attended several, I'm learning how, through subtle cues, hard negotiations progress until the parties concerned reach the area where they're talking about the same things."

Paul E. Turner, who is completing his work for a master's degree from the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, told us he is developing a grasp of the fundamentals of another kind of bargaining as a program-evaluation administrator for Edward Barker, who heads the program-evaluation staff of the Human Resources Administration. "I'm doing research in contract compliance in the Council Against Poverty programs," he told us when we stopped in at his office, at 220 Church Street. "What that means is that I'm trying to find a way for the city to insure that the agencies receiving anti-poverty funds comply with the provisions of the government contracts and still do not usurp the rights of the people."

Mr. Ginsburg, when we got back to his office, stressed the value of what the city has been able to learn from its student Fellows. "Because we have made it clear that we don't want people who are looking for jobs with the city, we have left the Fellows free to tell us what they really think, both on their jobs and at the seminars," he said. "At the end of last year, the first group seemed satisfied with this two-way kind of educational experience, and we certainly were."

We asked whether all of last year's Fellows had returned to the campus.

"Well, most did, including what I guess you might call our famous graduate, Leon Botstein, who as a Fellow was executive assistant to Joseph Monserrat, the president of the Interim Board of Education at that time," Mr. Ginsburg said. "Monserrat was so impressed with him that he asked him to resign his Fellowship and become his deputy, at sixteen thousand dollars a year, but Botstein chose to stay in the program, and after he finished it he became, at the age of twenty-three, the youngest college president in the country—of Franconia College, in New Hampshire." Several of the original



"And yours was the Yankee pot roast, I believe?"

Fellows, however, altered their educational plans to take regular jobs with the city, Mr. Ginsburg continued, and he told us what had become of them. "Lynda Brodsky, who was a Fellow in the Environmental Protection Administration, became a quantitative analyst for the Health Services Administration," he said. "Gwen Evans, who spent her Fellowship working at WNYC, the municipal broadcasting station, stayed on there in a career position. David Specht, a teacher-trainer in the Addiction Services Agency, accepted a career appointment with the Agency. Rhea Margulies, who worked in City Hall, in the Mayor's office, is now a program-research assistant in the Health Department."

The graduate whose career Mr. Ginsburg has followed most closely is John Berenyi, who is now a special assistant to E. S. Savas, the First Deputy City Administrator. During his year as a Fellow, Mr. Berenyi, a graduate of Columbia University, coördinated the surveys that led to the establishment of a city-wide Parking Violations Bureau. In addition, he and several other Fellows and a few city employees put together, in their spare time, a book that recounts their experiences in municipal service and urban living. "It's called 'Up Against New York,' and William Morrow is bringing it out in March," Mr. Ginsburg said as he walked with us to another wing of 250 Broadway, where we found Mr. Berenyi, a modishly dressed young man. Mr. Berenyi told us that he and his parents fled from Hungary after the 1956 uprising and settled in Forest Hills in 1959. As a student of urban systems, he had evaluated New York's traffic-court services and found, he said, that, on the average, forty weeks elapsed between the time a violator was given a summons and the time he got into court with it, and then he had to wait anywhere from an hour and a half to three hours for a twelve-second hearing before a judge. "With the new Parking Violations Bureau, we've speeded up the whole operation," he said. Currently, he is coördinating studies for the Mayor's Inter-Agency Committee on Automotive Pollution, and he hopes to come up with a major traffic program for the city.

International

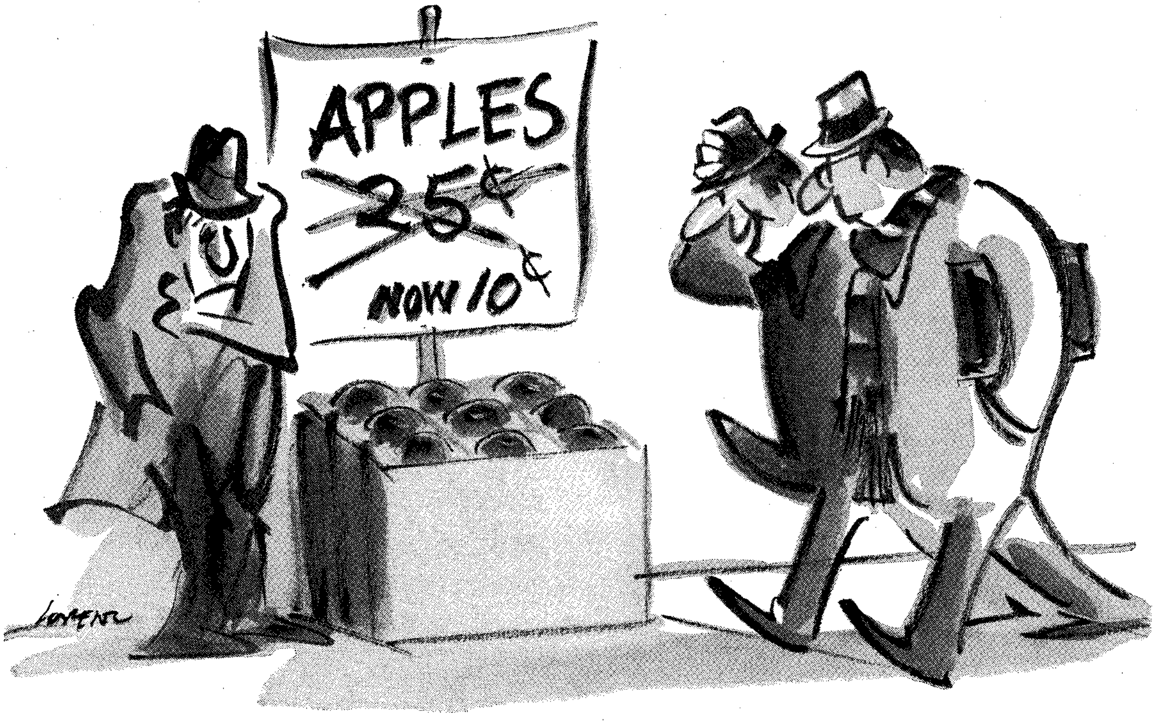
HOLLY-DAY SAUCERLIGHT, a red candle set in a wreath of holly, comes, according to a rather indignant New England correspondent, in a box marked "Another Colonial original from Japan."

Prugh's Computer

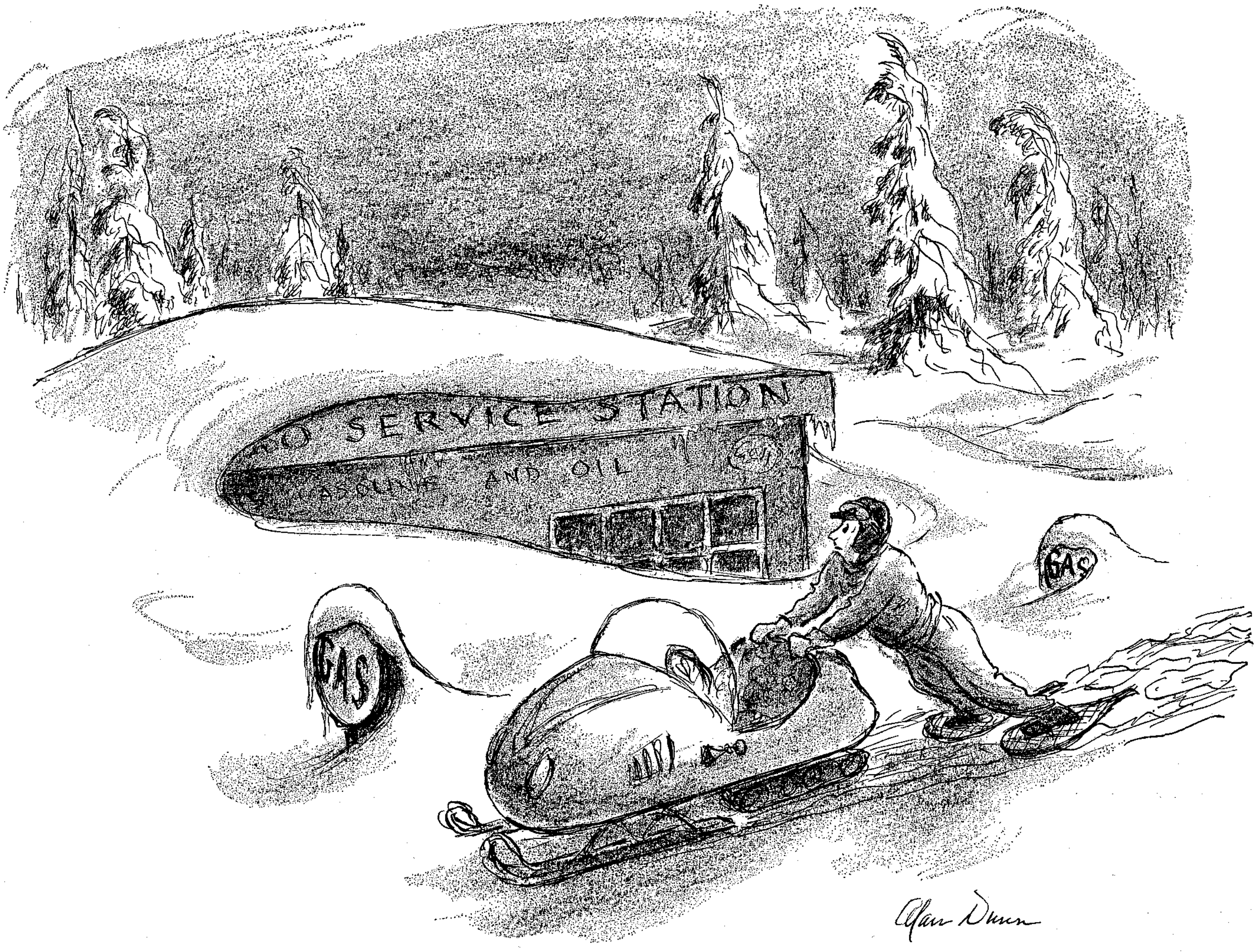
WORD recently reached us that a man named Thomas Prugh, who lives in Silver Spring, Maryland, had bought himself a computer and was teaching it to perform a variety of household chores. Since all the other computers of our acquaintance are gainfully employed in business enterprises of one sort or another, we called Mr. Prugh and made arrangements to visit him and his domestic computer. Mr. Prugh proved to be a Defense Department engineer, with a predilection for technical jargon, who lives in a suburban ranch-style house. His computer, which consists of a nineteen-by-twenty-one-by-nine-inch box and a teletype machine, is a two-year-old Digital Equipment Corporation Model PDP 8-L, and it resides in his den. "I've always been fascinated by computers," Mr. Prugh told us. "I acquired this one in January, 1969, for eighty-five hundred dollars. I suppose other people would have bought a sports car or a pleasure boat instead. It's one of a whole new species of under-ten-thousand-dollar mini-computers. These mini-computers are bare-bones things, but the communications industry and the machine-tool industry have found them to be useful components of larger systems. I got to wondering what a component like that could do in the home."

The computer came with a number of software programs prepared by the manufacturer. Mr. Prugh found a couple of them of interest to the householder. With one program, whereby he transmogrified the computer into a calculator, he prepared his 1969 income-tax return. Another program, called "text editing," has helped him with an occasional business letter and has helped his daughter Amy, fifteen, with her English papers. Amy types up a rough draft of the paper on the teletype machine, types in whatever corrections she wants to make, and presses a button, and out comes a clean typed copy of the corrected paper.

The first thing Mr. Prugh taught the computer on his own was how to tell time, which involved building a little hardware for an extra connection to the power line. Once the computer knew what time it was, Mr. Prugh was able to instruct it to put out messages at given hours of the day. Mr. Prugh has also programmed his computer in what he describes as business functions (it keeps track of his checking-account balance), secretarial functions (it knows the phone numbers of his



"By George, it looks like Nixon's game plan is beginning to work."



friends), and entertainment functions (he has played a game with it, in which the computer tested his ability to add two-digit numbers, and he can make the teletype keys act like organ keys and produce musical tones), but what really interests him is a fourth category of functions—one he calls "baby-sitting the house and its occupants." Just then, Mrs. Prugh, who had been out visiting a friend, drove up in her car and obligingly demonstrated Category 4. When she opened the garage door, which Mr. Prugh had connected to the computer by sensors, PDP 8-L printed out a terse bulletin: "GDO" (garage door open). Several minutes later, it issued another brief statement: "GDC" (garage door closed).

"If the garage door had stayed open for more than five minutes, the computer would have instructed it to close," Mr. Prugh said. "My goal is to make the computer the silent sentinel around the house. I have it in mind to connect it to the windows, the furnace, and the basement floor. It will be able to give off alarm signals if the windows are opened unexpectedly, or the furnace overheats, or the basement floods. I'm limited by the amount of spare time I have to work out each program and by the computer's capacity, which is only four thousand words. A simple message like 'Wake up' uses thirty to forty words. Another limitation is money. Let's say the computer finds a window open and rings some bells but no one is at home to hear them. You'd want it to be able to telephone the police automatically. But I've decided, for now, not to get involved in the financial and legal transactions I'd have to have with the phone company before I'd be allowed to connect the computer to the phone and have it place calls or answer the phone when I was away and dialled it to get a status report on the house."

Mr. Prugh is quick to admit that a number of relatively inexpensive gadgets—a clock, a calculator, a player piano, a text-editing typewriter, a burglar-alarm system, and so on—can, separately, perform many of the tasks his computer has learned, and also that his computer is "not what we at the Defense Department call cost-effective." However, he admires the computer's versatility ("No clock can cope with my income taxes"), and he believes that a home computer will be economically feasible in the not very distant future. "In the two years since I purchased my computer, the price for a slightly more capacious model has dropped to sixty-five hundred dollars," Mr. Prugh told us. "The trend in the computer business is for prices to continue to fall. My guess is that by 1975 you'll be able to get a home computer for two thousand dollars. And it would be simpler if, instead of trying to add a computer to an already built house, you sat down with an architect and planned how you'd build in the sensors in a new house. The home computer could be programmed to plan menus, to keep track of the children's dentist appointments, and to keep a running grocery list. Once the grocery list was compiled, the computer could tell you the shortest possible route through the aisles of your supermarket to make your purchases. Computers are already monitoring patients in hospitals. What the home computer will do someday will simply depend on the ingenuity of the person who is dealing with it."

•

SIGN observed on the door of the Renaissance Art Gallery, an upper East Side establishment: "No Browsing This Week."

THE EGOTIST

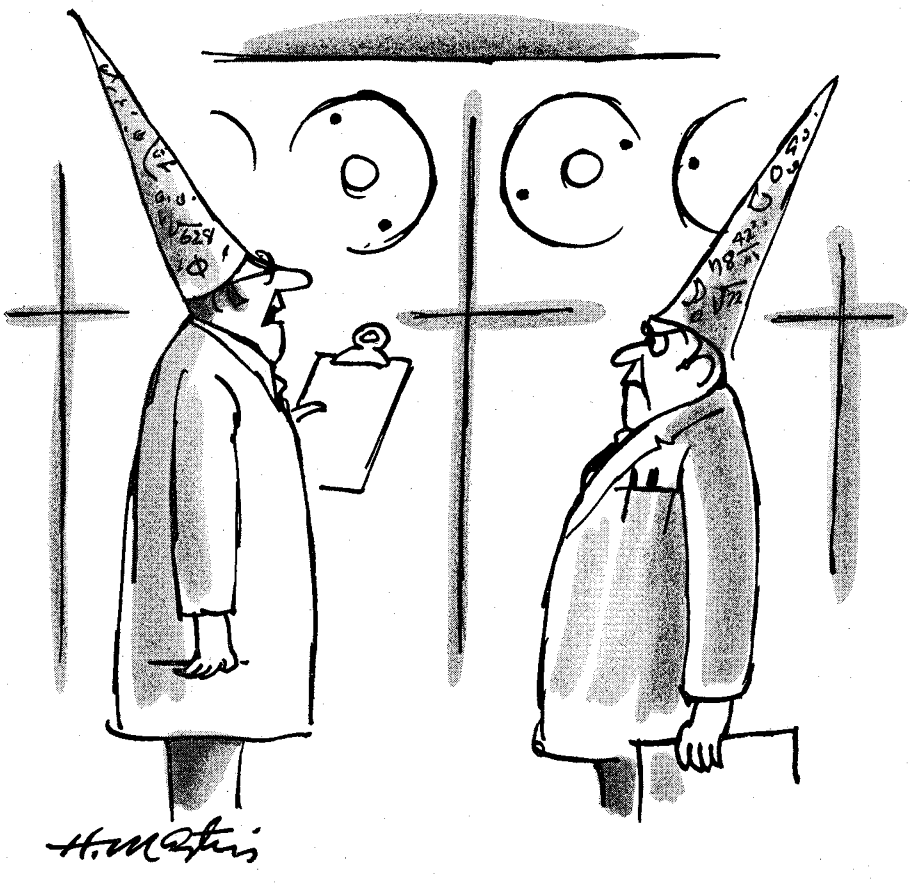
IN the apartment house where I lived on Riverside Drive, I had a neighbor two floors above me—Maria Davidovna. Famous emigrants from Russia visited her—radicals, Socialists. She was tall and dark, with classical proportions and gray eyes behind thick-lensed pince-nez. Her hair was pulled into a bun. She always wore dark skirts and blouses with high collars. She reminded me of the revolutionary women of Russia who lived in attic rooms and printed illegal pamphlets by hand or put together bombs to throw on the Czar's henchmen. I made her acquaintance when the elevator broke down and I helped her carry an old dog-eared Russian encyclopedia she had bought on Fourth Avenue. When we became more familiar, I gave her a book of mine to read. She invited me to come up to her place to play chess, and every time we played she checkmated me.

Slowly her friends became known to me, too—especially her three steady visitors. One of them had been the leader of a faction in the Russian Duma—Popov. He became a widower in New York and married a distant relative of Maria Davidovna's. Popov lived only a few blocks from us. His new wife was sick, and Popov used to buy the food and do the cooking. I met him many times in the supermarket, pushing a cart. He was short, with broad shoulders and a head of white hair like foam. He had a red face, a turned-up nose, and a white goatee. He always wore the same double-breasted suit and shoes with round toes. His tie had a wide knot. It seemed to me sometimes that he had been dressed like this forty years ago and had remained in the same clothes and with the same expression he wore in a picture I had seen of him in a book about Russia. Each time we met he stretched out his heavy hand and gave me a long grip followed by a short one. Since I knew no Russian, he spoke to me in broken English. He had a reputation in Russian politics as a peacemaker among the various factions—one who had averted many a split in the radical movement. The essence of his good-natured conversation was that in spite of all the difficulties we should be grateful that we were living in a free country.

The second visitor, Professor Bulov, had written a history of the Russian Revolution from the Decembrists up to Stalin. Bulov was tall and broad—a giant of a man—with a square yellowish face and the slanted eyes of a Mongol. He seldom spoke; he just shook his head. Maria Davidovna told me he came from somewhere in the north of Siberia and that when he was young he used to hunt bears with a cudgel. Later, he sat for years in solitary confinement in a Russian prison, and it was this that had made him so silent. He had a flattened nose, a low forehead, thick lips, a shock of hair like a brush. He hated the Bolsheviks with a passion that seemed to glow in his steely eyes. I imagined he held grudges that went back to the time of Genghis Khan. Maria Davidovna said that Bulov could never forgive Popov for opposing the arrest of Lenin. I was told that he had managed to escape Russia after killing a G.P.U. man. Whenever he spoke about present-day Russia, he planted his fist on the table, and I always felt that the table could barely stand the pressure of that powerful fist and might collapse.

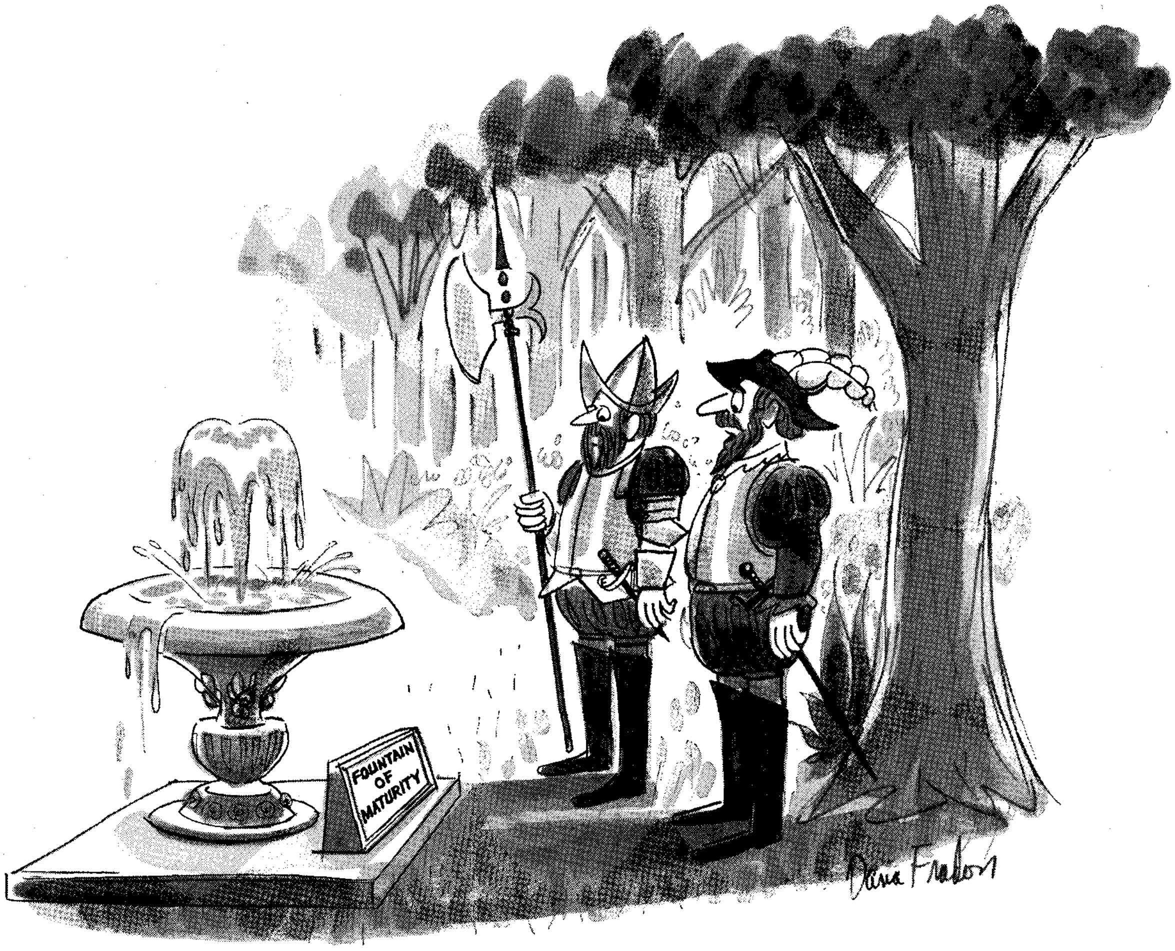
Kuzensky was the third visitor. He had been born a count. He entered the revolutionary movement when he was still young and played an important role in the nine months of Kerenski's regime. Kuzensky was tall, lean, with a high forehead and a pointed beard that remained black although he was already in his sixties. He had brown eyes that often smiled with a worldly-wise humor.

Kuzensky was known as a skeptic, a humorist, a ladies' man. He dressed more elegantly than the other Russians who visited Maria Davidovna, and wore spats summer and winter. I once saw Maria Davidovna ironing a silk shirt for him. A writer who knew this group told me that Kuzensky had the soul of a feuilletonist—not that of a fighter. His jokes made the others uncomfortable. Kuzensky and I had one thing in common: when he played chess with Maria Davidovna, she invariably checkmated him. Sometimes he and I played together against her. Kuzensky smoked a cigarette, hummed a Russian melody, ate the chick-peas and halvah that Maria Davidovna placed before us, drank many glasses of tea with lemon, and made one wrong move after another, all the while throwing out witticisms. Near him I became even more of a botcher at the game. When finally we were checkmated, Kuzensky would say, "Don't worry, comrade, the final victory is on our side. The day of vengeance is near." And he would wink at Professor Bulov and make funny grimaces. It was a parody of



"One of us has got to go, Jenson. There isn't room in this company for two electronic wizards."

Bulov's faith that any day there would be a counter-revolution in Soviet Russia.



"It's better than nothing, I guess."

• •

Kuzensky and Bulov were both bachelors. From remarks that Maria Davidovna let fall and from inscriptions on books that Kuzensky had given her on birthdays, I guessed that he had been in love with her. As for Bulov, he seemed to be enamored of her. He gazed at her avidly with his slanted eyes, under which were heavy pouches. He listened to every sound she made when she was in the kitchen preparing tea. Maria Davidovna assisted him in gathering material for his lengthy book. One thing I knew for sure—he never spent the night in her apartment. I sometimes met him going down in the elevator at two o'clock in the morning. Then he looked especially angry; he had a crooked wrinkle on his forehead and didn't answer when I greeted him. His wide face with the high cheekbones had a greenish hue. I believed that Bulov was constantly jealous, that he suspected every man of having an affair with Maria Davidovna and could barely curb his rage, which threatened to break out at any moment with Siberian ferocity.

Sometimes Maria Davidovna invited me to her apartment when there were no other guests. After I had been checkmated, we drank tea with jam and conversed about Zionism, the Talmud, Yiddish literature. Since we both spoke in a language foreign to us, our conversations could not go very deep.

Maria Davidovna had studied and read a lot and knew Russian and French literature, but she had the mind of a social theoretician. She tried to find logic in everything. There remained in her a youthful rawness that the years did not ripen. She was somehow still a student at the *Gymnasium*—a *barishnia* of the days before the First World War. I was sure that she kept a diary. She had brought out of Russia a thick album of faded photographs showing her with countless university students, girl friends, cousins. Most of the young men had beards; many of them wore black blouses with tasselled sashes. I often browsed among these photographs and asked Maria Davidovna about them. She would stare with shortsighted eyes, as if she herself were not sure anymore who was who, and she would finally say, "Fallen in the War." "Shot by the Bolsheviks." "Died of typhoid fever."

I tried to question her about her friendship with Kuzensky and Bulov, but she answered evasively. Still, I learned some details. Maria Davidovna was the daughter of a rich lumber merchant. She had graduated from the *Gymnasium* in Kiev with a gold medal. While she was in the seventh class, she had entered a revolutionary group. The short term of Kerenski's regime was a period of personal triumph for her. She was close to all the Menshevik leaders; they entrusted her with important government missions. Every day of the year was full of surprises. That was a year without a winter, because the Revolution began in the spring and ended in the fall, when the Communists took over. Since then, Maria Davidovna had lived in a kind of prolonged mourning. She escaped from Russia, resided briefly in Warsaw, Vienna, Prague, and London, and could settle nowhere. She studied in a number of universities without ever completing any course. She had been in New York for years, but she could not stand this prosaic city with its noise, hurry, dirt, and greed for money. She contended that there was not a single beautiful building in New York, not one *gemütlich* restaurant or café, and that, in spite of all its electric lamps, at night the city was as dark as a jungle. The subway was a nightmare to her.

Once, unexpectedly, Maria Davidovna opened her heart to me. I had told her that she was actually a worldly nun in a private cloister. When she heard these words, she took off her pince-nez and her face became naked and grief-stricken. On both sides of her nose where the pince-nez rested were indentations, deep and bluish. She raised her reddened lids and asked, "Have you ever seen a living corpse? I don't mean it figuratively but literally."

"Literally, not."

"Since you write about ghosts and

such topics, I want you to know that you are in the presence of a living corpse."

"When did you die?"

"After the Bolshevik Revolution."

"How?"

"Oh, there is too much to be said. As a matter of fact, I was dead even when I was young. I demanded too much from life, and those who demand too much get nothing. My father was seldom home. I don't know why he avoided my mother. She was a beautiful woman, although melancholy. She died when I was still in the *Gymnasium*. I was their only daughter. Every day when I took my schoolbag and went to school, I asked myself, 'What am I living for? What is the sense of it?' This wasn't just caprice. I always had a strong desire to die. I envied the dead. I used to go to the Greek Orthodox cemetery and stand for hours gazing at the photographs on the headstones. The February Revolution pulled me away from death. It intoxicated me. But I knew even then that such intoxication could not last. Kerenski's regime had all the symptoms of inebriation—a kind of carnival that was bound to end soon. Bolshevism was the bitter hangover that comes after— I am sorry. . . ."

For a while we were both silent. Then I asked, "What kind of a man is Kuzensky?"

"An egotist—the greatest egotist I ever met. He has hidden from reality his whole life. All that remains of that carnival is a heap of rubbish, but for him it is still a holiday—the private holiday of a hedonist. Please, don't ask me any more. I have said too much as it is."

And Maria Davidovna put on her pince-nez again.

I BEGAN to realize that Kuzensky was not well. His face had become yellowish, his cheeks sunken. When he lit a cigarette, the match trembled between his long fingers. One evening when Kuzensky was visiting Maria Davidovna, Popov brought a pitcher of borscht that he had cooked himself. Kuzensky took only one spoonful.

Popov said, "This borscht is a remedy. It is cooked with lemon, not with sour salt."

"Well, the world knows you are a first-class cook—after the mess you cooked in Russia."

Kuzensky continued to make jokes, but everything else changed. When I played chess with Maria Davidovna, he no longer gave me advice. He even stopped humming his usual melody. Every few minutes he went to the bathroom and returned with shaky legs. His beard became white and I suspected that he had dyed it before. I was told that he was writing his memoirs, that he had a subsidy from a foundation.

In Maria Davidovna's books about Russia, photographs of Kuzensky could be found: as a *Gymnasiast*, a university student, a revolutionary, a political prisoner in exile, a speechmaker at a mass meeting in Petrograd. He was a part of the history of Russia, and therefore also of world history. But here he was, lying on Maria Davidovna's sofa, coughing into a handkerchief, dozing frequently, with Maria Davidovna chiding him for not keeping his diet, for being afraid to go to a doctor or the hospital.

Maria Davidovna's words that she was a living corpse had impressed me more than such phrases should. I began to imagine that there was the sweetish smell of decay in the apartment. Though all her lamps burned in the evening, the rooms remained in shadow, perhaps because every wall had bookshelves up to the ceiling. Each time I took out a book, pieces of dry paper broke off from the pages. I also noticed that Bulov and Kuzensky spoke to Maria Davidovna but not to each other. They even avoided looking at one another. Had they quarrelled, or was it just that they had nothing more to say to each other? I developed a fear of Bulov. Sometimes when he sat in silence with his two slanted cracks for eyes, I felt that he was still in the forests of Siberia—a prehistoric man who by a caprice of nature had fallen into the twentieth century and become a professor. I stopped visiting Maria Davidovna.

One evening, I was sitting in my room reading a newspaper when someone knocked at my door. As a rule, only the exterminator knocked at my door unannounced. However, he always came in the daytime. I went to the foyer and asked, "Who is there?"

"I, Maria Davidovna."

I recognized her voice, but it was half choked. I let her in. Maria Davidovna stood there without her pince-nez, her face pale and changed.

She said, "Please forgive me for disturbing you, but something terrible has happened and I don't know whom to turn to. Kuzensky just died."

"Died! How? Where?"

"In my apartment. I telephoned, but no one is home—neither Bulov nor Popov. Or maybe I didn't dial

MORE UNDER SATURN

Of course it sounds cold.
It is cold.
Every year spent on the ground draws that much more of the
    first warmth from our bodies.

What did you think would insulate you against time?

*

I walk out into the winter garden.
It is the root vegetables—
beets, potatoes—
the russet apples wrapped separately in newspapers and stored
    in old barrels
on which we live.

*

            Dead cabbage stalks
that grew up fast out of the fleshy, leafy fruit
stand like a field of dry clubs.

Who's there, to hit at?

*

The sky appears to be indifferent. If it spoke,

"Love me," it would say. "You keep alive from now on
only on how much of me you can refuse to hate."

—WILLIAM DICKEY

• •

"Wow! Is this a red-letter day! There's something from Senator McGovern, Harry Belafonte, Ramsey Clark, James Michener, Dr. Spock, Jackie Robinson, and Pablo Casals!"

* *

correctly—I've lost my glasses and I simply cannot see."

"Did you call the doctor?"

"He never would go to a doctor. Have pity and come up with me. Without my glasses I'm blind."

I was overcome by a boyish fear, but I could not refuse Maria Davidovna and leave her alone with a corpse. We did not use the elevator but climbed the stairs in silence. Maria Davidovna held on to my arm. We passed through the long hall of her apartment, through the living room, and entered the bedroom. On Maria Davidovna's wide bed lay Kuzensky in his suit, his bow tie, his shoes with spats. I barely recognized him. His straight nose had become hooked, his skin a deep yellow, his white beard turned up and shrunken. In the creases at the corners of his eyes there remained a congealed smile.

After some hesitation, Maria Davidovna asked, "Do you think I should call the police?"

"The police? Why? Perhaps you should call the Russian newspaper."

"No one is there at night. In my excitement I dropped my glasses. It's a miracle I managed to find your door. With him, my life is ended." Her tone changed. "Do you think you could find my glasses?"

I searched on the floor, on the night table, on the chest, but Maria Davidovna's pince-nez were nowhere to be seen. I said, "Perhaps you should call the *English* newspapers."

"They will ask for details, and I am too confused to remember anything now. The telephone is ringing—wait!"

Maria Davidovna left the bedroom. I had an impulse to follow, but I was ashamed to show such cowardice. I stood staring at Kuzensky; my heart pounded like a hammer. Alive, Kuzensky had not looked old even with his white beard. Now he was like a man of ninety. His mouth was small, half open and toothless. On the rug I saw his false teeth, strangely long, on a plastic palate. With the point of my shoe I shoved them under the bed.

Maria Davidovna returned. "Crazy—I was just told I had won two free lessons at a dance studio. What shall I do?"

"If you can remember the numbers, I will call Popov and Bulov."

"They're definitely not at home. Bulov is supposed to be here soon—any minute. We were drinking tea and playing chess. Suddenly he collapsed on the bed and was finished."

"A merciful end."

"He lived like an egotist and now he has deserted us like an egotist. What shall I do? Every second will be hell. Please sit down."

I sat on a chair, Maria Davidovna on another. I arranged myself in a position not to see the corpse. Maria Davidovna clasped her hands. She spoke in a singsong that reminded me of the keening of mothers and grandmothers.

"It was all selfishness. His going to the people, his imprisonment—all of it. He was a squire to the last second of his life. He never gave anything that wasn't an alm—even his love. He was too proud to see a doctor. As for me, I

"Our union isn't hard to get along with. We keep our unreasonable demands within bounds."

• •

wasted my years for nothing. I forgot that I was a Jewish daughter. The other day I read in my Bible about the Israelites serving idols. I said to myself, 'My idol was the Revolution, and therefore I am punished by God.' "

"It is good that you understand it now."

"It is too late. He went when it was convenient for him, and left me to die a thousand deaths. Once, they put all their hopes in the Revolution. For the last thirty years they have been yearning for the counter-revolution. But what difference will it make? They are all old and sick. The new generation will not know the truth. The only ambition left to them is to prolong the agony. He, at least, admitted it."

The telephone rang. This time it was Popov. I heard Maria Davidovna telling him the news. She kept repeating, "*Da, da, da.*"

It didn't take long for Popov and Bulov to arrive, and others followed—some with white beards, some with white mustaches. One old man leaned on crutches. Popov's suit was spotted; his cheeks were flushed, as though he had just left a hot stove. His childish eyes under his shaggy brows were reproachful. "See what he has done to us!" they seemed to be saying. Bulov took the corpse's wrist and felt for a pulse. He made a face, shook his square head from side to side, and his eyes were saying, "This is against all rules, Count. This is not the way to behave." Skillfully, he closed the corpse's mouth.

Women began to arrive, in long, old-fashioned dresses and low-heeled shoes, their sparse hair gathered into buns and fastened with hairpins. One of them wore a Turkish shawl over her shoulders—the kind my grandmother used to wear. In America I had forgotten that such wrinkled faces and bent backs existed. One old woman carried two canes. She took a step and I heard the crunch of glass. She had stepped on Maria Davidovna's pince-nez. Her hairy little chin shook as though she were muttering an incantation. I recognized her from a picture I had seen in a book. She had been an expert bombmaker and had been kept in solitary confinement in the infamous Schlisselburg prison.

I wanted to leave, but Maria Davidovna asked me to stay. She kept on introducing me to new visitors, and I heard names familiar to me from books, magazines, newspapers: leaders of the Revolution, of the Duma; members of Kerenski's Cabinet. Every one of them had made historic speeches, taken part in decisive conferences. Though I knew Polish, not Russian, I could follow what they were saying.

The old woman with the canes asked, "Should we light candles?"

"Candles? No," Popov said.

The one in the Turkish shawl cracked her rheumatic fingers. "He is beautiful even now."

"Perhaps he should be covered," said the old man on crutches.

"Who can take his place?" Popov asked, and then answered himself, "No one." His face became apoplectic red, and because of this his beard appeared even whiter. He mumbled, "We are passing away; soon no one will be left; Eternity claims us—the great mystery. Russia will forget us."

"Sergei Ivanovich, don't exaggerate."

"It is written in the Bible, 'One generation passeth away and another generation cometh.' Only yesterday he was young and daring—an eagle."

One of the group, small, slight, with a pointed pepper-and-salt beard, wearing thick glasses behind which his eyes looked crossed, began to deliver a sort of eulogy. "He lived for Russia and he died for Russia," he said.

Maria Davidovna interrupted. "He lived for no one but himself. The world will never know how great his egotism was—never, never!"

There was silence. The telephone rang, but nobody answered it. They all looked perplexed, grieved, full of reproach, full of forgiveness. The wrinkles at the corners of Kuzensky's eyes seemed to laugh. Maria Davidovna covered her face with both hands and began to cry in a hoarse voice.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.*)

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WASHINGTON (AP)—Most of the nation's poorest non-white farm families live in counties with the lowest standard of living, a report by the Agriculture Department shows.—*The Times.*

It's their own darned fault. Why don't they move?

THE ENCLAVE

A PALACE INCIDENT

MY first intimations of both elegance and sorrow came early in The War, as we called it, in about 1915. They seemed to belong together—for a while, anyway.

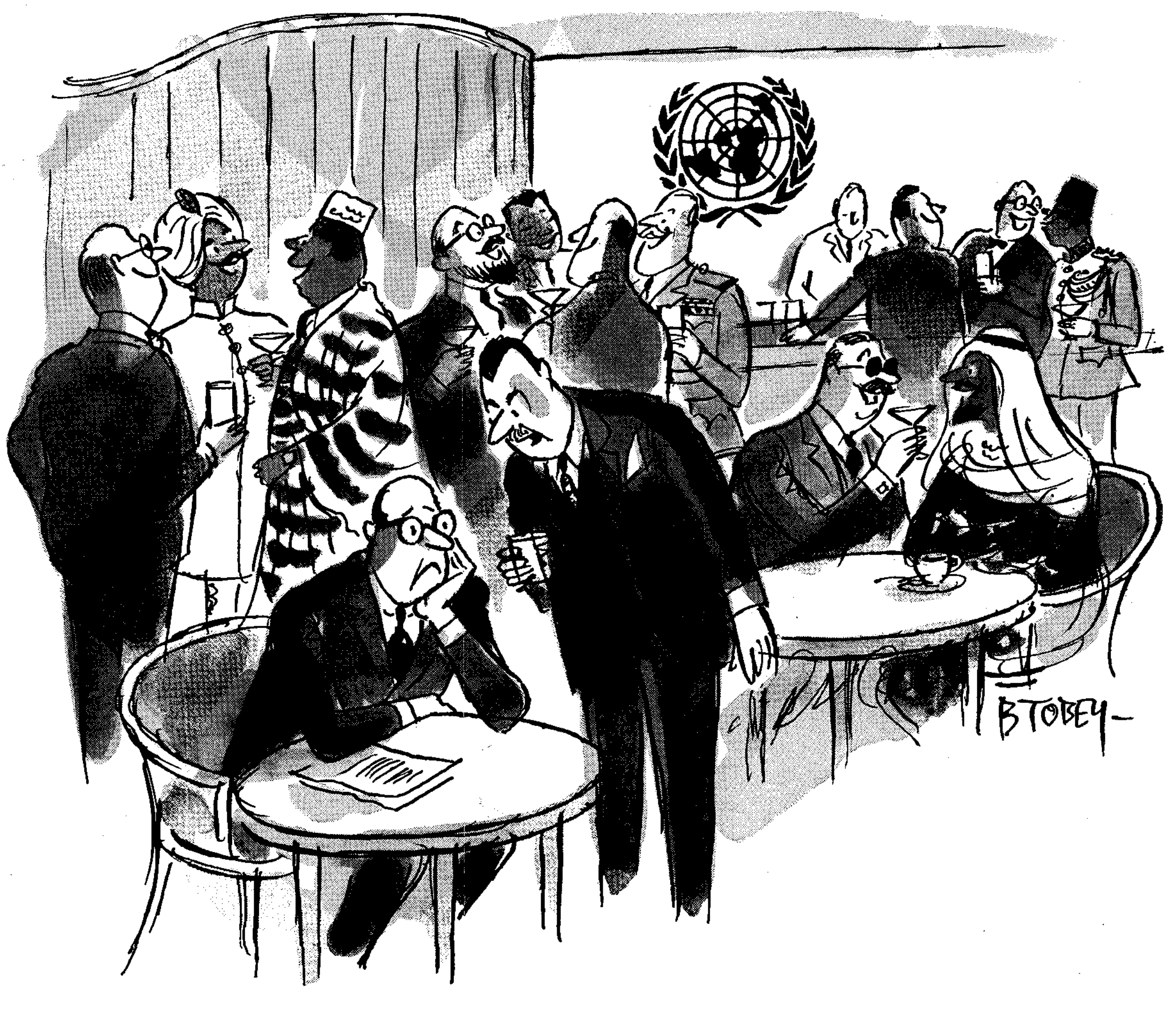
My parents' close friends, and casual acquaintances, too, were mostly Episcopalians, because we were a clear-cut religious, if not racial, minority in Quaker Whittier, California, especially in the first days after we moved there when the church was still a mission, without even a full-time rector, as far as I can recall. There was a good solid feeling at St. Matthias, for want of anything better—like community importance, for instance. We had a nice little choir, thanks to my mother's drawing-room contralto and Uncle Mac's barrack-room bass, with Mrs. Emory always making the altar bloom with scavenged flowers, and old Mrs. Atkinson valiantly and slowly dying of bronchial cancer at her companionably wheezing organ. We had good parties, with thin Jack Swain or plumper Matty Matteson being a well-stuffed Santa Claus, and then the annual Sunday-school picnics in summer, with exactly three ice-cream cones for every child: one chocolate, one strawberry, and one vanilla. On Easters, after we had made our best manners to the current rector at the chapel door, there was a rich, big chocolate egg for each of us. Of course, people like my father were serious about their duties as vestrymen, but that had nothing to do with anyone under twelve.

It was natural that Aunt Gwen was an Episcopalian. How could she be anything else, since we knew her and she knew us? And who else would be her dearest friend—not counting Mother—but Isobel MacLaren, Uncle Mac's only daughter? Both young women sang in the choir, Isobel in a light, firm soprano, Aunt Gwen the female counterpart of Uncle Mac's spur-of-the-moment mingling of low baritone and basso profundo.

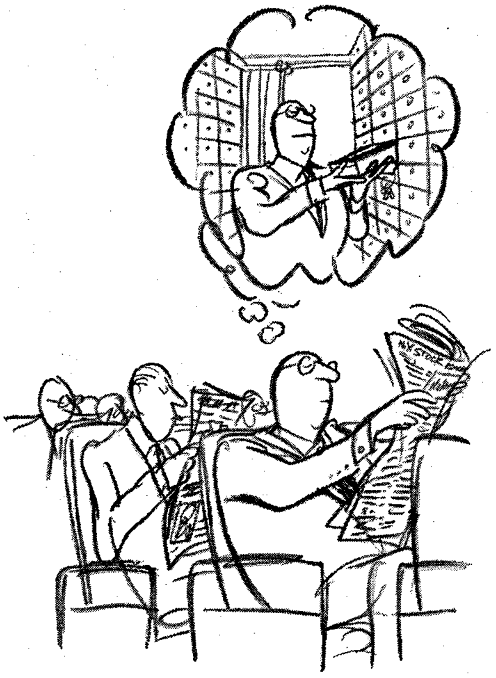
It was a fine sight to see the vested choir march ponderously into the small shack of a church, especially if we had watched some of their vestments being ironed frantically in our kitchen the night before. The people who were our lives were beautifully changed into near angels as they rocked slightly from side to side behind the boy carrying the crucifix. My little sister Anne and I stared respectfully at them all, knowing warmly that under the flowing black and white lived Mother, Uncle Mac, Aunt Gwen, and Isobel, and then groundlings like Mrs. Emory and other kind, willing people. We always hoped that Uncle Mac would have forgotten to switch off the bell in his handsome pocket watch, presented to him when he retired as chief engineer on a British shipping line to the far reaches of the Empire. It was fine to hear that little bell ringing so sweetly and irrevocably from his surpliced middle, while not the twitch of a smile showed anywhere, and the service rolled on, and his face turned a deeper purple.

His daughter Isobel was a Lovely Lady, Anne and I knew. I suppose that she was in her early twenties when we first met her. I was, and still am, caught in the sound of her name: Isobel MacLaren. Mother was strongly Anglomaniac, and would have been happier if Isobel was not a name so blatantly from north of the border, but she taught us right away how to say it—*Eye*-zo-bell, and not the ugly *Izz*-uh-bell we were used to in America. Isobel was built in a compact way, and bit off her words with a near snap of her firm jaw. She and Aunt Gwen were a good pair—both with Anglican accents that made them socially desirable in our tiny enclave of Episcopalian behavior, and well respected as Dutiful Daughters.

Aunt Gwen was already a widow by the time I knew her. She may have been in her mid-twenties, but I am not sure. Women are either grown up or old to a child, and certainly she and Isobel and Mother were not like Grandmother Holbrook, who lived



"Damn it all, man, we have a Meditation Room for that sort of thing!"



with us, nor, oddly enough to me now, Mrs. MacLaren. Aunt Gwen waited devotedly upon her frail, beautiful, artistic mother and three lusty younger brothers and her father, which means that she made ends meet and was their slavey. She picked up odd jobs with a cheerfulness that worried and rather shocked my mother; for instance, she left a grinding, backbreaking job in the orange packinghouse, sorting and wrapping the fruit as it rolled past her on a long belt, when she moved up to the farmhouse next door to us on Painter Avenue.

Isobel lived with her father, Uncle Mac, and her mother, Barnie. We knew this birdlike, dignified little woman was called that, even by her daughter, but we never addressed her as such, although as time passed we *referred* to her sometimes as Aunt Barnie. Isobel had her soft, lilting voice, but with more insistence in it. Barnie must have led a largely self-sufficient life as the wife of a master seaman. She always stayed in the background, but it was fine to hear Uncle Mac say her name, rolling it out with the tenderness of a loyal if roaming lover over so long and rough a marriage.

The MacLarens seemed to coast always on rather thin times. I suppose there was a kind of pension, but they lived within a block of the imposing house Barnie's younger brother, George Chaffee, had built, and apparently she had often stayed in his other houses when Uncle Mac was at sea. All her brothers had left Scotland for Australia, it seems, and Down Under had made enormous fortunes. They had stables of famous horses. They had yachts. They were big spenders and knew how to be. And Old George held on to Barnie. He *needed* her.

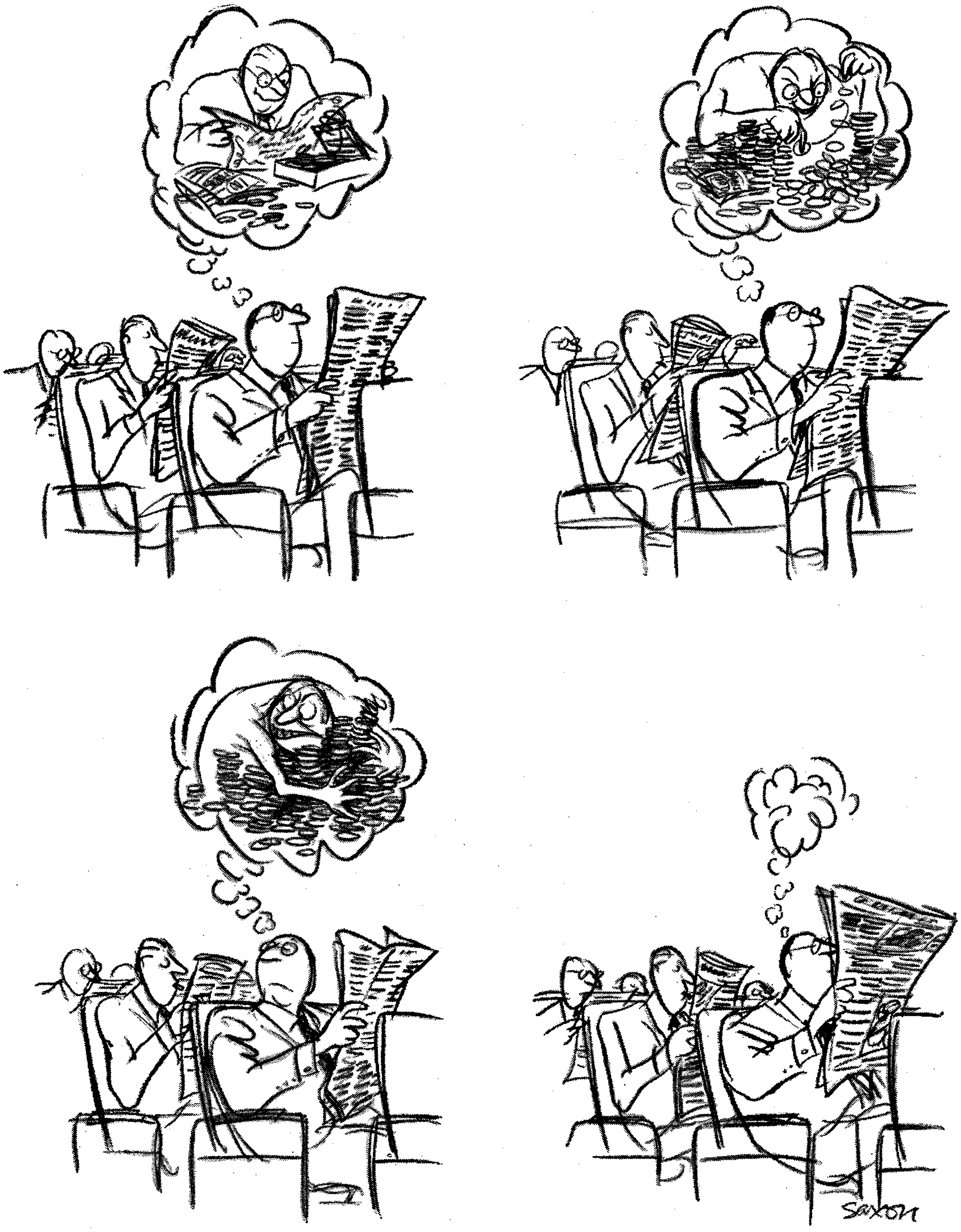
I cannot know if he actually paid her and Uncle Mac for what they did to keep his whimsical investment in an elegant villa functioning as he wished. I hope so. There was a kind of jaunty subservience and mockery in Uncle Mac about it all, which used to make my parents snort impatiently. I do not even know if Mr. Chaffee brought them to Whittier with him not long before we got there, in 1912, or if he moved there to be near their loyal help—the rich man following beloved and penniless immigrants from too many years of wandering, secure now in the close enclave of low-church Episcopalian retirement that he never touched except with his munificent yearly dues. How could I know about all this? The important thing is that the MacLarens were *there*.

I was always aware, in a disinterested way, that my family treated the Chaffees with a remoteness that came perhaps from their economic differences but more probably from the fact that they loved Uncle Mac and did not like to see him bend with such courteous good humor to the autocratic whims of the Australian brother, and see Barnie at Mrs. Chaffee's beck and nod, and see Isobel used as a substitute nurse and lady's maid for her fragile aunt. That is to say, the Chaffees—pronounced Chay-fees—were a different cut from ours.

The MacLarens lived in a small brown shingle house a minute's walk from the low but impressive palace Old George had built for his wife. This was on the beginning of the foothills north of Whittier, where steep streets named for the plain Quaker fathers were suddenly desirable to rich newcomers able to pay for pumping water and building retaining walls, and all that unnecessary display and frippery frowned upon by the first, worn, dedicated founders of the little religious settlement. If people like this Australian foreigner wanted to spend their money on a sprawling villa designed to coddle the mysterious invalidism of an invisible wife, let them! Let him with his gambling and his ill-begotten riches throw up the conceits of tropical plantings in a glass-covered loggia in the center of the house, like a heathen! The Quakers withdrew from all this as if it were the Black Pox, or simply ignored it. I cannot know if the Chaffees were ever aware of their isolation, or if our indirect association with them, through the MacLarens, may have added to our own tacit enislement by the locals.

Tropical plants did flourish under the glass ceiling of the loggia, and on its four sides glamorous, dim rooms lay silently behind closed doors, with such a plenitude of bathrooms—pretty, and not plain like ours—and silky boudoirs with little curvy chairs in them as Anne and I had never dreamed of seeing, even though we were already caught in the web of princesses in the Green and Red and Brown Fairy Books and in the spicy derring-do of King Arthur's knights.

The most astounding of all the empty, languorous purlieus of the Chaffee house, which we often tiptoed through as Father grew more devoted to Uncle Mac and Aunt Gwen to Isobel, and therefore we could all go into the place when the owners were away and Uncle Mac was supposed to be keeping his eye on the elaborate plumbing and the exotic planting and so on, and the most elegant of any thing a princess could ever have, was Mrs. Chaffee's bathroom. Anne and I wandered through it, probably holding hands in solidarity, as if we were in the most intimate secret apartment of Queen Glinda Esmeraldina, which perhaps we were, for we only saw Mrs. Chaffee herself one time, on an enormous bed, and she might have been



made of cobwebs, nourished perhaps by three peeled grapes a day and a sip of yellow wine. She smiled faintly and waved at us, with a gray-white hand so thin it was like a filament or tentacle pushing out from the froth of lace she lay in, and then Isobel led us deftly from the dim room.

Later, when the lady left, to die somewhere from whatever it was that had slowly changed her into such a strange shadow, we went oftener and more freely into the house, and it was always first to her bathroom, which, of course, we never used for anything as carnal as our own needs. It was bigger than our generous living room at home. The creamy skins of polar bears lay everywhere. Perhaps eight or a dozen different kinds of tubs sat around its edges, all running hot and cold water from golden spigots and sprays and douches and such. (This was one reason Uncle Mac was such a jewel of a brother-in-law, after his life in the bowels of a hundred ships: he knew *pipes!*) Mrs. Chaffee needed all these tubs, to help comfort whatever it was that for ages had been wrong with her. Mr. Chaffee obviously loved her, and wanted to be good to her. He kept nurses there night and day, and they must have spent hours picking up the tiny gray-white body and dipping it like an egg being poached into this perfumed water or that, while he had to be away almost all the time on business.

On good days, her chair would be pushed into the loggia, to give her a fleeting look at the luxuriant jungle plants thrusting and twining steamily under the opaque roof. (Another useful accomplishment of Uncle Mac's, thanks to his years in tropical hinterlands: he knew *orchids!*) Usually, though, the poor lady lay alone in her great bed, between baths, while nurses slipped in and out of the cautious gloom in her chamber, and tested the waters in her many tubs.

Across the house from this shadowy apartment was a jolly room with a good smell, meant for men—for the Man. Father and Uncle Mac would sit there whenever the Chaffees were away. It was my first view of the leathery easiness of a small warm place where males—at least, Anglo-Saxons—like to get away from females. It was cozy, comfortable. I went in several times, then out, having observed sharply the books on the walls, the fine smell of tobacco and leather, and my first Seltzer-water bottle with its powerful silver squirter on the top of the bluish, heavy glass. The two men would be sitting the way I never saw them at home, with their legs out, big tumblers in their slow hands. Their voices were idle, and plainly different from other ways they talked. From the door, Isobel might beckon to me, and I would leave unnoticed, an invisible and as yet unbothersome woman.

At the far end of the big flat house, carefully built so that Mrs. Chaffee could go almost anywhere in it when she felt able to sit in her great silent wheelchair as a nurse pushed her from one empty room to another, there was a sun parlor, which was what glassed rooms were called in California when

THE WINTER AND THE SNOW

Nothing sharpened his days
The winter and the snow
the snow in successive ripples successive waves
cresting into long scarps by the roadside wire
The winter and the snow
The sun on the snow in the broken encampments of stalks
His fields burning like white phosphorus

Nothing sharpened his days
He was nothing he'd imagined
nights the fire kneeled into itself in the darkened room
Where was she now the bitch of his salts and oils
It surprised him in the act of completeness
that the body is God's fool the fool his library
The winter and the snow

Nothing
A season of minimums
Beyond the end table
where her nameless houseplant flourished its green in a clay vase
they clung even to spring in patches scattered like forty years
the winter and the snow

—Robert Dana

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I was little. It was long and large and bright, with a generous table where perhaps someone had dreamed that a dozen lusty eaters and drinkers might sit. It had an air of waiting and waste, but I liked it because its glass walls went to the floor, instead of nose-high to me, as in our own sun parlor, and because on the tiles in the dusty glare were succulents in pots, occasionally vivid with strange flowers that Uncle Mac knew how to make spring from their dead-looking fingers and stems. To me, they were part of the palatial elegance everywhere. (Mother and Grandmother rejected "house plants" as a part of the prairie life they preferred to dismiss as undistinguished—or, at least, forgettable. Iowa farm wives kept geraniums and ferns blooming in empty tin cans on their kitchen windowsills, but the nearest the Holbrooks came to that was a pair of impressive cacti on the front steps of their village mansion—and once an impudent and rebellious offspring of the banker and his dowager, my Uncle Evans, stuck a red apple on every long cruel needle.)

ONE bright winter day, in 1915, with the sun blasting in through the westerly windows of the sun parlor, I roamed almost invisibly here and there while Aunt Gwen, the giant widow, helped Isobel—oh, Eye-zo-bell—unpack and do away with and distribute all the earthly belongings of her younger brother, Fred MacLaren. He had been blown up or something, on a beach or in a trench in France. He was still a British citizen, although later most of the MacLarens became Americans.

Aunt Gwen's frail little homesick husband of, it was said to me later, only one night of love before he left had been blown up, too. ("She would have made three of him!" my mother said, almost unmaliciously.)

The young women moved slowly through the bright air. I watched them, from this and that position, and it did not seem to bother them. They went on quietly folding and sighing, and now and then held each other in a silent, passionless embrace as they dug through the two or three lockers the Crown had forwarded to Uncle Mac, last of kin and no doubt thankful to have womenfolk handy to do this job for him.

I knew a little of how they were protecting him, and Barnie, too—strong, sturdy girls there, raised to cope with life, to ignore any weak nonsense of whimpering and all that! Good British stock, those two! They kept on almost wordlessly, in the best tradition of Empire, and pulled out mildewed uniforms and a few books and things, and then a gas mask.

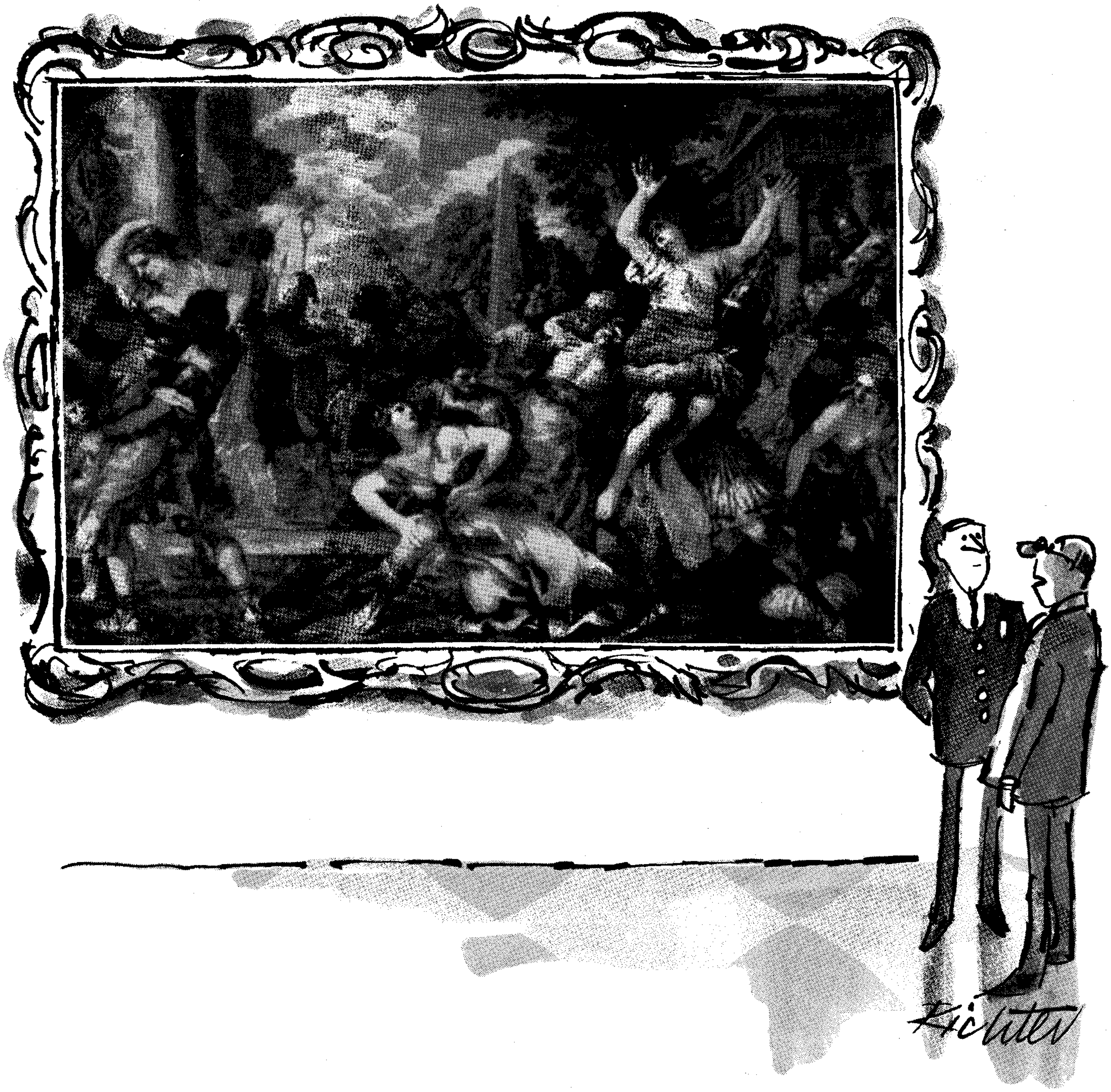
I was shocked by its almost beautiful ugliness, which, of course, I had seen on posters, and I came in from my permitted edge of the action and asked about it. It was like a desiccated animal, with the strange tubes and stiff flaps that barnacles make on more helpless shells. It was colored a dull fecal brown (which was called khaki by the time the Yankees got into the war, and caused me some trouble at Penn Street School, since I said "kah-ki" because Aunt Gwen did and the other kids said "kaa-ki").

Then I crashed innocently into the intense controlled circuit of emotions and sorrows. When I asked about the hideous mask and was told something or other, I suddenly pulled it on over my head, for I knew that I would seem to turn into a bug of some kind and amuse Aunt Gwen and Isobel and get them out of their silence. Instead, those two greatest of all the giants in my life, goddesses of tenderness and gentle shapings, burst into huge undisciplined sobs and wails, and rushed out of the sun parlor and into the farthest part of the great pretentious hopeless house, like thundering wild horses.

I stood there in the waning sunlight. I did not know why I was alone, or what had happened. The straps of the dead boy's mask caught over my ears as I managed to pull it off me.

AND that is the last about the Chaffee house, I think, except for a kind of footnote. The invisible lady did die, although when and even why I do not know, and then Old George stayed more in Whittier, and when a cousin of mine was "let out" of the U.S. Army and joined forces with George MacLaren, another one of Uncle Mac's sons, in about 1918, the two of them, equally weary, mechanically inspired, and for the time being a little manic-neurotic-nutty, materialized a dream of Mr. Chaffee's of carrying around behind him on his compulsive jauntings a fully equipped little house—what an English gypsy would call a caravan—in which he could sleep and eat and otherwise live.

My cousin stayed with us. George MacLaren lived with his young wife and oncoming children. The two men were refugees from concerted violence, and in silent companionship they built the rich old Australian a beautifully engineered and designed behemoth that was, as far as I can discover, the father of all "mobile homes." He would take it out, either with only his chauffeur-houseboy or with the builders, too, and they would get stuck on narrow moun-



"Getting much flak from Women's Lib?"

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tain curves or in Death Valley sand dunes, and come back to Whittier and revamp the whole wheelbase, or wiring, or plumbing.

So . . . perhaps Mr. Chaffee was a good man. I think of his frail wife there in the fairy tower (through whose wish?), with all the soft waters flowing (but what else?). I think of his warm heady "office," with my Uncle Mac, his jolly, kowtowing brother-in-law, using the elegant Seltzer bottle in whiskey my father undoubtedly took there and shared happily, away from us women like Mother and Grandmother and Barnie, even Aunt Gwen and Isobel and my little sister Anne and—yes, and me. Mr. Chaffee was perhaps all the things whispered about him in Whittier—a high liver, a gambler, a racing man—and he got those two shaky younger men through a peculiarly hard time when they came back from the far shores of France. He saved them by handing them an idea to perfect.

It is possible that I, too, helped release some war casualties from their immediate travail the time I put Fred's gas mask over my head and drove the brave young women sobbing out of the bright sun parlor and into the dim elegance of the Chaffee house. I know now that their growing friendship entrusted them to that shared storm of grief, for they remained firm and loving all their lives.

And I remember getting the mask off. It was slower than pulling it on had been, perhaps because of my astonishment at what wearing it had caused, and it was horridly stuffy inside. Once out of it, I looked at all of Uncle Mac's weird blossoms against the glass walls of the empty room, and wondered for at least a few minutes what had really happened so suddenly in the palace. —M. F. K. FISHER

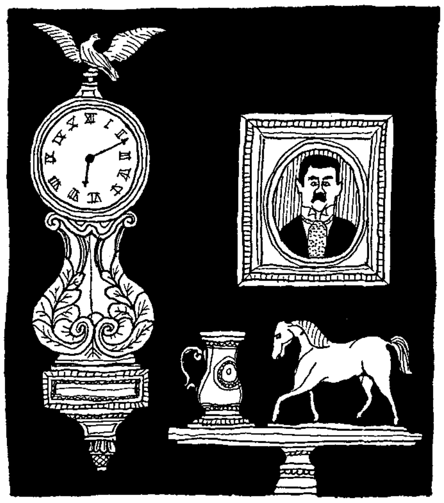
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ENIGMATIC ENZYME

SINCE shortly after the end of the Second World War, when synthetic detergents replaced soap flakes and powders, American housewives have been eying and buying a succession of laundry products, each of which has invariably been touted by its manufacturer as containing some new ingredient or combination of ingredients that would achieve the ultimate degree of whiteness and brightness in the family wash. The parade of so-called detergent miracles has included high-suds detergents, low-suds detergents, detergents that work in cold water, detergents containing fluorescent dyes, detergents incorporating bleaching agents, detergents designed to be biodegradable, and, more recently, detergents with enzymes, which the soapmakers claim are the most significant advance in the industry in twenty years. As practically every television viewer knows by now, the enzymes in detergent and presoak formulations are supposed to mount a biological attack on soils and stains, and, as even a casual inspection of the detergent aisle of almost any supermarket or grocery store indicates, their presence, box for box, seems well on the way to becoming ubiquitous. The facts that fully eighty per cent of all the detergents now sold in the United States contain enzymes, and that the annual production of enzyme detergents and presoaks amounts to some two and a half billion pounds, resulting in retail sales of half a billion dollars.

Elsewhere than in washday waters, however, enzyme laundry products have encountered something less than clear sailing. Consumer groups have disputed their effectiveness, housewives have complained of eczema-like rashes after using them, and workers in soap factories in the United States, England, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Australia, and elsewhere have encountered severe dermatological and respiratory problems after coming in contact with and inhaling their dust. As a result, allergists, biochemists, and other members of the medical and scientific communities, here and abroad, have voiced reservations about their possible long-term effects on the health of consumers. In the face of this, the three biggest American detergent manufacturers—Procter & Gamble, Colgate-Palmolive, and Lever Brothers, who share roughly eighty per cent of the United States detergent market—have vigorously defended the safety and efficacy of their enzyme products even as they have busily devised new methods to rid them of respirable enzyme dust. The soap companies admit that certain minor skin rashes and hay-fever-like allergy symptoms affected some of their workers in the early stages of production, but they claim to have long since eliminated such problems through better dust control and improved hygiene in their plants. At the same time, they unanimously deny all suggestions that enzyme detergents and presoaks pose any threat whatever to consumers, and have sought to counteract criticism of their effectiveness by spending a hundred million dollars a year to extol enzyme power in Ajax, Amaze, Axion, Biz, Bold, Brion, Burst, Cold Power, Dash, Drive, Fab, Gain, Oxydol Plus, Sail, Tide X-K, and a dozen or so other products.

Partly because of this attitude on the part of the industry, a controversy over enzyme detergents that has been building up for more than eighteen months has become clogged with contradiction and confusion. It has also been complicated by an unwillingness or inability on the part of many people in positions of responsibility for the public welfare to ask questions about the problem in a way that would elicit answers, or even to agree on the kind of questions that should be asked. As a result, no truly comprehensive independent studies to determine whether and to what extent enzyme detergents constitute a health hazard to the community at large have yet been undertaken. Nevertheless, since 1967, when the first enzyme laundry product was introduced into the United States on a limited, test basis, the stuff has found its way into fifty million American homes.



CONTRARY to the impression given by televised soap commercials, enzymes are not micro-organisms that go about gobbling up stains and dirt but, rather, protein chemicals that, though they are derived from living cells, are not in themselves alive. What distinguishes enzymes from ordinary proteins is their ability to act as catalysts. The purpose of the enzymes used in detergents, for example, is to catalyze the breaking down of certain kinds of stains into soluble molecular fragments, which can then be washed away by normal detergent action. Compared to this task, however, the importance of enzymes in general and the prodigiousness of their performance in particular approach the mystical. Virtually every one of the tens of thousands of successive complex biochemical reactions that take place each second in all living things—in animals, plants, and even the simplest of single-cell micro-organisms—is either triggered or accelerated or slowed down or inhibited (depending on various conditions) by a particular enzyme, acting as a catalyst. Because each enzyme molecule can promote only one specific kind of chemical reaction in a given molecule of the compound upon which it is designed to act, enzymes usually operate in conjunction with other enzymes, in tightly organized metabolic systems. In this way, they play a significant role in every function of the body. Some enzymes assist in the chemical breakdown of large molecules of nutrients such as proteins, fats, and carbohydrates into smaller ones—the process that occurs in the digestion of food. Other enzymes foster the formation of larger and more complex assemblages of molecules from smaller and simpler ones—the method by which cell tissue is produced. Still others make possible the storage and release of energy, the process of breathing, the transmission of nerve impulses, the working of the brain, and the course of reproduction. Since all living cells must take in nutrients, break them down into smaller molecules, build these into tissue, rid themselves of waste products, and reproduce themselves, enzymes not only are indispensable to life but, in conjunction with nucleic acids, are also thought by many scientists to be the actual dynamic matter that may one day lead to a definition of life itself.

As might be expected, the number of different enzymes present in living organisms is enormous. It is estimated that there are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of them. So far, only about sixteen hundred have been identified, but the fact that nearly a thousand of these have been discovered since 1960 indicates a tremendous acceleration of knowledge about enzymes in recent years. One reason for the increased interest in enzymes is that by their very nature they will almost certainly initiate a revolutionary new era in medical therapeutics. Even now, they are being used to promote the healing of wounds, to diagnose certain kinds of disease, to bring about remission in some forms of leukemia, and to counteract allergic crises in people who react unfavorably to penicillin. Enzymes also show promise as preventives of tooth decay, as anticoagulants in the treatment of vascular thrombosis, and as chemotherapeutic agents to regulate metabolic upsets in the body and to control enzyme deficiencies and abnormalities that result from a number of hereditary and degenerative illnesses. A second reason for the surge of interest in enzymes is their tremendous potential in industry. They are far and away the most efficient catalysts known to man. Whereas most industrial catalysts are metals that can operate only under conditions of extreme heat and pressure, enzymes operate thousands of times as fast at room and body temperatures, and, like all chemical catalysts, do so without becoming altered, or even more than momentarily involved in the reactions they stimulate.

Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Malikanua, if you had it to do over again, would you still pay my father thirty-five chickens, four cows, and seventeen goats for me?"

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Although very little was known about the chemical nature of enzymes until the twentieth century, man has been using them since prehistoric times, when he discovered that juice extracted from grapes and left open to the air would ferment and turn into wine. Later, he observed that the fermentation resulted when airborne spores of yeast fungus fell into the open jars, and he began to do deliberately what nature had done for him by accident. Even so, the Greeks attributed the whole process to Bacchus, and not until the middle of the last century did it become known that it was not the yeast as such that converted the sugars of the grape to alcohol but enzymes in the yeast. Another accidental discovery of enzyme action occurred when primitive herdsmen, who were accustomed to using the stomachs of slaughtered animals as canteens, found that when they filled the stomachs with milk instead of water the milk soon became clotted into lumps of cheese. The herdsmen had no idea that the transformation of their milk resulted from the action of rennin, an enzyme that is released from the lining of animal stomachs, but they took advantage of the mysterious phenomenon, which Homer later described in the Odyssey, and to this day rennin from calves' stomachs is used in the production of most kinds of cheese.

Down through the centuries, similar chance discoveries of enzyme reactions taught man how to leaven bread, brew beer, distill vinegar, and make meat tender. It was not until the nineteenth century, however, that scientists studying the process of fermentation

"For certain types of audiences, we're preparing a more upbeat ending."

actually discovered the existence of enzymes, which, in turn, gave rise to the whole theory of catalysis and its application to all living things. In 1833, two French chemists, Anselme Payen and Jean-François Persoz, extracted a substance from malt that converted starch into sugar. This substance was the enzyme amylase. In the following years, it was discovered that gastric juice could digest food in a test tube, and in 1836 a German natural scientist named Theodor Schwann extracted the active principle—an enzyme—from the stomach wall. He called it pepsin. Soon afterward, related substances were found in yeast, but at the time it was not known what these substances were or how they worked. For many years, they were loosely referred to as "ferments," which comes from "*fermentum*," the Latin word for "yeast." In 1878, another German physiologist, Wilhelm Kühne, introduced the name "enzyme," which comes from the Greek words "ἐν" and "ζύμη," meaning "in yeast," and which has since been universally adopted.

BECAUSE the purification of enzymes did not begin until the nineteen-twenties, their true mode of action as catalysts eluded scientists for many years. In the meantime, their ability to act as catalysts was a source of great interest to various industrial chemists, among them Dr. Otto Röhm, the owner and founder of the chemical firm of Röhm & Haas, in Darmstadt, Germany. Dr. Röhm, who is considered one of the pioneers of modern enzyme technology, made his first important contribution to the field in 1905, when he sought to improve the bating process that had been used for centuries in leather tanneries—a process that consisted in softening hides and skins by immersing them in baths of canine dung. Upon learning that the components of dog feces that activated the bating process were proteolytic enzymes that catalyzed the breaking down of protein constituents in the hides, Röhm decided to substitute a preparation made from the dehydrated pancreases of oxen and pigs. They contained a proteolytic enzyme called trypsin, which is secreted from the pancreas into the intestines, where it breaks down proteinaceous food. Röhm's discovery not only made the work of leather tanners more agreeable but also made the bating process more reliable, for his pancreatic preparation could be standardized. He then concluded that proteolytic trypsin might also be used for washing purposes, to break down protein stains such as blood and perspiration, which, because they are generally insoluble in water, tend to make other kinds of dirt adhere to the fibres of textiles. The German patent office gave Dr. Röhm a patent for his idea in 1913, and in that year Röhm & Haas marketed a presoak washing powder called Burnus, which was chiefly a combination of soda and a small amount of tryptic enzyme extracted from animal pancreases. Burnus was not exactly a world-beater, because its enzymatic activity was comparatively low, and because proteolytic trypsin proved to be unstable in the highly alkaline condition brought about by the soda. It did, however, remain on the market in Germany and Scandinavia for the next fifty years.

After the introduction of Burnus, proteolytic enzymes became widely used in spot removers, but there was little interest in their incorporation into washing powders until the beginning of the Second World War, when Europe underwent a severe shortage of fats, and consequently of soap. At that time, Dr. E. Jaag, a biochemist working in collaboration with the Swiss Ferment Company, Ltd., of Basel, developed a presoak called Bio 38, which contained a purified proteolytic-trypsin preparation. The trouble with Bio 38, as with Burnus, was that the tryptic enzyme was rendered unstable by the high alkalinity of the other washing-powder components, and, to make matters worse, the shortage of domestic animals was even more severe than that of fats for soap; this meant that all pancreatic glands, which were also used in the production of insulin, were given over to medicine. Dr. Jaag continued to work on the problem, however, and in 1959 he succeeded in marketing an improved product, called Bio 40, in which proteolytic trypsin was replaced by another proteolytic enzyme, extracted by fermentation from one of the species of *Bacillus subtilis*, a spore-forming bacterium whose natural habitat is soil and decomposing vegetable matter. But Bio 40 was not commercially successful either, for the strain of *Bacillus subtilis* selected by Dr. Jaag produced an enzyme that turned out to be effective only in the neutral range of the *p*H scale, which measures acidity and alkalinity. In another sense, however, Bio 40 reflected a major advance in enzyme technology, for the controlled fermentation of bacteria in large vats meant that some proteolytic enzymes could be mass-produced, so their manufacture no longer depended upon the availability of animal organs.

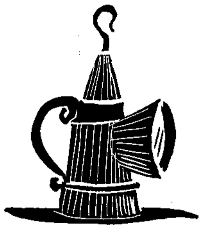
At about the same time, a Danish pharmaceutical firm in Copenhagen called Novo Industri A/S began experimenting with the fermentation of various strains of *Bacillus subtilis* in order to produce a proteolytic-enzyme preparation that would effectively remove blood and offal stains from the clothing of workers in the meat- and fish-packing industries. Founded in the nineteen-twenties to produce insulin, Novo had been deeply involved in microbiological research and fermentation techniques during the thirties, and shortly after the war ended it had become one of the largest manufacturers of penicillin and other antibiotics in Europe. By 1958, the Novo people had succeeded in developing for the meat and fish packers a presoak preparation that contained a proteolytic enzyme extracted from a strain of *Bacillus subtilis* which proved to be stable under the conditions of heat and alkalinity existing in normal laundering. They called their new product Alcalase. From then on, things began hopping in the enzyme-detergent field. In 1961, Novo entered into collaboration with Gebrüder Schnyder, a Swiss detergent firm, which began incorporating Alcalase into Bio 40; and in 1962 it undertook technical coöperation with the Dutch detergent firm of Kortman & Schulte, which began marketing a presoak called Biotex, containing Alcalase. During 1963, the success of Biotex was phenomenal. With very little advertising, it captured nearly a quarter of the detergent market in the Netherlands. Procter & Gamble, Colgate-Palmolive, and Lever Brothers were quick to get the message. All of them introduced enzyme presoaks and enzyme detergents into the European market in 1965 and 1966, and into the American market in 1967 and 1968. Since then, for better or worse, proteolytic enzymes have been sloshing about in washing machines all over the world.

THE first official mention that health problems existed in connection with proteolytic enzymes occurred on June 14, 1969, when the *Lancet*, a leading English medical journal, published two articles and an editorial concerning the appearance of lung disease in British workmen who had inhaled enzyme-detergent dust. The first of the two articles was written by Dr. Michael L. H. Flindt, of the Department of Occupational Health of the University of Manchester, and described an investigation he had undertaken of twenty-eight men who had either handled proteolytic-enzyme preparations or worked in a building of a Lever Brothers factory where the enzyme material had been used for a year. In 1967, when Dr. Flindt made the study, he was a medical officer in the factory, and most of the men he examined either had lost working time or had reported to the factory health center complaining of illness. The most significant symptoms he observed were breathlessness and uncontrollable coughing, and, to a lesser extent, there were chest pain, general weakness, and a vague sense of discomfort. The breathlessness, usually acute in onset, lasted from several hours to several days, and it was so severe in some patients that they were unable to get out of bed. Several of the men told Dr. Flindt that during the worst phases of their attacks they thought they were going to die. A few of the patients had become ill after their initial exposure to enzyme dust—particularly if the exposure was relatively heavy—but most of them had been exposed many times without incurring symptoms, and when the symptoms did occur it was often after about eight hours. Because of this, most of the men had first become ill at home, and had sought medical advice from private physicians, who, having no reason to correlate the symptoms with working conditions, attributed them to bronchitis or influenza.

From the outset, Dr. Flindt assumed that there was an association between the illness of his patients and the proteolytic-enzyme preparations they were inhaling in their working environment. He also assumed that the enzymes were not acting chiefly as primary irritants, for if they had been, disease would have developed quickly after the first exposure, and not after a period of time. The fact that some men developed disease only after being exposed for a period of time and that other men, with comparable exposure, did not become sick at all led Dr. Flindt to suspect that he was dealing with a problem of allergic reaction caused by the introduction of a foreign protein, or antigen—in this case, a proteolytic enzyme—into their lungs. His suspicion was confirmed when twenty of his twenty-eight subjects gave immediate and strong responses to low concentrations of enzyme solutions administered in immunological skin-prick tests. This indicated that, as in the case of people allergic to ragweed pollen, which is also a protein, their systems had learned to react defensively to the enzyme dust and as a result had created antibodies to combat it. In other words, they had become allergically sensitized. Since fourteen of the men who reacted positively had been off work with chest illness at some point during the time enzyme material was being handled in the factory, Dr. Flindt was also able to note a high degree of correlation between breathlessness as a symptom and sensitization as revealed by the

I AM AN UNEMPLOYED $35,000 A YEAR MAN. PLEASE GIVE ACCORDINGLY
Dana Fradon

skin tests. The diagnosis of the problem was complicated, however, by the fact that not all the men exhibited symptoms of breathlessness with the kind of wheezing and bronchial obstruction common in ordinary allergic asthma, which is caused by inhalation of a foreign protein such as ragweed. Some showed symptoms of breathlessness without wheezing or apparent impairment of breathing capacity, and this suggested a more peripheral reaction, such as is found in allergic alveolitis, an inflammation of the membrane separating the air sacs from the capillaries in the deepest and smallest recesses of the lungs. Allergic alveolitis is a serious, sometimes fatal, disease, and once fibrosis, or scarring, occurs it is irreversible. It occurs when susceptible people inhale organic dust while working with such substances as moldy hay, mushrooms, green coffee, castor beans, crushed sugarcane, malt, cork, maple bark, and redwood lumber. For this reason, Dr. Flindt warned that, in addition to causing sensitization and acute chest illness, inhalation of protein-enzyme dust might lead to permanent impairment of lung function, and that, as with certain types of allergic alveolitis, insidious lung damage could occur without episodes of overt illness.



Dr. Flindt's findings were corroborated by the second article in the *Lancet*, which described the work of Professor J. Pepys and his colleagues in the Department of Clinical Immunology of the Institute of Diseases of the Chest at London's Brompton Hospital. Professor Pepys and his associates gave three of Dr. Flindt's patients more extensive allergy tests, including test inhalation of low concentrations of enzyme extracts. The inhalation challenges caused both immediate and delayed bronchial reactions in the three men tested, whereas a healthy volunteer breathing enzyme dust for the first time in his life showed no reaction whatever. From this, Professor Pepys also concluded that proteolytic-enzyme materials could be added to the list of organic dusts capable of sensitizing, and provoking complex allergic reactions, in both the bronchi and the peripheral lung tissues. His findings and those of Dr. Flindt were discussed in the editorial in the *Lancet*, which ended with the warning that the appearance of allergic lung disease in workers heavily exposed to the dust of washing powders containing enzymes could mean that the people who used such products might also have allergic reactions to the enzymes.

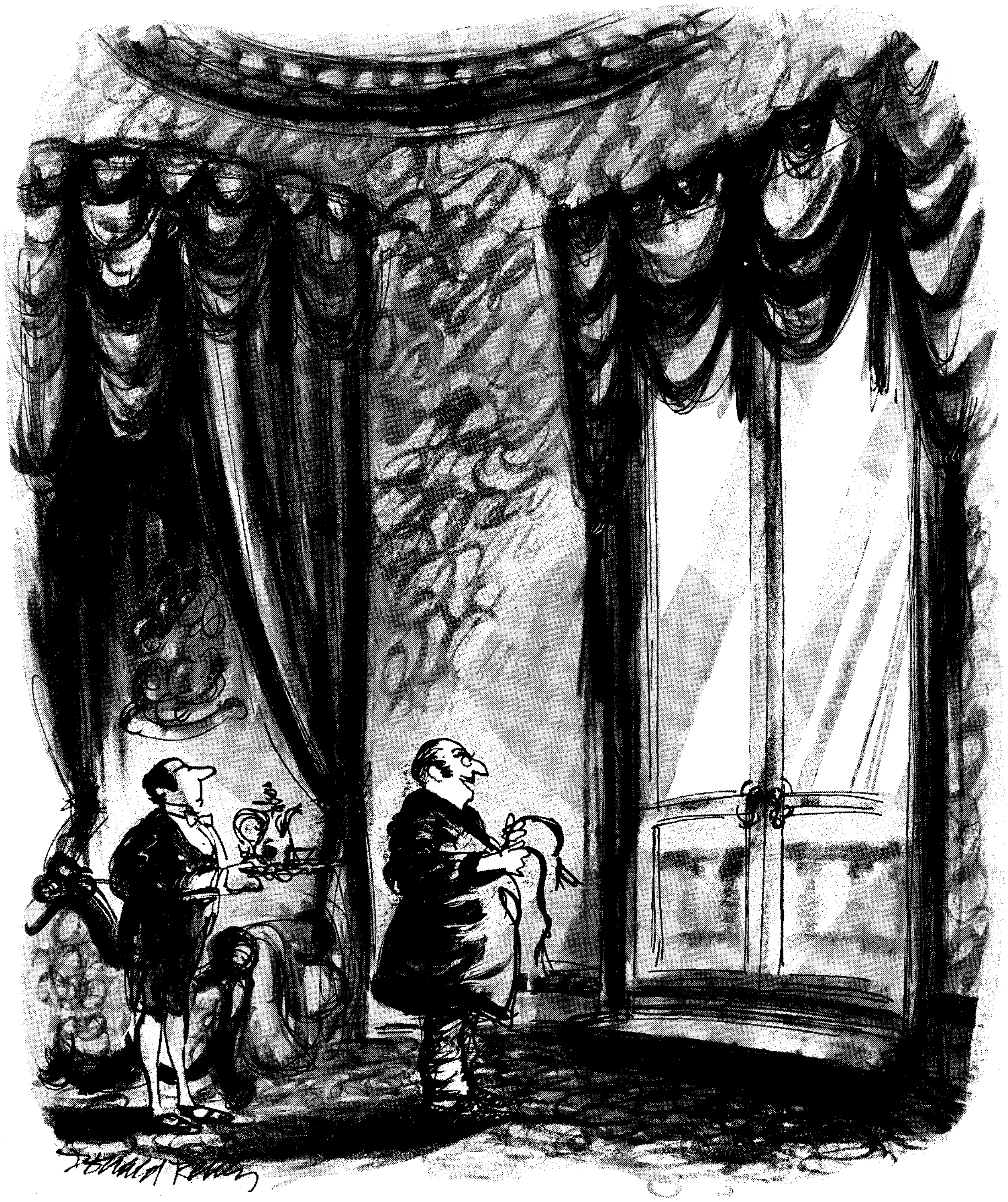
As might be expected, the work of Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys and the warning sounded in the *Lancet* editorial aroused interest in the United States—particularly among labor unions representing detergent-company employees. As it happened, workers in various American enzyme-detergent factories had been complaining for many months of rashes, nasal irritation, frequent nosebleeds, festering of open cuts, coughing, and wheezing, but because of reluctance or ignorance on the part of their employers the unions had encountered great difficulty in acquiring information about these cases. Finally, in late May, 1969, a union physician got in touch with Dr. Paul A. Possick, a dermatologist then working for the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health of the United States Public Health Service, in Cincinnati, and asked him if he knew of any hazards associated with proteolytic enzymes. Dr. Possick did not, and a check of the medical literature showed nothing. He then referred the union physician's question to an enzyme-detergent manufacturer, and was told that there had been some mild dermatological problems in the past year but that these had since been controlled. Ten days later, Dr. Possick received a telephone call from an industrial hygienist in the Department of Labor of a neighboring state, who said he was encountering dermatological problems among workers in an enzyme-detergent factory. In the middle of June, Dr. Possick made a survey of the factory and interviewed its managers, who told him they had first seen cases of dermatitis among their workers in 1968. They also admitted that respiratory problems had cropped up during the latter part of the winter, but they attributed these to carryover from a flu epidemic. When Dr. Possick returned to Cincinnati, the issue of the *Lancet* containing the articles of Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys had arrived from England, so he included their findings as references in a report with recommendations that he then wrote for the state Department of Labor, which forwarded it to the factory.

During the summer of 1969, the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health offered to help the various enzyme-detergent manufacturers give allergy tests to their workers. Without exception, the companies turned down the offer, saying that they preferred to retain their own consultants. The bureau then requested samples of the different commercial enzyme preparations being used by the detergent manufacturers (by that time proteolytic enzymes were being produced by a dozen companies, including several in the United States), in order to give skin and inhalation tests to animals and to develop air-sampling techniques that would lead to the determination of air levels of enzyme dust that would theoretically be safe for workers to breathe. At the time, however, the operations of the entire Department of Health, Education, and Welfare were being approved by Congress from month to month and on the basis of the previous year's funding—a procedure that raised havoc with new orders and made new programs virtually impossible. Consequently, the bureau was not able to acquire the various commercial enzyme preparations until November, and its program of animal studies and air sampling, which is still going on, did not commence in earnest until early in 1970.

Odd as it may seem, no formal mechanism exists within the Public Health Service for the dissemination of scientific information or investigative findings from one of its branches to any of the others, and, for some reason, no one in the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health thought of telling the Office of Product Safety of the Food and Drug Administration (or, for that matter, anyone else in H.E.W.) that health problems were being encountered in the enzyme-detergent industry. As a result, the July-August, 1969, bulletin put out by the National Clearinghouse for Poison Control Centers, which is also part of H.E.W., contained an article describing enzyme detergents as safe for consumers, without mentioning that enzyme-detergent workers had been getting sick or that doubts had been raised about the long-term effects of enzyme detergents upon the general public.

For their part, the three big American detergent manufacturers seemed content to wait and see if the information contained in the *Lancet* articles would turn out to have any serious repercussions in this country. During the summer of 1969, however, Procter & Gamble compiled for publication some previously confidential information about human skin tests it had conducted since 1965. According to the company, patch-testing, arm-washing, and immersion studies of eight hundred volunteers had demonstrated that laundry products containing enzymes were more irritating to the skin than those without enzymes only if exposure conditions were greatly exaggerated. Moreover, the company stated that no skin problems had been found among more than eleven thousand women in the United States, Europe, and Mexico who had used enzyme detergents and presoaks in clinical mildness tests conducted under conditions of normal home use, and that diaper-use tests of three hundred and sixty babies indicated no allergic sensitization or primary irritating effects that could be attributed to the presence of enzymes. The Procter & Gamble report, which appeared in the November-December, 1969, issue of an English journal called *Food & Cosmetic Toxicology*, noted the results of the investigations conducted by Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys but pointed out that in terms of concentration and duration exposures to proteolytic-enzyme dust in detergent-manufacturing operations were greatly in excess of those encountered in the home. The authors of the report, all of whom were working for Procter & Gamble, went on to say that although the significance of the effects of industrial inhalation must be considered in terms of the consumer, the hazard to consumers was, in their opinion, negligible. The hazard was not considered negligible by some members of the scientific community, however. In September, 1969, the American Association for the Advancement of Science's Committee on Environmental Alteration concluded that it was not known whether the health problems of workers in enzyme-detergent factories were indicative of problems to be encountered by housewives and their families after long-term low-level contact. For this reason, the committee recommended that the industrial hygiene of enzyme-product manufacturers be studied further in order to understand the mechanisms of interaction between man and enzymes, and to determine the relationship of enzymes to possible long-term effects on the general population.

Meanwhile, though they continued to maintain that there was no risk to consumers, the three large detergent manufacturers had obviously become alarmed by what was happening to workers in their factories. During 1969, they went to considerable effort and expense to lower the levels of enzyme dust in their plants by improving ventilation systems. They also instituted rigorous preventive-hygiene procedures for their workers. The seriousness of their approach can be gauged by a special bulletin that the Soap and Detergent Association issued in September. Noting that some employees exposed to proteolytic-enzyme preparations "may develop an irritation of the exposed skin and mucous membranes, while some highly susceptible individuals could quickly develop a sensitivity—like a hay-fever allergy to pollen," the association recommended that all prospective enzyme-detergent workers be



"My, what a beautiful day! I think I'll restore partial freedom of assembly."

"Hi, kid! Did you watch 'Sesame Street' today?"

given medical examinations, including chest X-rays, that they be screened for any indication of enzyme sensitivity, and that in the event they developed dermatological or respiratory problems they be considered for transfer to another department. The association also recommended that men who worked with proteolytic enzymes wear coveralls, caps, rubber gloves, boots, respirators, and goggles, and that they be encouraged to shower and change clothes before leaving their factories at the end of the day.

But it was one thing for the soap industry to draw up procedures to protect the health of enzyme-detergent workers and another for it to make the fact that health problems existed among those workers known to a public that was purchasing enzyme laundry products by the millions of boxes. In October, 1969, when a reporter from the *Wall Street Journal* asked representatives of the major manufacturers to comment on the reports contained in the June 14th issue of the *Lancet*, he received a mixture of restrained admission and complete denial. Procter & Gamble said that the symptoms described by Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys could possibly occur "when concentrated enzyme materials are mishandled in the process of formulating products;" Lever Brothers replied that conditions at the plant in question had been corrected; and Colgate-Palmolive simply dismissed the report as unfounded. Unfounded or not, the Colgate-Palmolive people issued a statement in November about safety tests that had been conducted on enzyme laundry products since the winter of 1967, and the statement contained the admission that in the previous eighteen months a hundred and forty-one workers in their enzyme-detergent factories had complained of skin and eye irritations, and that the company's doctors had recorded thirty-five cases of respiratory affliction.

BY this time, it had become apparent to many observers that a stalemate was building up between the major soap manufacturers and many members of the scientific community. The soap manufacturers had embarked on a policy of acknowledging that enzyme detergents were to some extent an industrial hazard, while issuing a stream of denials that they posed any possible problem for consumers. Many members of the scientific community, however, considered the effects of industrial exposure to enzymes an indication of possible long-term trouble for consumers, but had no way of proving their case. To a large extent, this stalemate between corporate denial and scientific concern still exists, but the nature of the disagreement was at least brought into the open in late November, 1969, at a conference on enzyme detergents organized by Professor Irving J. Selikoff, who is the head of the Division of Environmental Medicine at the City University's Mount Sinai School of Medicine and the director of its Environmental Sciences Laboratory, and who was then president of the New York Academy of Sciences. Professor Selikoff, a pioneer in the fields of tuberculosis therapy and asbestos epidemiology, had first heard about the biological effects of proteolytic enzymes the previous April, when he was visiting the crocidolite-asbestos fields in South Africa with Dr. Muriel L. Newhouse, of the Department of Occupational Health of the London School of Hygiene. Dr. Newhouse had also done considerable work on the effects of asbestos inhalation, and while they were comparing notes on their present activities she told Professor Selikoff about the studies conducted by Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys, and said that she had recently embarked upon an extensive investigation of workers making enzyme detergents at a Procter & Gamble factory in England. When Professor Selikoff returned to the United States, in May, he made some inquiries about the extent of enzyme-detergent manufacturing in this country, and learned from union sources that large numbers of American enzyme-detergent workers were experiencing dermatological and pulmonary difficulties. During the summer, Professor Selikoff reviewed the problem with his colleagues at the New York Academy of Sciences, and it was decided that the Academy could best make a contribution to its solution by offering to convene a working group on enzyme detergents.

The conference, which was held at the Academy, on East Sixty-third Street, on November 22nd, was attended by nearly a hundred people, including allergists, chest physicians, bacteriologists, epidemiologists, and biochemists from England and the United States; doctors representing the Food and Drug Administration, the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, the Federal Trade Commission, and other government agencies; medical and executive representatives of nearly all the major proteolytic-enzyme producers and enzyme-detergent manufacturers; and members of half a dozen unions representing workers in American enzyme-detergent factories. At the suggestion of the enzyme producers and detergent makers, the conference was closed to the press, and no recordings or transcripts of the proceedings were made. According to many scientists and doctors who attended it, however, much useful information was exchanged. Union members told of the health problems being encountered by their workers; Dr. Flindt reviewed the findings of his study; those of Professor Pepys were reviewed by his assistant, Dr. Judith Milne; and Dr. Newhouse described the results of her investigation, which had by then been completed. According to Dr. Newhouse, out of two hundred and seventy-one enzyme-detergent workers she examined fifty-seven (twenty-one per cent) showed that they had become allergically sensitized to proteolytic enzymes

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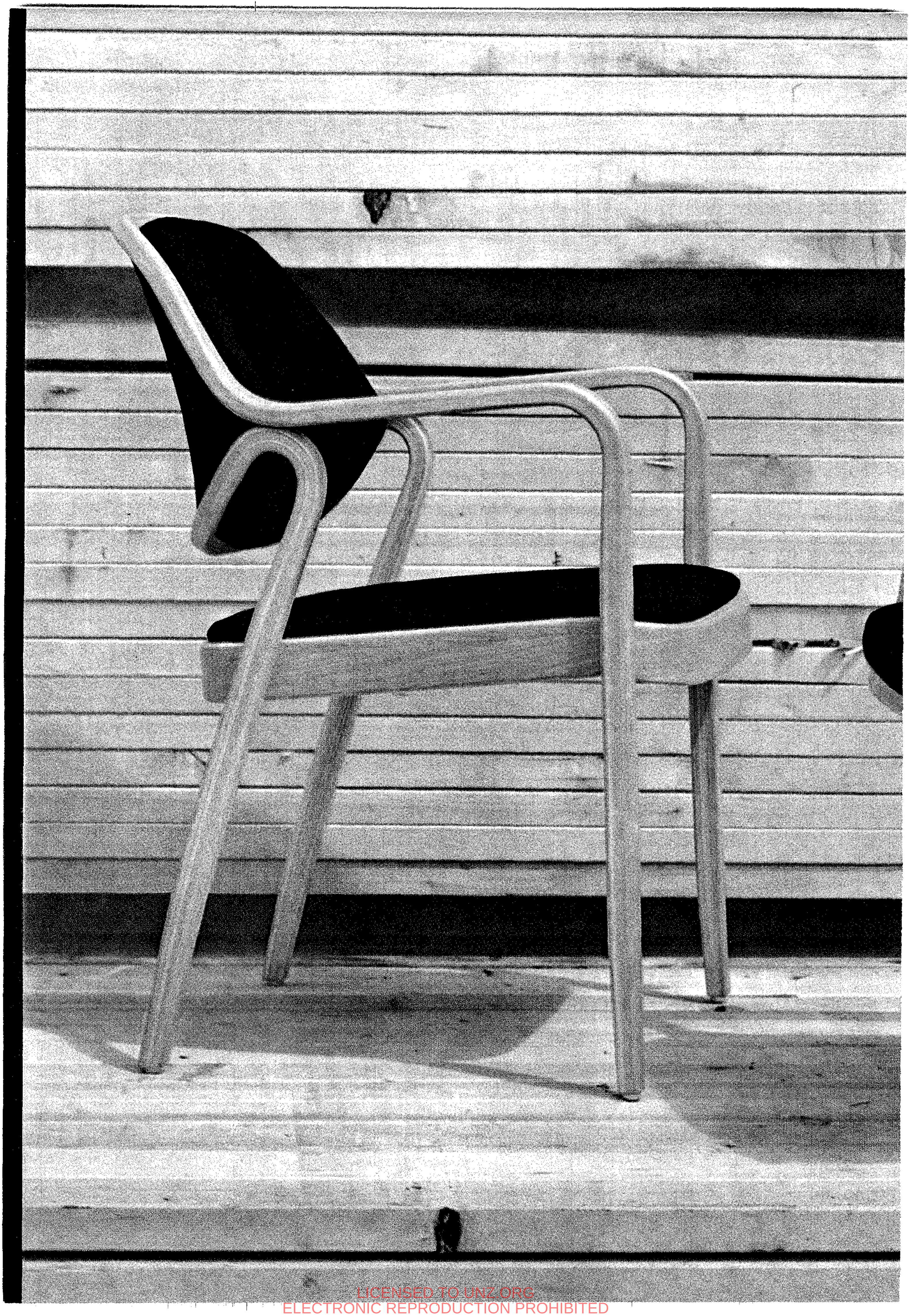

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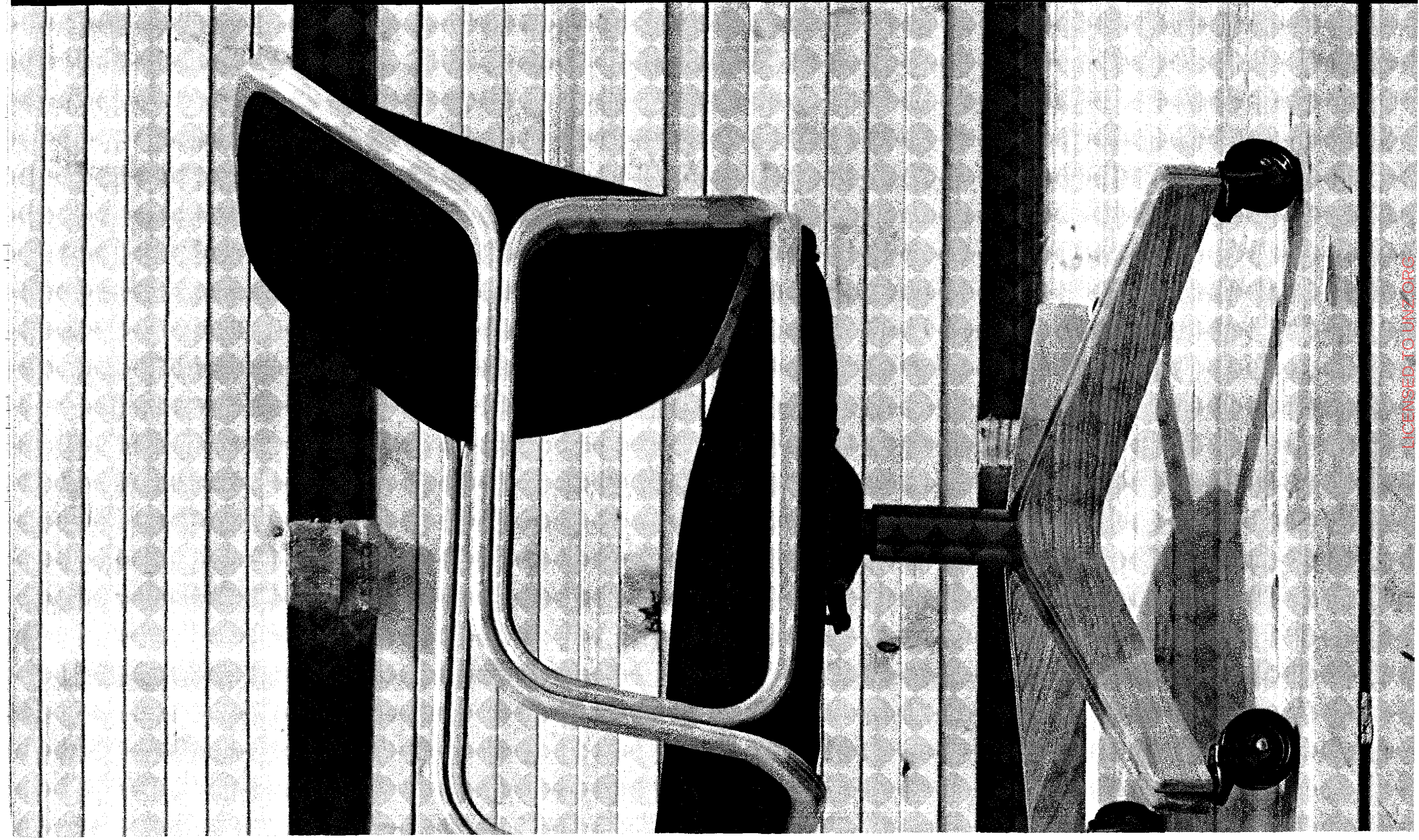

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by giving immediate, direct responses to prick tests. Forty-two of these men had symptoms of acute chest illness, the predominant complaints being attacks of coughing, wheezing, and difficult breathing. Moreover, seventy-five of the two hundred and fourteen workers with negative skin tests also turned out to have had symptoms of acute chest disease, which meant that a hundred and seventeen, or nearly half, of the workers studied by Dr. Newhouse had encountered pulmonary problems.

For their part, the representatives of the detergent companies who attended the conference made no direct attempt to refute either the findings of Dr. Flindt, Professor Pepys, and Dr. Newhouse or the descriptions of respiratory illness provided by the unions. Without exception, however, they denied observing anything other than minor health problems among the workers in their enzyme-detergent factories. At the same time, they talked about having undertaken expensive technological improvements in the manufacturing process that would do away entirely with any industrial problems that might exist, and they claimed to have already achieved “no-effect” levels of proteolytic-enzyme dust in most of their plants. In addition, the industry doctors continued to stress the fact that patch tests of thousands of housewives showed the presence of proteolytic enzymes in laundry products to have no irritating effect on the skin. When it was pointed out that, unlike prick or scratch testing, patch tests are not believed by most allergists to provide reliable evidence of allergic sensitization, the soap-company people simply stated that in their opinion allergy testing of any kind was too unreliable and ambiguous an index upon which to base any judgments. In this way, the stalemate between industry and the scientific community was reaffirmed. Either out of true conviction or the wish to protect a multimillion-dollar investment, or perhaps a mixture of both, the soap companies were in effect denying the possibility that proteolytic enzymes constituted anything more than a marginal industrial hazard, and they were challenging the scientific community, whose concern they deemed premature, to prove otherwise. Almost everyone in the working group realized that this would be an intricate, time-consuming, and costly endeavor. For one thing, almost nothing was known about either the irritating or the antigenic action on human cells of proteolytic enzymes derived from *Bacillus subtilis*. For another, no work had been done to determine the composition of the dozen or more commercial enzyme preparations that were being mixed with the detergents. In the third place, since people usually become sensitized to foreign proteins such as ragweed pollen and enzyme dust only after prolonged exposure, a consumer problem, if there was going to be one, would probably not manifest itself for years. And, finally, many of the doctors who had attended the conference, hoping for the coöperation of industry, were dismayed by the intransigence of the soap companies in refusing even to admit that such a problem might exist. Their spirits were scarcely raised when the medical director of one of the largest detergent manufacturers in the world got up before them and sought to discount the very reason they had come together by stating that “in any case, nobody ever dies of asthma.” It was a remark that his fellow M.D.s greeted with a gasp of disbelief.

ONE of the chief accomplishments of the meeting was to make the scientific community aware of the intricacy of the enzyme problem. On the one hand, it seemed evident that the studies conducted by Dr. Flindt and Dr. Newhouse had identified an acute health problem among enzyme-detergent workers. On the other hand, their investigations were much too recent to provide information concerning the effect of long-term low-level exposure or of long-term recurrent exposure. Moreover, though the industry claimed to have achieved “no-effect” levels of enzyme dust in its factories, inquiry failed to reveal the basis for this estimate—a failure that caused many scientists to conclude that there were no real data available to allow definition of any level of enzyme dust that could be associated with little or no hazard. How to acquire such data posed a dilemma of almost paralyzing complexity. On December 3, 1969, Professor Selikoff, reviewing his own personal assessment of the meeting in a letter to the director of one of the largest chemical workers’ unions in the country, wrote, “I think we must keep our fingers crossed and hope that it is not in the nature of the problem to lead to serious consequences. If this is so, I think we will muddle through, backing and filling, to safe working conditions. If it is not true, if there are problems not now suspected, or if some suspected but not yet important problems prove to be so, a difficult situation will have to be faced.”

It soon became apparent that a number of scientists who had attended the conference shared Professor Selikoff’s disquiet. On December 4th, the Federal Trade Commission, which had been represented at the meeting by Dr. I. David Steinman and Dr. Barbara Moulton, ordered its staff to investigate enzyme detergents. Noting that workers in English and American detergent-manufacturing plants had encountered health problems after being exposed to high concentrations of enzyme dust, the F.T.C. said it was necessary to determine whether similar health problems might be encountered as a result of prolonged use of household detergents containing enzymes in much lower concentrations. The F.T.C. also suggested that if such hazards did exist, it would require detergent manufacturers to say so in labelling and advertising. The industry’s reaction to this development was immediate and consistent. On the same day that the F.T.C. ordered its investigation, the public-relations department of Procter & Gamble issued a press release stating that the company took “vigorous exception” to the Commission’s implication that there was a consumer health hazard in the use of enzyme laundry products. “There is no basis for such an implication,” a company spokesman asserted. “Exhaustive research and extensive use of enzyme detergents in millions of homes have clearly shown that these products are perfectly safe for the consumer.” The Procter & Gamble release went on to describe the tests for skin irritation that had been conducted on eleven thousand women, and said that none of them had reported any “hay-fever allergic type reactions.” (Consistent with past policy, however, it did not mention the fact that the tests had not been formulated to produce evidence of allergic reaction and could not be expected to produce such evidence.) In conclusion, the company’s spokesman admitted that some factory workers exposed to large amounts of concentrated enzyme dust had developed “minor skin rashes and allergy symptoms like hay fever,” but he asserted that these problems had been swiftly corrected and were now well under control. It was beginning to sound like a game of ring-around-a-rosy.

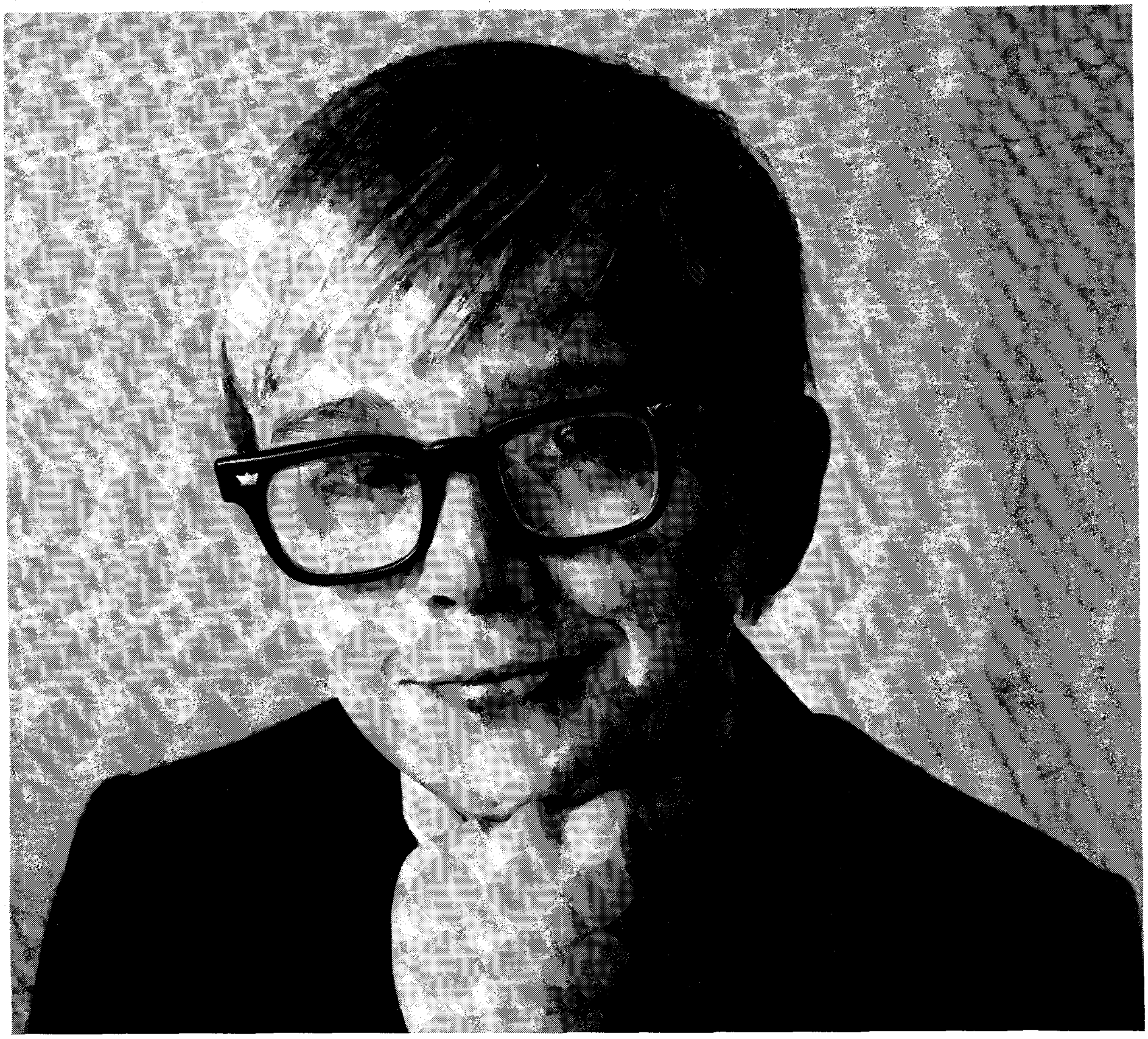
In many ways, Procter & Gamble’s response to the announcement by the Federal Trade Commission also appears to have been a case of overreaction. The F.T.C. is an agency concerned chiefly with regulating advertising. It has only ten scientists in its

Division of Scientific Opinions, it has virtually no laboratory facilities, and it operates on an extremely limited budget. Therefore, the F.T.C. could hardly be expected to develop information about the biological effects of enzyme detergents on its own. It could, in fact, do little more than amass the information that existed. For these reasons, it seemed at the time that the most likely and effective government agency to involve itself in an investigation of the possible hazard of enzyme detergents to consumers would be the Food and Drug Administration, which had sent three medical representatives to the November meeting. Consequently, at the end of December, Professor Selikoff and Dr. Harry Heimann, a former director of the Division of Occupational Health of the Public Health Service, who is now a research professor at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, paid a call on Dr. Howard I. Weinstein, director of the F.D.A.'s Office of Product Safety, in Washington, to review the widening concern about the possibility of consumer reactions to the proteolytic enzymes in detergents. Professor Selikoff and Dr. Heimann pointed out that serious long-term health effects were known to occur with exposure to other organic dusts, and they proposed that, at the very least, pilot investigations be undertaken to determine how the problem of enzyme detergents could best be studied. Within a month, their proposal was turned down by the F.D.A. The ostensible reason was lack of available funds, but it had become evident some time earlier that the agency was not interested in involving itself in an investigation of enzyme detergents. In fact, at the beginning of January, 1970, Dr. Weinstein was quoted by the Associated Press as minimizing the possibility that any problem might exist. Dr. Weinstein told the A.P. that his office had received no complaints of respiratory illness and only fifty complaints of skin irritation associated with consumer use of enzyme detergents. He went on to say that six or seven of the complaints appeared to be valid cases of allergic reaction to proteolytic enzymes but that this fact was not significant, considering the number of persons using enzyme detergents. "As far as the consumer product is concerned," Dr. Weinstein said, "at the moment it doesn't appear to be a major health hazard."

Probably the chief reason for the F.D.A.'s somewhat inconclusive attitude toward enzyme detergents lay in the fact that the agency has no control over the safety testing of household products other than those whose safety requirements are prescribed by the Federal Hazardous Substances Labelling Act. This act defines a hazardous substance as one that is "toxic, corrosive, an irritant, flammable, or which generates pressure through heat, decomposition, or other means; or which has been designated by the Secretary [of H.E.W.] as a strong sensitizer." In an amendment to the act published in the *Federal Register* on August 4, 1967, a strong sensitizer, or strong allergic sensitizer, is defined as "a substance that produces an allergic sensitization in a substantial number of persons who come into contact with it." The amendment explains that "an allergic reaction ordinarily does not develop on first contact because of necessity of prior exposure to the substance in question," and continues, "The sensitized tissue exhibits a greatly increased capacity to react to subsequent exposures of the offending agent. Thus, subsequent exposures may produce severe reactions with little correlation to the amounts of excitant involved."

It was precisely this, of course, that had been bothering the medical community since the findings of Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys were published in the *Lancet* in June, 1969. Why it was not of equal concern to doctors in the F.D.A.'s Office of Product Safety can be explained only by the fact that under the provisions of the Federal Hazardous Substances Labelling Act they did not feel legally bound to become involved. The Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act requires a manufacturer to submit all his testing data to the F.D.A. for review in order to win the agency's approval to market his product. Under the Federal Hazardous Substances Labelling Act, however, primary responsibility for determining the safety of a product lies with the manufacturer, who has the right to decide whether or not it conforms to the criteria listed under the act. Moreover, if a product proves to be hazardous after it has been marketed and is in use, the burden of proof that a hazard exists falls upon the F.D.A., which is required to amass valid scientific evidence of the hazard and to take its case before the courts. What this boils down to is that the F.D.A. must wait for trouble (or, some observers claim, an epidemic) before it can act—a situation that helps to explain why Dr. Weinstein chose to stress the fact that the agency had received few complaints from consumers about enzyme detergents. The hitch here, of course, is that if enzyme detergents do prove to have adverse health effects upon the general population, it will be too late to do much about it, for vast numbers of people will already have become sensitized. In January, 1970, however, the F.D.A. people were playing it safe by staying strictly within the terms of what they took to be their given legal authority. Whether they were playing it safe in respect to the health of the consumers they are supposed to serve is another question.

As a result of the F.D.A.'s policy toward enzyme detergents, a bitter behind-the-scenes squabble broke out, it was rumored, between doctors in its Office of Product Safety and doctors in the Division of Scientific Opinions of the Federal Trade Commission, and the controversy continued through the winter and spring of 1970. In the meantime, problems with enzyme detergents were cropping up elsewhere, and evidence that they were not as safe and mild as the soap companies had cracked them up to be was being compiled in other parts of the world. Doctors at the Allergy Station of the Dermatological Clinic of the University of Zurich published results of investigations that showed severe attacks of bronchial asthma in Swiss enzyme-detergent workers; the Swedish Coöperative Union and Wholesale Society withdrew an enzyme detergent from the market when it discovered that dust from the detergent mixture caused lung damage to factory workers; and in Australia Dr. Bryan Gandevia, at the Prince Henry Hospital, in Little Bay, New South Wales, studied a hundred employees in a local enzyme-detergent plant and found that fifty per cent of them complained of asthmatic symptoms. Dr. Gandevia also discovered that fully eighty per cent of these men showed immediate positive reactions to prick tests, which indicated that an unusually high proportion of the working population had become sensitized to proteolytic enzymes. Moreover, he was particularly concerned by the fact that some of his patients who had left



Glen Conway just gave birth to an eight-year-old.

It's true. And the whole Conway family is delighted. Glen knows about helping because his dad is a policeman and helps people all the time. So when Glen heard about Save the Children Federation in school, he wanted to do something. His parents decided it would, indeed, be wonderful to sponsor a child. To give their eleven-year-old a chance to learn how children in other countries, children less fortunate than their son, must fight for survival. And that's how Antonio Laverde came into their lives.

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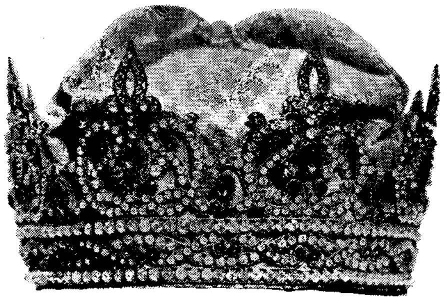

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the industry had apparently developed chronic obstructive lung disease, even though they were no longer exposed to enzyme dust.

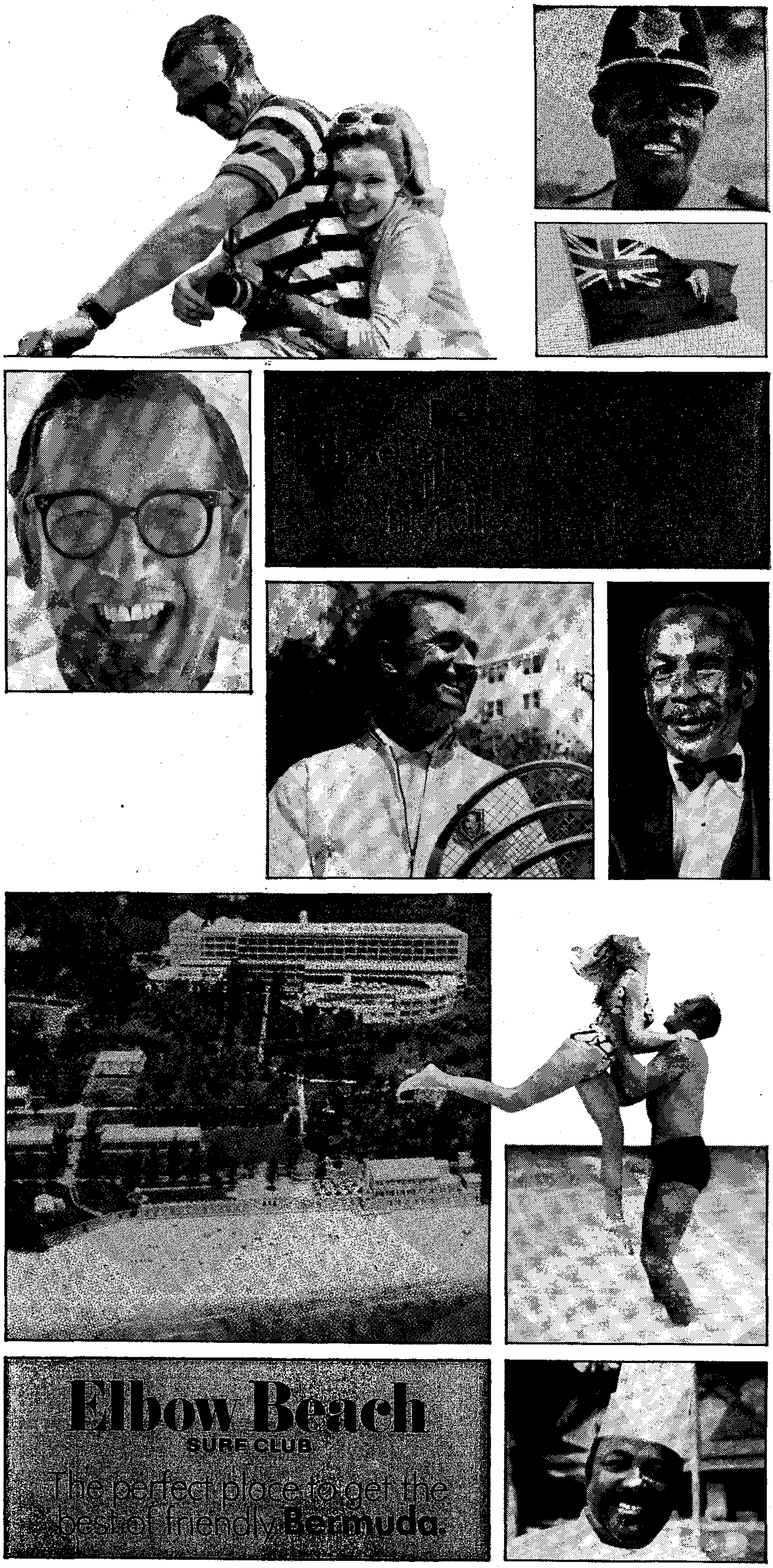
During the early part of 1970, enzyme detergents came under attack from another quarter, when English dermatologists began to report severe cases of inflammation and cracked skin on the hands of housewives who were using enzyme laundry products. They also noted that eczema was greatly aggravated in those who already suffered from the condition. At the time, it was estimated that two of the leading enzyme brands—Procter & Gamble's Ariel and Lever Brothers' Radiant—were being used in six million English homes, and since the hands of housewives are far and away the most essential medical concern of detergent manufacturers, the soap industry moved swiftly to counteract the adverse publicity. When word of the eczema outbreak was published in the London *Sunday Times*, Procter & Gamble immediately flew over one of its leading scientific consultants, Dr. John F. Griffith, the man who had conducted the patch and mildness tests on housewives beginning back in 1965. Dr. Griffith told the *Sunday Times* that the tests tended to indicate that if a housewife habitually used standard detergents without ill effects, she would face no significant hazard if she began to use laundry products containing enzymes. He was refuted by a number of English dermatologists, who pointed out that the most susceptible housewives were those who already had "dishpan hands" or other conditions that made their skin vulnerable, and that in many cases women who already had eczema were suffering so much more from the condition that it was manifesting itself in open, weeping sores. The English doctors claimed that the early Procter & Gamble tests did not specify "how such people fared," and they disagreed with Dr. Griffith's contention that enzymes do not attack live cells by pointing out that proteolytic enzymes, acting as primary irritants, can attack the skin's protective layer of dead cells, inflame the live tissue underneath, and leave the skin more vulnerable to other potential irritants in the detergent mixtures.

The English dermatologists felt that new studies should be undertaken to determine the precise action of proteolytic enzymes on the skin, and in this respect they encountered no argument from the soap companies. In fact, the detergent manufacturers told the London *Daily News* that they welcomed any new evidence on the effects of their products. Their position may well have been more precisely expressed by a Lever Brothers spokesman, who said, "We accept that people are worried at this time, but a lot of painstaking work is yet to be done before one could come to any firm conclusion." In the view of some English doctors, this smacked of the old approach of offering to study a problem to death while at the same time discounting each new piece of evidence as it came along. Such fears tended to be reinforced in February, when the soap industry dismissed as unimportant an investigation of two hundred and thirty-eight women who worked in the home-help service in Nottingham. The results of the study, which appeared in the *British Medical Journal*, showed that although all the women had used conventional detergents with impunity for many years, five per cent of them suffered from intense irritation, blistering, and swelling of the hands after switching to enzyme detergents. But, like their American counterparts, the English doctors seemed powerless to do anything about the seesaw game that was in progress between slowly mounting medical evidence and continuing corporate denial of its conclusiveness. At the time, however, a Liverpool dermatologist expressed what appears to have been a sensible opinion in a desert of doubt. "We must accept that enzyme detergents can be damaging to skin if improperly used, or if used by housewives with bad skin," he said. "The packet ought to make that more clear."

IN the United States, the Federal Trade Commission continued to press for an investigation of enzyme detergents in the face of opposition from the major soap companies and lack of interest on the part of the Food and Drug Administration. At the request of the F.T.C., a second working session on the biological activity of proteolytic enzymes was convened by the New York Academy of Sciences in February. Very little new information had been developed since November, however, and it was again evident that lack of knowledge of the composition of the various commercial enzyme preparations was seriously hampering investigative work.

Part of the trouble was that the whole process of fermenting *Bacillus subtilis* and separating proteolytic enzymes from it was a highly guarded industrial secret. The leading manufacturers—Novo Industri A/S; the Royal Netherlands Fermentation Industries, Ltd.; Monsanto; and Pfizer—were desperately afraid that if they divulged the constituents of their preparations they might also reveal the technological steps by which these products were obtained. Generally speaking, all the commercial enzyme preparations are mixtures that contain a wide variety of substances. Active proteolytic enzymes make up only about ten per cent of these mixtures. About an equal percentage is composed of other organic-protein material that is secreted by the *Bacillus subtilis* organisms. The rest is a combination of salts and carbohydrates used to separate the enzymes from the fermentation mix. Since all the protein constituents, which amount to about twenty per cent of the total, are antigens, capable of causing sensitization and allergic reactions, and since each of the various commercial preparations contains each of these proteins in varying amounts, scientists studying the biological effects of enzyme detergents scarcely knew where to begin. Their problem was further complicated by the fact that one batch of any given commercial enzyme preparation might differ significantly from another batch, depending upon which strain of *Bacillus subtilis* was used, how the *Bacillus subtilis* was fermented, and what nutrients were used to foster its growth. In addition, it was the policy of the major soap companies to maintain primary, secondary, and sometimes even tertiary sources of supply for the commercial enzyme preparations they mixed in with their detergents. This, in effect, meant that any given box of enzyme detergent on the shelf of a supermarket might differ in the nature of its enzyme and other protein content not only from a box of another brand but, depending upon which batch of commercial preparation had been mixed in with it, from another box of the same brand as well. All this posed a terrific problem for doctors hoping to devise standard test procedures that would indicate whether or not the general public was becoming sensitized to proteolytic enzymes and other protein constituents in enzyme detergents. In short, the scientists were left holding a bag of mixed ingredients and their possible biological effects, without knowing for certain which ingredients, or which combination of ingredients, had been causing health problems among enzyme-detergent workers or might cause health problems among consumers.

The quandary of the doctors was, of course, well known to the soap companies, which seemed more than willing to acknowledge the difficulty of obtain-



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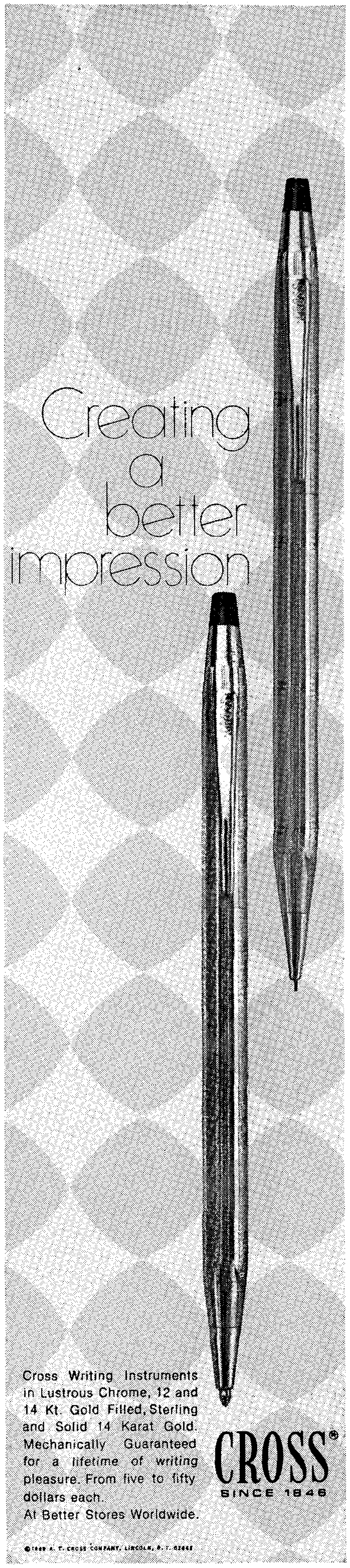

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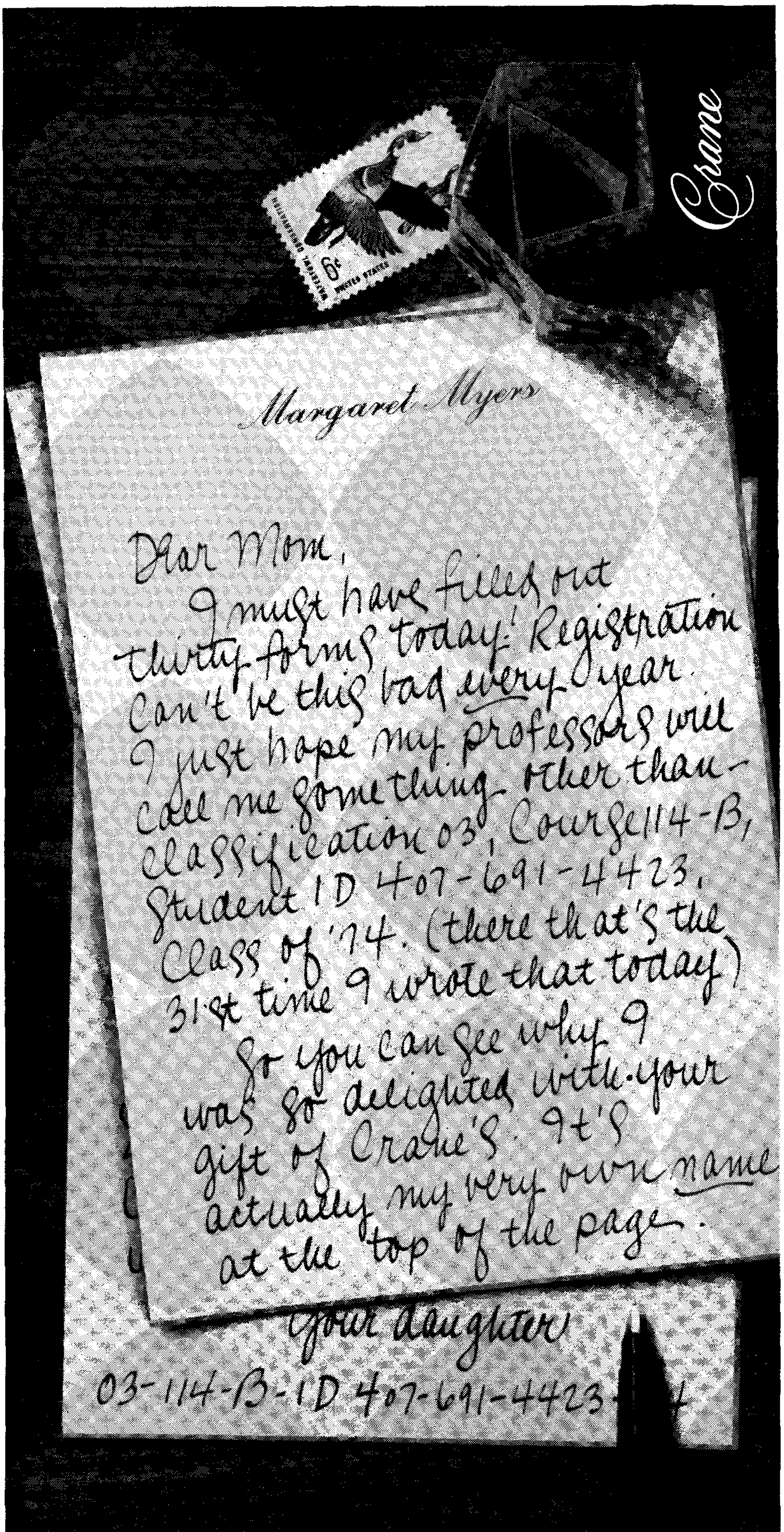
ing any scientific determination of the biological effects of proteolytic enzymes. After a third working session on enzyme detergents, which was convened at the end of March, in Cincinnati, by the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, industry spokesmen readily admitted that the meeting had failed to elucidate the nature of pure proteolytic enzymes, the possible interaction of the various constituents of the commercial enzyme preparations, the role of detergents in the marketed products, or how to measure the health-related activity of any of these. In repeating their conviction that enzyme detergents posed no possible health hazard for consumers, they pointed out that proteolytic enzymes constituted only about ten per cent of the commercial enzyme preparations, and that the commercial enzyme preparations constituted only about ten per cent of an average box of enzyme detergent, so consumers were handling a finished product that contained about one per cent proteolytic enzymes. (What they did not point out was that the commercial enzyme preparations also contained considerable amounts of protein impurities, which could cause allergic sensitization.) The Cincinnati meeting did, however, produce some new information. Animal experiments carried out during the winter in the toxicological laboratories of the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health revealed that rabbits, guinea pigs, and rats pretreated with and then continuously exposed to proteolytic enzymes suffered lung pathology manifested by congestion, hemorrhage, edema of the lymphatics, and fibrosis of the alveolar lining. Moreover, the experiments showed that doses of proteolytic enzymes that caused only minimal damage to the lungs of rabbits produced kidney lesions in a few of the animals. The meeting also revealed that during 1969 the three big soap manufacturers had had to provide workmen's compensation for twenty-five cases of respiratory disease in Ontario.

By now, however, it had become apparent that the major soap companies felt they could cope one way or another with the industrial aspects of the problem. The nagging worry that remained was the possible adverse effects of proteolytic enzymes on consumers. (In this connection, the British reports of dermatitis resulting from domestic use of enzyme detergents were particularly disturbing, for these observations raised for the first time, in a practical way, the question of hazard from low-level chronic exposure.) Up to this point, the industry had pursued a policy of silence mixed with occasional denials, but when reports of consumer troubles with enzyme detergents began to appear in American newspapers and magazines during the late winter and early spring, it became evident that a different approach to the problem was necessary. Consequently, on April 27th the Procter & Gamble Co. sent the following letter to two hundred and fifty thousand doctors all over the United States:

> DEAR DOCTOR:
>
> Are enzyme detergents safe? You may have been asked that question lately by at least one of your patients. Recent reports in the daily press have speculated about the possible adverse effects of these products on consumers.
>
> To help you evaluate the situation and answer your patients' questions, we are sending you a timely report from *Skin & Allergy News*. It describes results of laboratory investigations which show that the effect of enzyme detergents on the skin is similar to that of previous non-enzyme products which women have been using for the past 20 years.
>
> We believe that you will find the information contained in this reprint helpful to you in reassuring your patients. Please let us know if you wish any further information on the biological effects of enzyme detergents.

The letter was signed by Owen Carter, Ph.D., manager of Procter & Gamble's Biological Research Services Department, and Dr. K. D. McMurrain, Jr., the company's medical director. The accompanying article, which had been published in February, carried the headline "Enzyme Detergents Not Consumer Health Problem," and started out by stating, "Enzyme detergents pose no problem of health or safety to the consumer, on the basis of investigations by the industry, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Public Health Service." It went on to quote Dr. Griffith, the director of safety and skin testing for soap and detergent products of the Procter & Gamble Co., as saying that although some respiratory illness appeared in workers after the introduction of enzymes, it was no longer a problem in the factory. The article reported that "several instances of health problems, such as dermatitis and flu-like and asthmatic conditions, in plant workers exposed to high concentrations of enzymes in England and the United States resulted in announcement by the Federal Trade Commission in early December, 1969, that it would launch an investigation." This information was followed by a paragraph describing an announcement by the Food and Drug Administration that "the scientific data now available do not indicate that enzyme detergents present a hazard to the consumer which would justify label warnings or other action under the Federal Hazardous Substances Act." The article continued by describing the patch tests that Dr. Griffith had conducted on housewives since 1965, which supposedly proved that enzyme detergents acted neither as primary irritants nor as allergic sensitizers. Then, as if to put in doubt the headline under which it appeared, the article quoted part of the editorial in the *Lancet* that warned of possible long-term allergic effects of enzyme detergents on persons who used them.

IN many ways, the article in *Skin & Allergy News* that Procter & Gamble circulated to doctors across the land correctly reflected the web of inaccuracy, confusion, and contradiction that by now surrounded the whole problem of enzyme detergents and what to do about them. There was, of course, no medical evidence at all to support the contention that enzyme detergents were not hazardous to the health of consumers. On the other hand, there was little medical evidence to disprove it. The problem had simply not been studied. Nearly a year had passed since the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health had discovered that enzyme-detergent workers were getting sick, and members of the Public Health Service, the soap and detergent industry, and the medical and scientific communities had known for more than eight months of the findings of Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys, and of the possibility that millions of consumers might be imperilled by the enzyme detergents. Yet there was still no official standard safety level of enzyme dust for detergent factories, and not a single comprehensive investigation had been undertaken to determine whether or not the general public was becoming sensitized as a result of low-level exposure. Depending on who was looking at it, the whole problem of enzyme detergents had been evaded, or denied, or guessed at, and virtually no one in industry, government, or the scientific community had seen a clear way to attack it, with hard questions designed to elicit definite answers. Instead, an intricately balanced mobile had been erected in which everything seemed to hang in perfect suspension while supermarket sales of enzyme detergents continued to climb. The concern shown by the Federal Trade Commission was equalized by the lack of concern shown by the Food and



Margaret Myers

Dear Mom,
I must have filled out thirty forms today! Registration can't be this bad every year. I just hope my professors will call me something other than classification 03, Course 114-B, Student ID 407-691-4423, Class of '74. (there that's the 31st time I wrote that today) So you can see why I was so delighted with your gift of Crane's. It's actually my very own name at the top of the page.
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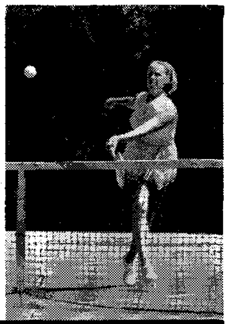

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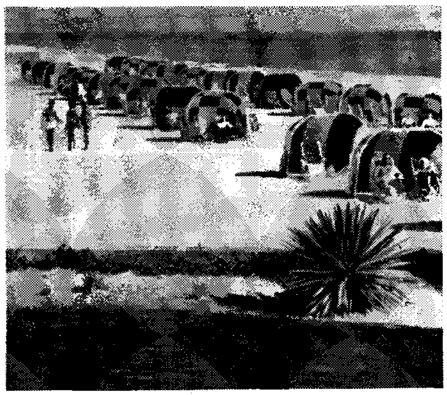

Drug Administration; proposed investigations were held up by what was said to be a lack of funds to carry them out; complaints of illness among enzyme-detergent workers which were made by the unions that represented them were neutralized by denials of illness among enzyme-detergent workers which were made by the people who hired them; existing medical data were negated by claims that they were either not relevant or could not be considered conclusive; conjectures of possible trouble among consumers were countered by demands for proof; reports that dermatitis on the hands of housewives had been caused by enzyme detergents were rejected by tests purporting to show that enzyme detergents could not cause dermatitis on the hands of housewives; and requests for information about the content of commercial enzyme preparations had met with assertions that such information was proprietary in nature and could not be released. It was an almost perfectly symmetrical design, and it had begun to appear that the people involved in its creation were afraid of doing anything that might push it out of balance.

Since the autumn of 1969, I had been following developments in the enzyme-detergent controversy from a distance. At this point, however, I decided to spend some time talking with various representatives of government, industry, and the medical and scientific communities in order to determine more precisely where things stood and what, if anything, was going to be done. I paid my first call upon Dr. I. David Steinman, of the Division of Scientific Opinions of the Federal Trade Commission, who was in New York to talk with various allergists about the nature of allergic reactions to enzyme dust. Dr. Steinman told me that for the past six months he and his colleagues had been collecting all the known data about the biological effects of proteolytic enzymes.

"One way or another, we intend to determine whether or not the consumer public is being sensitized," he said. "The trouble is that none of the existing laws specifically cover detergents. If enzyme soap powder was something you put on your face, the F.D.A. would be empowered to act immediately under the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. As things stand, the F.D.A. can't do anything about the situation until there's an outbreak of disease among consumers. Our position at the F.T.C. is simply that any product which is marketed and advertised carries with it the implication that it is safe and effective if used as directed. Therefore, we believe that manufacturers should be required to have data in their files attesting to the safety and efficacy of a new product, and that this data should be supplied upon demand to appropriate government agencies, screened for scientific validity by independent authorities, and then approved or disapproved as the evidence may warrant. As far as enzyme detergents are concerned, the problem should be thoroughly studied by allergists. What we're worried about is the possibility that enzyme residues on clothes will cause skin irritation, and that respiratory problems will develop in consumers who have become sensitized by inhaling small amounts of enzyme dust over long periods of time."

After my visit with Dr. Steinman, I went up to Hunter College to see Dr. Kingsley Kay, a toxicologist, who is chairman of the master's program in environmental health science in the college's Institute of Health Science, and is also an associate professor of environmental medicine at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine. Dr. Kay told me that ever since the November meeting convened by the New York Academy of Sciences he had been trying without success to get research funds to study the biological effects of enzyme detergents. "I am astonished at the general lack of concern," he said. "Furthermore, the way this whole problem developed is simply incredible. The soap-company people claim that they conducted thorough trial testing of their enzyme products. If this is so, how does it come about that only after they put enzyme detergents on the market did we discover that their workers have been developing serious skin and lung disease? And what are they up to now? Are they guilty of wishful thinking? Do they assume that the problem is just going to somehow disappear? Anyone with any knowledge of allergy could have told them that, like any number of other organic dusts, proteolytic-enzyme dust could cause sensitization and allergic reaction. But since proteolytic enzymes are also strong primary irritants, no one knows today whether their adverse effects on human beings are caused by primary irritation, allergic sensitization, or a combination of the two. The only way to find out for sure will be to conduct proper tests on those people who have been exposed."

In the middle of June, I went to Washington to talk with Dr. Edward J. Burger, Jr., of the Office of Science and Technology of the Executive Office of the President. I had heard that Dr. Burger had been in New York making inquiries into the biological effects of proteolytic enzymes, and when I asked him about this he told me that the Office of Science and Technology had become interested partly as a result of the dispute that had arisen between the F.T.C. and the F.D.A. "Something will have to be determined about enzyme detergents in the near future," Dr. Burger said. "The F.T.C. first raised the question of whether they might pose a hazard for consumers, but the F.D.A., which should theoretically perform the research to prove or disprove this, preferred not to become involved. Recently, Mrs. Virginia H. Knauer, chairman of the President's Committee on Consumer Interests, was brought into the controversy to act as a kind of broker between the two agencies, and an interagency committee has been formed to study the problem. However, this whole business poses still another problem. Society has raised its sights and started asking questions about new products such as enzyme detergents, but how far do we want to raise our sights? If we ask industry to perform more complicated tests and to institute more costly safeguards, we may well discourage the development of new materials and products. And who is going to bear the expense? Government? Industry? The consumers? Or some combination of the three? It's a matter that requires considerable reflection and study. As far as enzyme detergents go, the outcome is uncertain. As always, one will have to act on incomplete information."

Shortly after my visit to Dr. Burger, the controversy over enzyme detergents got heated up considerably through the intervention of Mr. Ralph Nader, who, together with the Consumer Association of the District of Columbia and the American Federation of Homemakers, filed a petition with the F.T.C. asking the Commission to ban the sale of enzyme laundry products. Mr. Nader's petition said that enzyme detergents "pose the clear danger to the public of chronic, acute, and potentially irreversible lung disease, as well as severe skin reactions." At the same time, F.T.C. spokesmen told the Washington *Post* that studies by the Commission staff indicated that enzyme concentrates used by the detergent industry were "impure," because they contained live spores that could cause skin irritation and serious allergic conditions. The F.T.C. spokesmen said that if enzyme detergents were a health hazard, it would in all probability take

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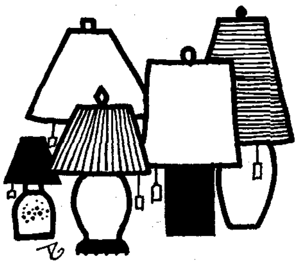
three to five years of household use before illness would manifest itself in consumers.

A week or so after the filing of the Nader petition, I returned to Washington to see Dr. Denis McGrath, who is director of the Medical Review Branch of the F.D.A.'s Division of Hazardous Substances. Dr. McGrath carefully explained the responsibilities of the F.D.A. as prescribed by the Federal Hazardous Substances Labelling Act. Then he told me that, in conjunction with the F.T.C. and Mrs. Knauer's Committee on Consumer Interests, the F.D.A. had recently decided to ask the American Academy of Allergy to devise test procedures for determining the effects of enzyme detergents on consumers.



"*The validity of the* soap industry's pre-market testing program is now going to be checked," Dr. McGrath said. "Phase One of a study we are planning to conduct on our own will consist of giving intradermal skin tests to several hundred subjects. This will take about a year. If significant numbers of people prove to be sensitized to proteolytic enzymes, Phase Two will then be implemented. It will consist of giving inhalation-challenge tests to determine whether or not the immunological changes shown by the skin tests can result in allergic pulmonary sensitization."

At this point, I asked Dr. McGrath why the F.D.A. had taken so long to become involved in research on the problem, and he said that there had been a lack of funds and no clear legal mandate under which the agency could take action. I then asked him whether he agreed with the position that legislation should be passed that would allow appropriate government agencies to make the final determination of whether a proposed new consumer product was safe and effective. Dr. McGrath replied that this was an interesting philosophical question, about which he did not care to speculate.

TOWARD the end of June, I drove out to a Lever Brothers detergent factory in Edgewater, New Jersey, to see Dr. David Justice, who is assistant director of the company's Research and Development Division. In the reception room of the division's building, there is a plaque whose inscription reads:

> This research center is dedicated to the fulfillment of the mission of this company as its founder, William Hesketh Lever, saw it
>
> *. . . to make cleanliness commonplace*
> to lessen work for women
> to foster health and
> contribute to personal attractiveness
> that life may be more enjoyable
> and rewarding for the people
> who use our products . . .

Upstairs, on the fifth floor, I was received by Dr. Justice, who was accompanied by Dr. William Holliday, director of the Research and Development Division, and Dr. Frederick Coulston, a Lever Brothers consultant, who is director of the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Toxicology at the Albany Medical College of Union University. Lever Brothers produces an enzyme detergent called Drive, which had *then been nationally* distributed for eighteen months, and when I asked where the company buys the commercial enzyme preparation that is mixed in with Drive, Dr. Holliday told me that the company preferred not to say.

"As far as we're concerned, the commercial enzyme is just another commodity," he said. "Several different manufacturers produce what we consider to be equivalent material, and we regard it in the same way we do sulphuric acid, which we purchase from Allied or Dow."

At this point, I asked if the Lever Brothers Research and Development Division had turned up any evidence that enzyme detergents might constitute a long-term health hazard, and Dr. Coulston replied that *Bacillus subtilis* was no more dangerous in soap powder than it was in nature. "You couldn't take in any more of it from a box of detergent than you could from scratching around in your garden," he declared.

When I said I had been given to understand that it was not *Bacillus subtilis* that was suspected of being a health hazard but proteolytic enzymes derived from the bacterium, Dr. Holliday interrupted to say, "Listen, we don't know if there'll be a problem with low-level exposure on the part of consumers. Why, it would probably take sixty-five years to find out. Carry that to its extreme and we can just give up living in modern society!"

When I asked whether Lever Brothers had observed health problems among its enzyme-detergent workers, Dr. Justice replied that there had been a few minor complaints in the early days of production but that lowered dust levels had cleared up the trouble. "We believe there is a dose-response curve below which we do not get symptoms of respiratory disease in our workmen," he explained. "In fact, we have attained a 'no-effect' level, and have encountered no cases of pulmonary trouble in our plants since we undertook to clean things up a year or so ago. Furthermore, we are now producing a de-dusted enzyme detergent by gluing enzyme particles to larger, nonrespirable detergent granules. We believe that this will absolutely insure our consumers against any possible health hazard."

Dr. Coulston added that industry had been way ahead of the government in evaluating the problem. "It's a beautiful example of how industry found trouble and then set about cleaning up its own house," he declared. "In any case, there's no proof whatsoever that the enzymes constitute a strong sensitizer under the definition set forth in the Federal Hazardous Substances Labelling Act, and no testing procedures have yet been devised that will enable anyone to prove otherwise."

"I'm against government regulation altogether," Dr. Holliday remarked. "I'm for the British system. Leave industry alone, but hold it responsible for any injury."

"I agree," Dr. Coulston replied. "After all, the responsibility of industry is clearly stated in the workmen's-compensation laws of the various states."

"Of course, it's a continuing problem," Dr. Justice said. "We intend to continue studying the effects of proteolytic enzymes and to evaluate all the evidence that comes in. But if we had serious doubts about the matter, we'd take our enzyme detergent off the market right now."

"Exactly!" Dr. Holliday said. "We introduced enzymes in the first place because we hoped to sell more detergent. It was simply a question of trying to build a better mousetrap. But between Nader saying they're dangerous, politicians looking for an election issue, journalists wanting to dredge up new copy, and independent medical researchers hoping to make a big health discovery and get famous, we've wound up on the short end. The fact is, if housewives don't believe us they won't buy our product and we'll *have* to withdraw it from the market."

"These enzymes are not a food, a drug, or a cosmetic," Dr. Coulston said calmly. "And the law of the land is such that the only real restrictions on consumer products are on foods, drugs, and cosmetics. As far as the question of possible long-term low-level effects of

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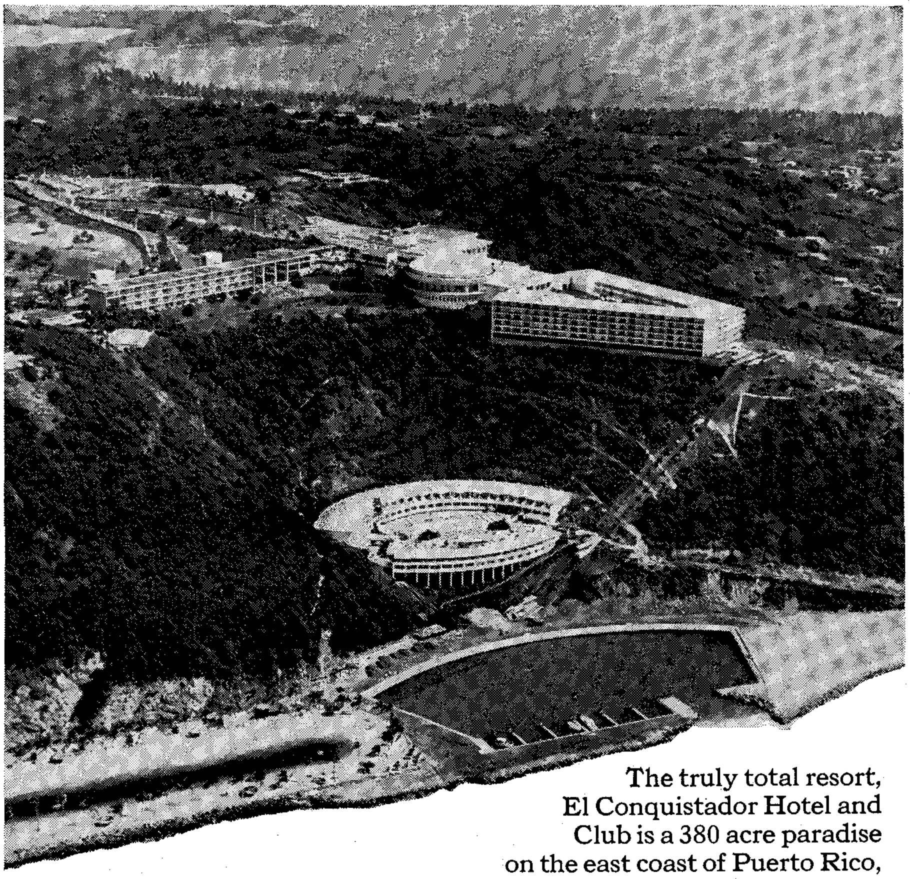

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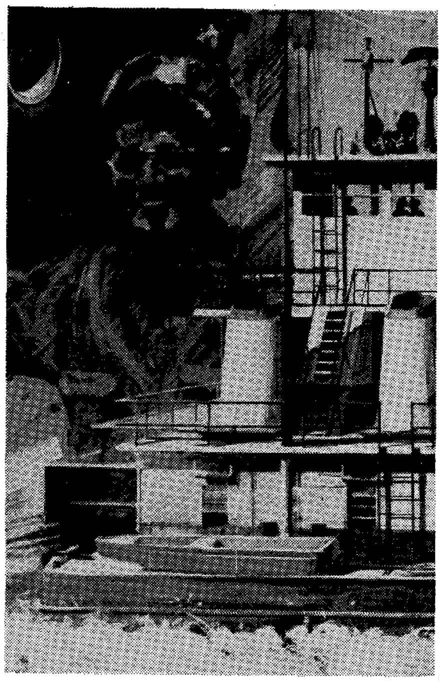

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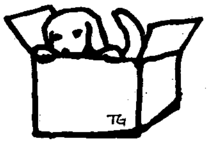
enzyme detergents is concerned, who's going to get research support these days to even try to find the answer? No one really wants to undertake this kind of study. It's much easier to leave everything in the realm of conjecture. Why, you could spend years and millions of dollars acquiring data and wind up with no results at all!"

I soon discovered that the suspicions voiced by the doctors at Lever Brothers about the motives of people who had been inquiring into the effects of enzyme detergents were present elsewhere in the soap and detergent industry. In fact, when I spoke with Mr. E. Scott Pattison, the president of the Soap and Detergent Association, a few days later, I learned that they extended all the way down to the consumer public. In the association's 1970 brochure, Mr. Pattison had written, "Makers of common products who court favor by broadcasting public sales appeals necessarily create a broader base for critics to work on. People 'relate' to detergents, to enzymes, and to amazing new ingredients. So-called miracle products in every field have become fertile ground for the arousal of unwarranted fears."

When I asked Mr. Pattison to elaborate on this, he told me that he had evolved a theory about why enzyme products had come under attack in recent months. "My theory is simply that many people who don't do their own laundry are college-educated," he said. "They tend to resent hard-sell commercials, and for this reason they are open to any suggestion that a new product either won't work or is dangerous."

At this point, I asked Mr. Pattison if he thought there was any reason at all for apprehension about the possible effects of enzyme detergents. He told me that a certain number of people might be allergic to enzymes, in the same way that some people are allergic to milk or the green ink in dollar bills. "The plan now is to employ new manufacturing techniques, which will pelletize and encapsulate the enzymes into nonrespirable detergent granules," he said. "This will solve any conceivable problem with consumers. It'll be like putting baking flour into biscuits. Some people are allergic to flour, but nobody runs into trouble with the biscuits."

THE following day, I went to the Colgate-Palmolive Building, on Park Avenue, to see Dr. Alexander Bouchal, assistant director of Medical Research Services of the Colgate-Palmolive Company, which produces a number of enzyme laundry products, including Ajax, Axion, Fab, and Punch. Dr. Bouchal told me that during the pre-marketing phase his company had conducted skin-irritancy patch tests on human subjects and had concluded that enzyme detergents were safe for consumers. "During the latter part of 1968, we started running into dermatological problems with our workers, which we corrected by issuing masks, gloves, and other protective clothing, and by treating the rashes with cortisone ointment," Dr. Bouchal said. "Shortly thereafter, we began to observe some respiratory illness, but since we improved the ventilation in our factories and embarked upon a program of encapsulating the enzyme dust within the larger detergent granules there has been a dramatic drop-off of all symptoms among our workmen."



When I asked Dr. Bouchal if the Colgate-Palmolive people had made any effort to determine the constituents of the commercial enzyme preparations they use in their detergent products, I was told that that had not been considered necessary. "I'd be willing to grant in advance that some of the constituents are sensitizers," Dr. Bouchal said. "We feel, however, that if we can control the problem in our factories, we can control any possible problem that might exist for consumers, who, after all, are using a product that contains only a small amount of the commercial enzyme preparation. In addition, we believe that our new encapsulating technique, which we call 'prilling,' is going to provide the final solution. The next nine to twelve months will tell the story. As of now, we're using up our old commercial enzyme inventories. Then, after washing down our factories during our annual July shutdown, we'll go one hundred per cent on prill. That'll be the big test."

A week or so after my talk with Dr. Bouchal, I learned that on July 9th the President's Committee on Consumer Interests had arranged for a secret meeting at the Sheraton Inn at LaGuardia, in Queens, to discuss procedures for testing the possible health effects of enzyme detergents which would be acceptable to both government and industry. When I telephoned Mr. Frank McLaughlin, who is the committee's director for industrial relations, and asked him about the meeting, he told me that it had been attended by representatives of the F.T.C., the F.D.A., his committee, the major enzyme-detergent manufacturers and commercial enzyme producers, and the American Academy of Allergy. "Since the whole enzyme-detergent problem has become a football between the F.T.C. and the F.D.A., we of the President's Committee on Consumer Interests have been designated to bring the dissenting parties together," he said. "The American Academy of Allergy agreed to develop a procedure for testing the possible effects of enzyme laundry products on consumers, and last week we finally sat everybody down at the Sheraton Inn and discussed the problem. One big question is: Who will pay to carry out the tests? Since the government hasn't appropriated the funds, we're hoping that industry will provide the money, but if industry refuses to approve the testing procedures the government will probably have to foot the bill. In any case, the American Academy of Allergy is setting up a committee to look into the matter, and we hope that something will be getting under way in the near future."

Soon after my conversation with Mr. McLaughlin, I paid a call on Dr. Owen Carter, the head of Procter & Gamble's Biological Research Services Department, who had attended the Sheraton Inn meeting. When I asked him how he felt about the American Academy of Allergy's becoming involved in the enzyme-detergent controversy, he told me he had serious reservations about any testing procedures that the Academy might come up with. "Even if they conduct skin tests that show sensitization to proteolytic enzymes in the general public, that's still not sufficient evidence that enzyme detergents pose a long-term low-level hazard to consumers," Dr. Carter said. "Skin tests are just a snapshot of the present situation. The fact is, there are simply no procedures that can prove whether or not enzyme detergents are capable of acting as pulmonary sensitizers, and we do not believe that the allergists will be able to devise tests that can. The problem is essentially a matter of individual sensitivity and susceptibility. As for how strong a sensitizer proteolytic enzymes may be, we just don't have a good reference on this. And as for their long-term low-level effect, that's a judgment matter. At this point, it's all in the realm of conjecture. What'll happen after ten years is anybody's guess, but this is true of any new product. As of now, we feel confident that our enzyme-detergent products are safe for consumers. This is based upon a general knowledge of

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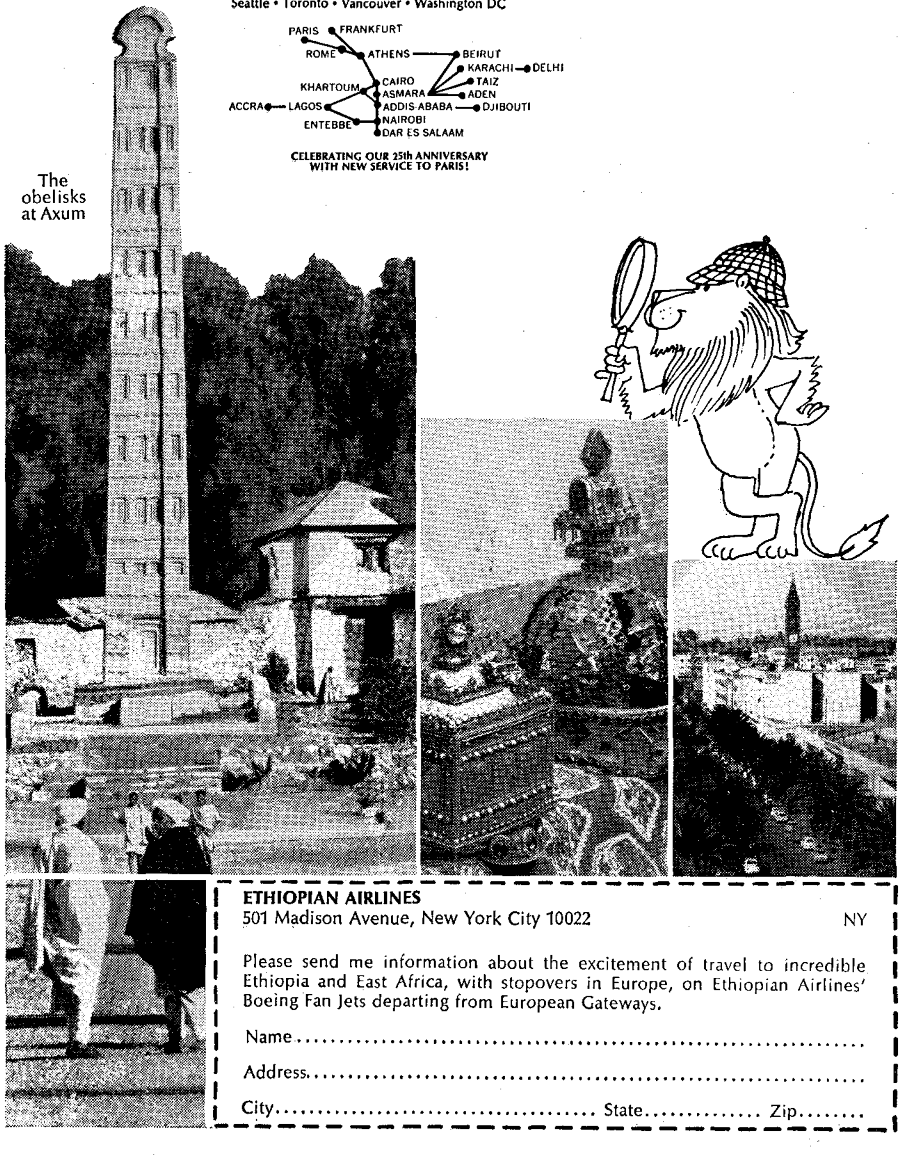

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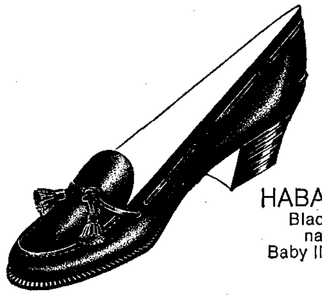

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allergy, and upon the fact that we have investigated consumer complaints that have come our way over the past two years and have found no cause for alarm. Literally millions of housewives have been using enzyme detergents, and we believe that if there was going to be a problem we would know it by now.”

After my meeting with Dr. Carter, I drove out to Mamaroneck to chat with Dr. I. V. Sollins, president of Novo Enzyme Corporation, which is the United States subsidiary of Novo Industri A/S. Though the Novo people now have competition from a number of firms in this country, they are still the largest producers of proteolytic enzymes in the world, and Dr. Sollins told me that the company had recently acquired a tract of land at Croton-on-Hudson, where it plans to construct a large fermentation plant that will mass-produce proteolytic enzymes for the rapidly expanding American market. “We have been experimenting with new strains of *Bacillus subtilis*, and we have recently developed an even more sophisticated and effective enzyme preparation, which we hope to market in the near future,” Dr. Sollins told me. “As for health problems associated with proteolytic enzymes, I can tell you flatly that since dust levels have been lowered there is no longer any respiratory illness occurring among American enzyme-detergent workers. Furthermore, there is absolutely no consumer hazard. Ralph Nader is beating a dead horse. Everybody knows that proteolytic enzymes can act as primary irritants, but there is no evidence whatsoever that they are allergic sensitizers. The doctors who make claims to the contrary are simply going overboard. Why, the chances of becoming allergic to enzymes are no greater than those of becoming allergic to strawberries! You don’t stop selling strawberries because a few people turn out to be allergic to them. You just tell those people to stop eating strawberries. For this reason, I object in principle to giving any role in this matter to the American Academy of Allergy. Their involvement constitutes an implication that the enzymes are an allergen, when in fact there is no real proof of this. The whole business has got out of hand, and the fact that consumer complaints have risen sharply in recent months is simply a reflection of all the adverse publicity that has appeared in the newspapers.”

Judith Shahn

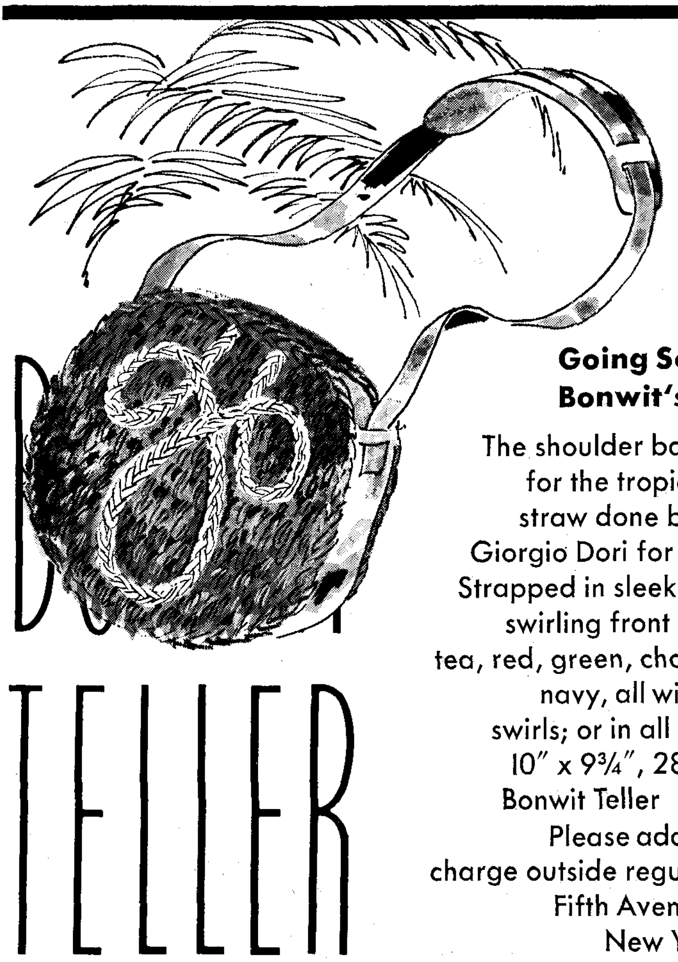
HAVING talked with a number of doctors and other specialists in the enzyme-detergent industry, I now decided to elicit the opinions of some of the members of the scientific community who had been looking into the biological activity of proteolytic enzymes. During the previous six months, Professor Selikoff and his associates at Mount Sinai Hospital had managed to undertake some preliminary studies, and when I asked Professor Selikoff what results had been obtained he told me that all indications confirmed the findings of Dr. Flindt, Professor Pepys, and Dr. Newhouse that proteolytic enzymes could cause allergic sensitization and serious respiratory illness. “Industry’s claim that workers in enzyme-detergent factories are no longer in trouble is simply not true,” Professor Selikoff said. “A month ago, we examined a group of twenty-two workers from a large enzyme-detergent factory in New Jersey and found that seventeen of them had symptoms of pulmonary disease. Moreover, special tests for allergic sensitivity reveal that nearly all these men have antibodies to the enzyme used in the factory in their blood—an indication that they have become sensitized. In general, we are observing two kinds of lung disease in workers exposed to proteolytic-enzyme dust. There are obstructive changes in the bronchi, which affect the passage of air into and out of the lungs. Such defects are often reversible when the men are removed from exposure. But we are also finding diffusion defects, which we believe are caused by the effect of the dust upon the alveolar membrane separating the air sacs from the capillaries in the deep recesses of the lungs. This may or may not be alveolitis, an inflammation of the deep recesses that is often irreversible, but the result is the same—not enough oxygen is getting into the bloodstream.”

Professor Selikoff went on to tell me that a new study of enzyme-detergent workers had been published in the June 13, 1970, issue of the *British Medical Journal*. This study had been conducted by Dr. Judith Milne, Professor Pepys’ assistant in the Department of Clinical Immunology of the Institute of Diseases of the Chest in London. “Dr. Milne examined a hundred and twenty-one men," he said. "Skin tests showed that out of twenty-five workers who were atopic—meaning prone to allergy—sixteen had become sensitized to the proteolytic-enzyme material. Out of ninety-six non-atopic workers, thirty-two had become sensitized. Pulmonary examinations of the forty-eight men who had become sensitized showed that nearly half of them had incurred lung damage in the form of reduced ventilatory capacity—meaning the ability to move air in and out of the lung. Moreover, reduced ventilatory capacity was found in ten men out of the seventy-three whose skin tests proved negative. In other words, nearly a third of Dr. Milne's study population exhibited symptoms of significant lung disease."

At this point, I asked Professor Selikoff what he thought of the detergent industry's assertion that proteolytic enzymes constituted no hazard to consumers, and he replied that it was highly dubious.

"No studies have been undertaken to prove it one way or the other," he said. "What the manufacturers are saying, in effect, is that it is *not known* if there is a hazard associated with long-term low-level exposure to proteolytic enzymes. From there, however, it's a giant step to a statement such as 'It is *known* that there is no such hazard.' There is absolutely no way to take this step except to perform necessary studies of the consumer population. Such studies should be required *before* the introduction of a new substance like proteolytic enzymes, especially when it is known, as it has been since at least 1967, that human disease can occur with them. As things turned out, however, the detergent industry alone made the decision that studies to determine the long-range effects of their new product were unnecessary, and no one in the United States government was in any position to refute this judgment, or even to question it, until the investigations of Flindt and Pepys were published in the *Lancet.*"

The speed with which Dr. Marcus M. Key, director of the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, and his colleagues had approached the problem once they were aware of it was to be highly commended, Professor Selikoff said. "But without funds, and with an overextended staff, they have been unable to mount even the factory studies necessary to determine independently what the full industrial hazard may be," he continued. "Now we have arrived at a situation where enzyme detergents are ubiquitous. Millions upon millions of people are using them, and practically everyone in the country may



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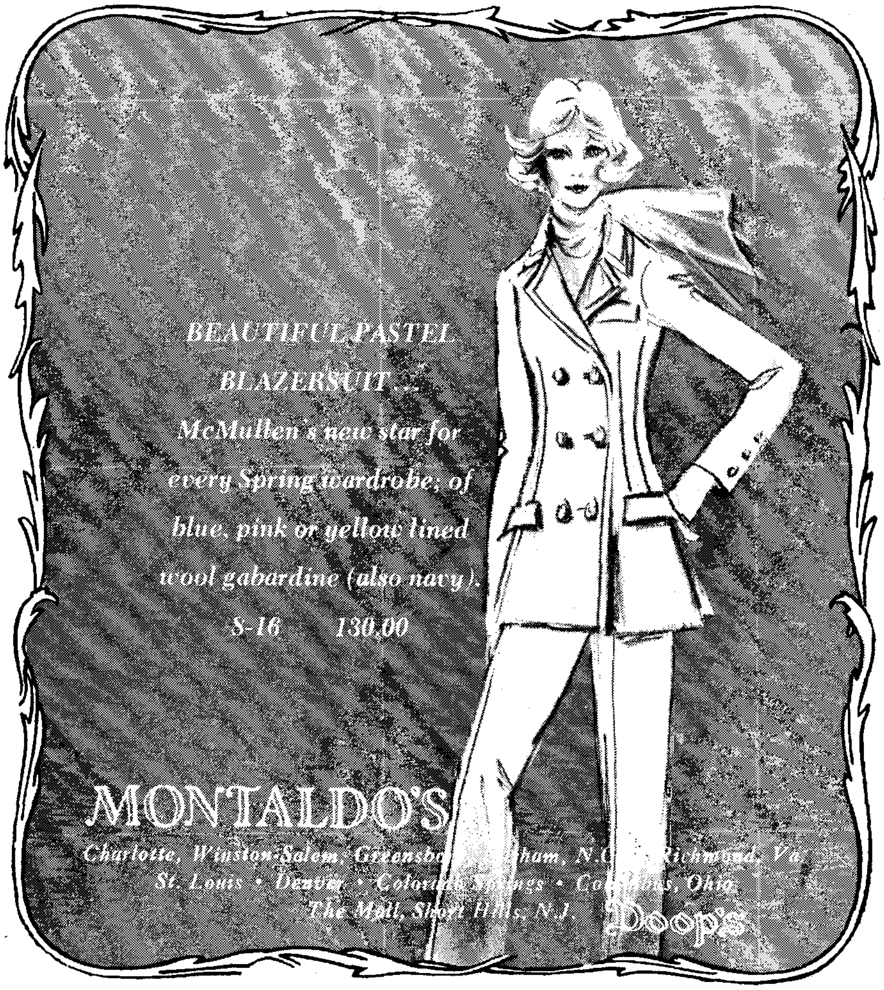

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be exposed to small amounts of enzyme dust. We know that workers handling proteolytic enzymes are encountering serious health problems. What we don't know at this point is the dose-response relationship, or the effect of small doses over a long period of time. I question whether the big soap companies alone should make the decision to allow a hundred million people to be exposed to a substance that is a known antigen. The fact is that we have no course at the present time except to keep our fingers crossed and hope that the long-term effects of enzyme detergents on the general population will not prove to be serious. I hope this will not be the case, but is it the way for our society to manage things? Should we be in a position where the only defense of the American people is crossed fingers?”

During our conversation, Professor Selikoff suggested that I get in touch with Dr. Merrill Chase and Professor René Dubos, at Rockefeller University, who, he said, had also been looking into the biological effects of proteolytic enzymes. Dr. Chase is an experimental immunologist who has achieved wide eminence in his field, and when I asked him whether he thought that the proteolytic enzymes in laundry products were allergic sensitizers he told me he had no doubt about it. “What few people realize is that we are dealing with a whole complex family of proteins,” he said. “In addition to proteolytic enzymes and other soluble proteins, quite a few of the commercial enzyme preparations still contain bacillary cell walls and bits of cell walls, which can also cause allergic sensitization and lung damage. In other words, we don't have a single problem with enzyme detergents—we have a multiple one.”

Dr. Chase said that it was not necessary for a person to inhale enzyme dust into his lungs in order to become sensitized and to have allergic reactions. “With allergens such as proteolytic enzymes, people can become sensitized by way of the mucous membranes of the nose and eyes, which are the common portals of entry for such antigens as ragweed pollen,” he told me. “All those patch tests conducted by industry are, in my opinion, useless for determining such sensitivity, because the molecules of proteolytic enzyme are much too large to pass through the skin. The only valid way to determine allergic sensitivity is by giving scratch or intradermal tests. Since anyone reacting positively to such skin tests also has the possibility of having some pulmonary reaction, I feel that there is a growing urgency about the situation. At the present time, we merely have industry's word that it has achieved a ‘no-effect’ level in some of its factories, but even if this is true the question remains how long such a ‘no-effect’ level will continue. Will new workers operating in reduced dust levels simply take longer to become sensitized? And, by extension, will housewives and their families become sensitized over still longer periods? In my opinion, the chances of this are too great to take. I feel that until we get answers to these questions, enzyme detergents should be withdrawn from the market.”

While we were discussing the constituents of the commercial enzyme preparations, Dr. Chase told me that Professor Dubos, the famous bacteriologist, who directs the Department of Environmental Biomedicine of Rockefeller University, had recently undertaken to investigate certain aspects of their biological activity, and he suggested that I talk with Professor Dubos to find out what the results had been. When I called on Professor Dubos in his laboratory, he told me that he had been suspicious of the enzymes added to detergents from the beginning. “As you know, these so-called enzymes are produced by various strains of a bacterium called *Bacillus subtilis*,” Professor Dubos said. “As soon as I read that, three years or so ago, I remembered that back in 1939 I had extracted two immensely powerful antibiotics—tyrocidine and gramicidin—from a strain of bacteria called *Bacillus brevis*, which is very similar to the *Bacillus subtilis*. The trouble with tyrocidine and gramicidin was that they also acted as hemolytics, which means they had the ability to destroy red blood cells, and to produce kidney lesions and other adverse renal effects. So when I first read about these proteolytic enzymes in laundry detergents, I sent a letter to the American Association for the Advancement of Science's Committee on Environmental Alteration saying that, on the basis of what I knew of these organisms, they not only could be expected to induce allergic reactions but they also might release substances similar to those which I had extracted from *Bacillus brevis*, thirty-one years before.”

Professor Dubos's warning had gone unheeded, he said, possibly because it seemed too esoteric, being based upon largely forgotten early experiments. “A few months ago, however, I managed to obtain samples of the various commercial enzyme preparations that are mixed into detergents," he said. "I then began to perform a whole battery of tests upon them, which I knew how to conduct from my earlier work. Almost immediately, I discovered that many of the preparations are powerfully hemolytic in their biological activity. Still others possess hemagglutinating activity, which means they cause clumping of the red blood cells. Since I knew that my old preparations were also antibacterial, I decided to test for this, too. I understand that the detergent manufacturers claim to have already performed such tests and to have ascertained that the enzyme preparations have no antibacterial powers. Well, it must be that they did not do their tests right, because, contrary to their declarations, I can prove that many of the enzyme preparations definitely have the ability to inhibit the growth of certain kinds of bacteria, which could be disadvantageous."

At this point, Professor Dubos explained that the ability of some of the enzyme preparations to attack red blood cells and bacteria was entirely separate from their ability to act as antigens that cause allergic reactions. "In fact, I have been able to demonstrate through laboratory experiments that even if you boil these commercial preparations until they retain none of their enzymatic and allergic activity they still retain all their hemolytic and antibacterial powers," he said. "Since the ability of some of these preparations to destroy red blood cells in the test tube is tremendous, even in very low doses, I presume until shown otherwise that these mixtures can be toxic to other forms of human cells. I also presume that since commercial enzyme preparations differ so widely in their biological activity they may well differ in their allergic specificity."

Professor Dubos went on to say that if this was so, it might be difficult to devise a standard procedure for testing sensitivity in the general population, since enzyme detergents could not be considered standard mixtures. "Some of the commercial preparations are loaded with bacterial bodies, others are not," he said. "That fact alone should make a great difference in antigenic response. What is absolutely shameful is that these preparations should have been put on the market without thorough testing. The small amounts being inhaled every day may not be sufficient to cause immediate toxic reactions, but what about their effects over a period of years? I predict that if there is going to be consumer trouble with enzyme detergents, we won't know it until sometime in

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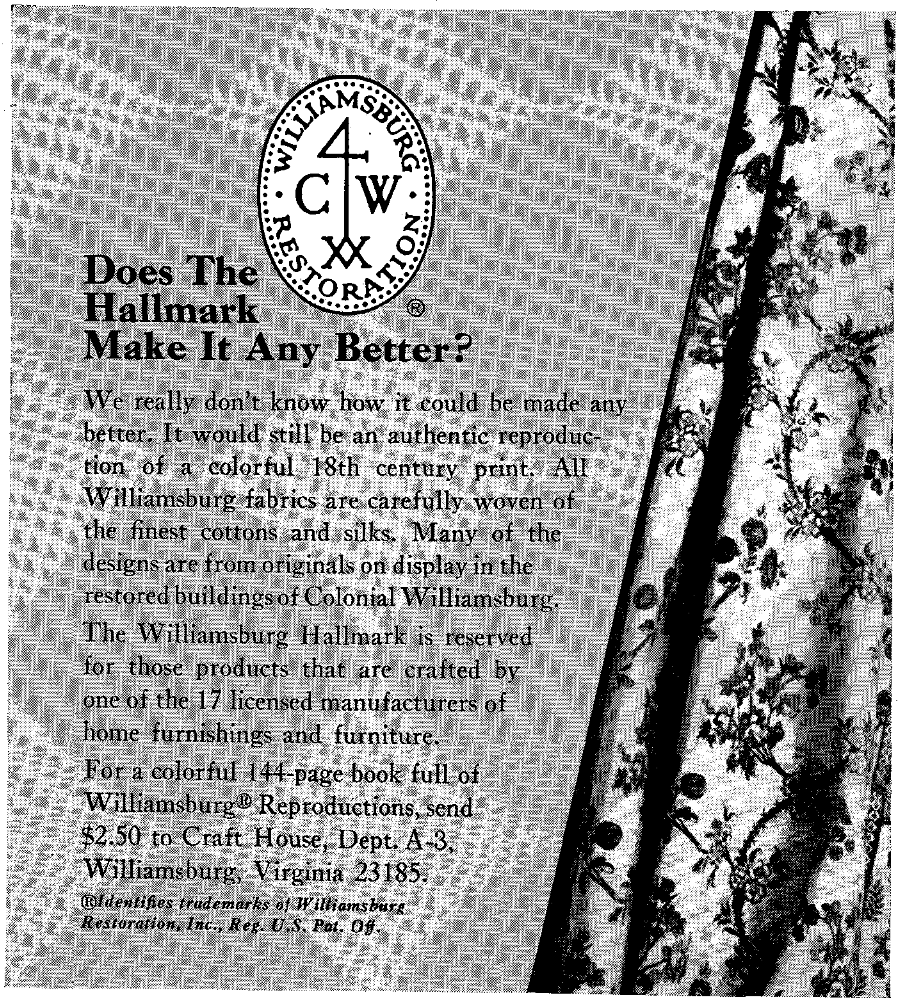

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the future, and I believe we simply can't afford this kind of attitude any longer. There must be an essential philosophy in our society that prohibits the introduction of any technical innovation until one has tested, insofar as one can, the consequences of its introduction both in the environment and upon the human beings who will come in contact with it. This, of course, has not been the case with enzyme detergents. Millions and millions of people are using them, and we have no idea what the result will be. It is criminal to have such a situation. At the very least, it is criminally stupid."

WHEN I left New York for a month's vacation, early in August, it seemed to me that the disagreement between the detergent industry and the scientific community over the biological effects of enzyme detergents was so pronounced that only joint approval by the government and the industry of an investigation by the American Academy of Allergy could resolve the dispute in the foreseeable future. When I returned to the city after Labor Day, however, I learned that the industry had withdrawn all support from the Academy of Allergy and had decided instead to call upon the National Academy of Sciences to set up a special committee to review the matter of enzyme detergents again and, after due consideration, make recommendations regarding the kind of studies that might be necessary. I also learned that all the members of a ten-man committee that had been set up in February of 1970 by the president of the American Academy of Allergy to study the problem of enzyme detergents were about to sign a statement concerning their possible adverse health effects upon consumers. The statement was being drawn up by Dr. Lawrence M. Lichtenstein, an immunologist and allergist, who is an associate professor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, in Baltimore, and some of his colleagues. When I telephoned Dr. Lichtenstein and asked about this, he told me that he and his colleagues had undertaken to write it because of their concern over consumer exposure to enzyme detergents. "While there is certainly need for further study of this problem, most of the members of the committee feel that the situation at present constitutes a serious potential danger to the public health," Dr. Lichtenstein said. "Our idea, therefore, is to issue a statement clarifying the basis for our concern. Over the past two years, I have skin-tested nearly five hundred enzyme-detergent workers with varying degrees of exposure and found that up to thirty per cent of them have become sensitized to proteolytic enzymes. In addition, I have examined twenty workers who were sent to me complaining of respiratory symptoms, and I can tell you that these people are clearly being afflicted with significant lung disease. We are finding obstructive changes in pulmonary-function tests, and we are also observing some diffusion changes in the deep recesses of the lung that, in my experience, are not found in ordinary asthma. Why enzyme detergents have not been removed from the market before this is not clear to me. Let's make an analogy with cyclamates, which, after all, were taken off the market because they caused cancer in rats. Why shouldn't it be the same with enzyme detergents, high doses of which we know can cause respiratory disease in man?"

At Dr. Lichtenstein's suggestion, I telephoned Dr. I. Leonard Bernstein, an allergist and immunologist, who is an associate clinical professor of medicine at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center. Dr. Bernstein told me that he had just completed a preliminary study in which he had found evidence of skin sensitization to proteolytic enzymes among consumers. "As predicted in earlier investigations, the most susceptible people seem to be those who are atopic to begin with," Dr. Bernstein said. "What we must do without further delay is determine just how many people in the general population have allergic skin sensitivity to the enzymes, for this might be an indication of more serious trouble. In fact, my preliminary findings, which include enzyme-inhalation tests of a few individuals, indicate that there may already be respiratory reactions to proteolytic enzymes in the consumer public. This is extremely dangerous, because we do not understand the pathogenesis of the abnormalities in lung function that we are observing in enzyme-detergent workers—abnormalities that, even if they are reversible, are cause for alarm. I believe that a systematic epidemiological study should be undertaken at once to determine, once and for all, just how serious and widespread a hazard enzyme detergents may be. I also feel that in the interim consumers should be made aware that a problem may exist, so that they can judge for themselves whether or not to continue purchasing laundry products containing proteolytic enzymes."

On September 25th, about two weeks after my telephone conversations with Dr. Lichtenstein and Dr. Bernstein, Mr. Miles W. Kirkpatrick, the chairman of the F.T.C., and Dr. Charles C. Edwards, the commissioner of the F.D.A., made public a letter they had just sent to Mr. Pattison, the president of the Soap and Detergent Association, which called upon detergent manufacturers to sponsor immediate tests on the "possible harmful effects" of using laundry detergents containing enzymes. The letter proposed a special meeting of government and industry representatives in Washington on October 8th, and included a section that read:

> It was the understanding of our agencies that your association and its individual members expressed general agreement earlier this year with the designation of the American Academy of Allergy as the appropriate body to conduct this important study.
>
> More recently, however, you have suggested that the National Academy of Sciences' National Research Council be designated as the appropriate body to study all aspects of enzyme safety, including the question of whether a testing protocol should be developed at all . . . Under these circumstances, we believe it would be mutually beneficial for the Federal Trade Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, your representatives, and perhaps those of one or two companies, to meet as soon as possible and discuss this and other questions.

The position of the F.T.C. was perhaps more succinctly, if less politely, stated by an F.T.C. lawyer, who said that the Soap and Detergent Association's proposal to bring the National Academy of Sciences into the enzyme-detergent controversy was being "viewed as an attempt to retard a testing process already being developed by the American Academy of Allergy." A similar reaction to the proposal came from Mrs. Virginia Knauer, President Nixon's Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, whose office had already received about a hundred letters from housewives complaining of skin irritations and other allergic effects allegedly caused by enzyme detergents. Aides of Mrs. Knauer acknowledged that she was angered and dismayed by the industry's tactics, and Nixon Administration sources said that she suspected the companies of proposing a broader study to prevent a prompt determination of the possible hazardous effects of enzyme detergents.

In a statement issued from his New York office on the same day, Mr. Pattison said that the Soap and Detergent Association welcomed the proposed meeting, and that by urging a re-

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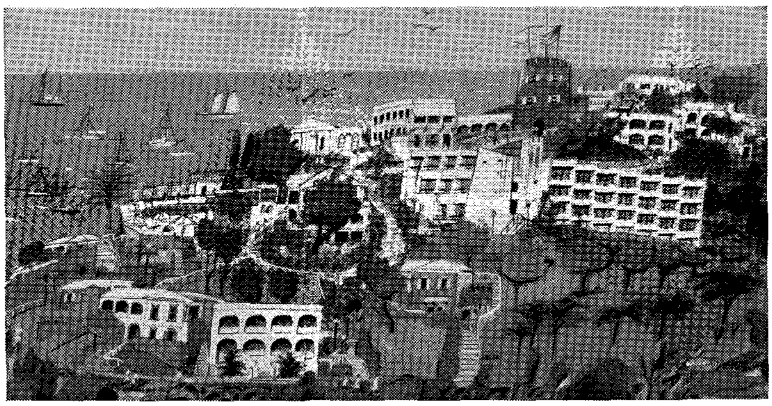

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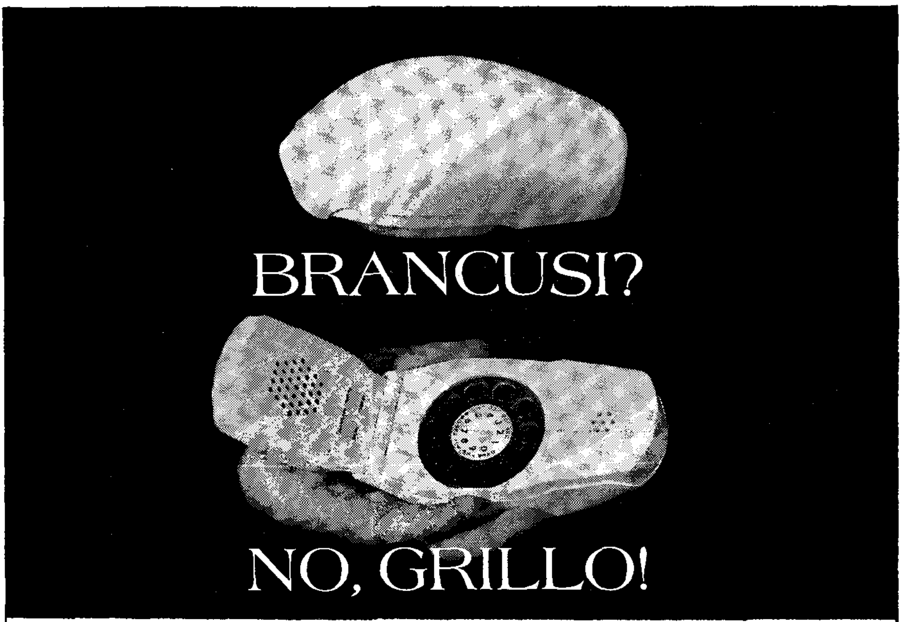

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view of all aspects of enzyme safety "the industry was not seeking to displace consideration of proposals for technical investigations to be made by the American Academy of Allergy." However, Mr. Pattison quickly went on to say that "there was no previous agreement by the industry to accept research programs so sponsored."

Whatever the case, the soap and detergent industry tentatively agreed, after the meeting on October 8th, to finance an immediate study of the possible harmful effects of laundry detergents containing enzymes. According to the New York *Times*, the agreement was contingent upon the industry's approval of the testing procedures then being drafted by the American Academy of Allergy. At the same time, it was announced that the National Academy of Sciences' National Research Council would be asked to conduct a comprehensive review of test data and other information regarding the safety of enzyme laundry products, and that the detergent industry would also finance this broader review. The meeting October 8th was attended by Mr. Kirkpatrick, of the F.T.C.; Dr. Edwards, of the F.D.A.; Dr. Lichtenstein, of the American Academy of Allergy; Mr. McLaughlin, who represented Mrs. Knauer; representatives of Lever Brothers, Colgate-Palmolive, and Procter & Gamble; and by Mr. Pattison, who took the opportunity to make public a statement maintaining that extensive research by the soap industry had shown enzyme detergents to be safe. "The press has made a considerable mountain out of the question of enzyme safety, getting into all areas of human health," Mr. Pattison said, adding that for this reason the broadest possible review of the question was in the public interest.

Since the meeting October 8th, there has been no official word concerning whether or not the soap and detergent industry has approved the testing procedures drawn up by the American Academy of Allergy. Presumably, these procedures are under review by the industry. In the meantime, two recently published studies on the biological effects of proteolytic enzymes have elicited considerable interest on the part of researchers working on the problem. In the October 2nd issue of *Science*, Dr. Irene P. Goldring, Dr. Irving M. Ratner, and Dr. Leonard Greenburg, of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University, in the Bronx, described an experiment they had conducted upon Syrian golden hamsters that were exposed to Alcalase and Maxatase, the two major enzyme

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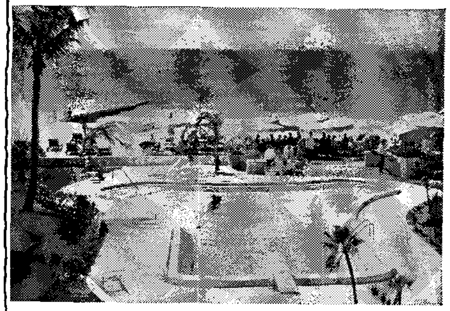

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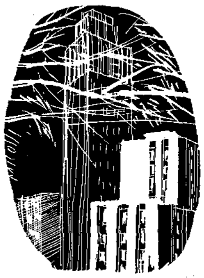
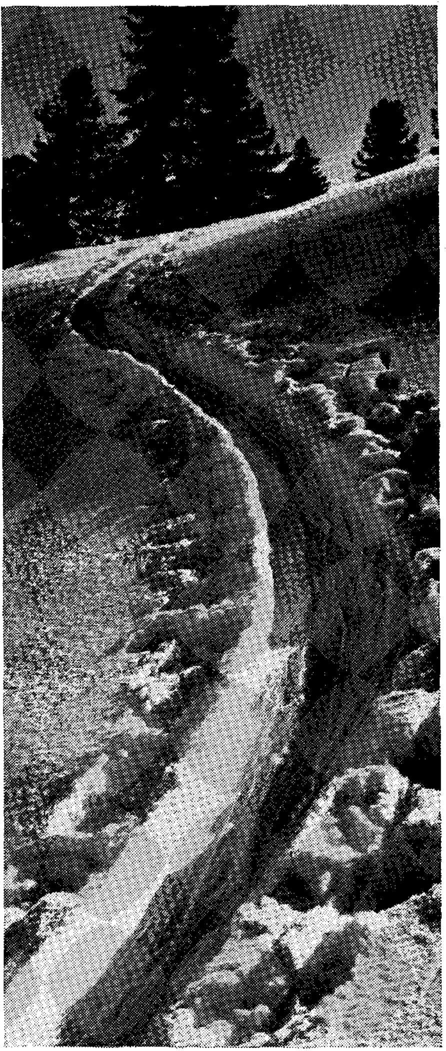
preparations that are contained in household enzyme detergents. The Alcalase was administered as an inhalant, the Maxatase by intratracheal injection, in three-per-cent solutions. Single exposures of forty-six hamsters by either of these methods produced massive pulmonary hemorrhages in all the animals. Eight of the hamsters died, six within the first twenty-four to forty-eight hours after exposure. The rest recovered six weeks after the single exposure, with no obvious residual pulmonary disease. But weight loss, bloody nasal discharge, shortness of breath, and coughing were noted during the recuperation of some of the survivors. Commenting on the results of this first study, a spokesman for the Soap and Detergent Association told a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* that "it would appear that the dosages referred to in the experiment far exceeded the levels consumers encounter when using enzyme cleaning products." The spokesman added that the detergent industry was still fully confident of the safety of enzyme cleaning products for consumer use.



As it happened, the second study addressed itself precisely to the possibility that the soap and detergent industry had been confidently disclaiming ever since the appearance of the June 14, 1969, issue of the *Lancet*, containing the findings of the studies conducted by Dr. Flindt and Professor Pepys, and the editorial suggesting that the appearance of allergic lung disease in workers heavily exposed to enzyme powders could have a bearing on the health of consumers using such powders. This second study appeared in the *Lancet* on December 5, 1970, under the title "Enzyme Sensitization in Consumers of Enzyme-Containing Washing Powder," and it described the results of an investigation conducted by Dr. L. Belin, Dr. J. Hoborn, Dr. E. Falsen, and Dr. J. André, of the Department of Clinical Bacteriology, the Institute of Medical Microbiology, and the Department of Allergy of the University of Göteborg, in Sweden. The Swedish doctors found adverse reactions in the eyes or respiratory tracts of three women whose only exposure to enzyme detergents had occurred when they did their household laundry. Prick tests using very low concentrations of the enzymes resulted in immediate skin reactions in all three patients, which indicated that they had become allergically sensitized to the enzyme, and antibodies to the enzyme were found in their blood. Moreover, the Swedish doctors reported that the enzyme remained allergically active to the women even after boiling at a hundred degrees centigrade—a far greater heat than would occur in normal washing.

As a result of their investigation, the Swedish doctors concluded that the danger of sensitization to proteolytic enzymes is not restricted to workers manufacturing enzyme-containing detergents but may arise in every situation where these enzymes are present as dust particles. They pointed out that even if sensitization to proteolytic enzymes in detergents was less common in domestic users than in factory workers, the problem was evidently more than just one of occupational sanitation and the transfer of easily sensitized employees, as the soap and detergent people had been claiming for months. They also pointed out that although the manufacturers of the particular enzyme detergent they investigated had changed the enzyme component in their product from powder to granular form in November of 1969, the possibility remained that clothes and sheets treated with solutions containing proteolytic enzymes in granular form and dried without sufficient rinsing might still release enough enzymes to elicit unrecognized allergic reactions.

A couple of weeks ago, I had occasion to talk again with Professor Dubos, of Rockefeller University, who told me that he had recently come upon some new biological effects of proteolytic enzymes, which he considered tremendously important. "I have long suspected that, in addition to being toxic to the red blood cells of animals, these enzymes are toxic to the white corpuscles that protect animals and human beings from infection," Professor Dubos said. "During the past three months, I have conducted a number of experiments in which I have infected mice with the *Staphylococcus* bacterium, or with the *Klebsiella* bacterium—an organism that is common in sinuses and that can cause pneumonia. I then discovered that if, several hours afterward, or up to a day later, these same mice were exposed to even incredibly tiny amounts of the proteolytic enzymes derived from *Bacillus subtilis*, which are used in enzyme detergents, the infection was strikingly aggravated. In my opinion, this may well prove to be the most seriously adverse biological effect of such enzymes, and I am planning to bring it to the attention



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SINCE my conversation with Professor Dubos, I have ceased to gather opinions on the biological activity of enzyme detergents and their possible hazard to consumers. Depending on whom I was talking with—representatives of industry or members of the scientific community—the whole business had begun to seem a bit like the parable of the lady or the tiger. What appears most likely is that speculation about the effects of proteolytic-enzyme detergents and their accompanying protein impurities will go on for some time to come. In the meantime, new techniques of encapsulating enzyme dust in detergent granules may or may not take care of any future health problems in the factory and in the home. Whatever happens, the fact remains that the major enzyme-detergent manufacturers are still revising their enzyme products even as they continue to sell them by the millions of boxes to millions of consumers all over the world. If no problem develops in the coming months or years, it seems safe to conclude that it will not be because any intelligent decision has been made by anyone in a position of responsibility for the public welfare. It will be luck. And even if the public should be lucky on this occasion, the question remains whether it will be similarly fortunate the next time a substance with unknown biological effects finds its way into practically every home across the land within a few months. For better or worse, however, enzyme detergents may provide a valuable lesson for a society that seems uncertain of how to assess the results of its own technical capabilities. For it is not difficult to predict that if the questions that should have been asked about enzyme detergents but were not continue to go unasked about new substances and products that may have long-term toxic effects upon the people who use them, this nation will one day be faced with a public-health hazard of monumental and perhaps irreversible proportions. In fact, since nobody knows the outcome of consumer studies yet to be performed on the effects of proteolytic-enzyme detergents, we could be approaching that day already.

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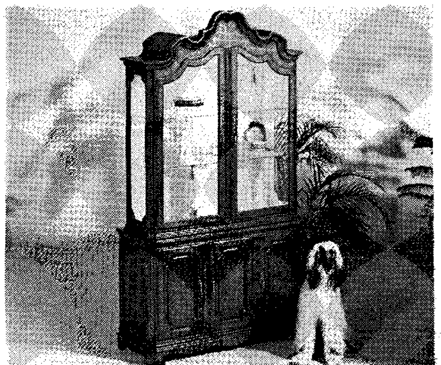

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THE THEATRE

GROWING OLD

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is honoring the centennial of the birth of John Millington Synge with a production of his celebrated comedy "The Playboy of the Western World." If it fails to prove an exhilarating evening, much of the blame rests elsewhere than upon the Repertory company. Not only men grow old, and the sad fact of the matter is that Synge's play is aging with much less vigor and grace than I would have expected; at sixty-four, it is not the fine, fey thing that many of us remember it as being when it—and, to be sure, we—had our green days all round us, and three lilting words in a row made our hearts leap like a ram. Yeats, who was Synge's friend and mentor, argued that words were the only certain good; this is an opinion harder to champion now than it used to be, and Synge's sedulously cultivated lyricism runs counter to our contemporary notion of the uses of language. Don't Beckett's broken-off, monosyllabic non sequiturs strike us as all the more eloquent for being the next thing to muteness? Synge's rooted peasants have the gift of gab, and it really *is* a gift, to be rejoiced in ad lib and almost ad infinitum, while Beckett's deracinated misfits speak not because it gives them or others pleasure but because speech is a form of pain less intolerable than keeping dumb.

A second reason that "The Playboy" seems to be aging badly is that the myth upon which the action of the play turns—the murder of a waning father by a waxing son—is one of the oldest and most resonant in history, and thanks to psychoanalysis it has become for us an all too easily recognized article of furniture in the cluttered attic of the unconscious. One guesses that in the Dublin of 1907 parricide may have had a shock value nearly as great as the mention of the forbidden word "shifts" (". . . and what'd I care if you brought me a drift of chosen females, standing in their shifts itself, maybe, from this place to the Eastern world?"), though nothing like as great as Synge's depiction of Ireland—conventionally hailed as a land of scholars and saints, to say nothing of Mother Machrees—as peopled by drunken, lying, craven, and sadistic braggarts and hobbledehoys. Be that as it may, Synge as a playwright works so hard at the carpentry of Christy Mahon's twice-bungled slaying that we are constantly aware of where the next hammer blow of the plot must fall. By the standards of the London and Paris theatres of those days, "The Playboy" isn't a well-made play, but it obviously intends to be, and this intention dates it as compellingly as its famous "Synge-song" rhetoric.

Such blame as the Repertory Theatre must shoulder derives from its having taken an unnecessarily literal-minded view of Synge. John Hirsch, the director, has carried out what ought to have been a sunny and lighthearted task with the grim thoroughness of an automobile repairman, and his heavy hand is matched by that of the designer of the set and costumes, Douglas W. Schmidt. Called upon to provide the interior of a small pub somewhere on the sandy reaches of the storm-swept coast of Mayo, Mr. Schmidt has set down on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont a veritable fortress, complete with turf-burning stone fireplace, great iron pots and fire gear, and tables and chairs of a troglodytic size and solidity. The oppressiveness of the direction and setting was bound to infect the cast. Martha Henry is fierce and valiant as Pegeen Mike, but there ought to have been glimpses of more soft warmth and promise in her, and David Birney, as Christy Mahon, is too tentative and apologetic: the liar of genius wears a supple and impenetrable armor of bravado, and he must remain confident of his powers of invention and concealment up to the very moment of his being found out. Stephen Elliott is splendid as the old father who refuses to die, and Frances Sternhagen and Philip Bosco are admirable in their roles as, respectively, a bitter widow and a bibulous local farmer.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Misconception

THE production of "Macbeth" that opened last week at the Mercer-O'Casey was "conceived and directed" by Dino DeFilippi, and that word "conceived" is the tipoff to much of what went wrong with it. The play is done as a fantasy—a night- or day-mare—all of it taking place in the fevered brain of Macbeth; when he is not participating in the action, he is watching it from a throne upstage and indicating his wishes by pointing imperatively at the actors. There are many peculiar sound and lighting effects, and many of the scenes overlap, dissolving from one to the next. For all the hallucinatory trimmings, the performance is deadly literal, explicit, and witless. Every occasion for humor or irony is bypassed. The scene in which Malcolm teases Macduff by describing his own evil nature is played in flat earnest. Although the actors, fairly new at their trade, do speak the lines clearly, they constantly keep massaging one another; one of the nobles, for example, gives King Duncan a gentle back rub all through the first court scene. There are no characterizations whatever, as is so often the case with plays "conceived" by a director; in fact, the whole empty, fidgety production could be taken as an example of the utter sterility of what is called the director's theatre. Much of value has been written about the need for movies to free themselves from the techniques of theatre; it is also essential, and much tougher today, for the theatre to avoid the techniques of the sort of movie in which the director, far from being a catalyst, is the dictator, and the actors are his puppets. David Snell, who plays Ross and is forced to double, poor soul, as one of the murderers, often seems at least on the verge of being somebody. It might be interesting to see him in a production of "Macbeth" conceived by William Shakespeare.

"THE CARPENTERS" was written by Steven Tesich, a young playwright who was born in Yugoslavia and now lives and works here. It is his first play to be done professionally, and, considered in this light, it is exceptionally well written—controlled, sometimes funny, occasionally poignant, and with each character speaking as himself and no one else—although it is not consistently lively. It is also exceptionally well acted by the company at the American Place (subscribers only), in a style all its own. "The Carpenters" is, I'm afraid, inescapably a parable, that most annoying of all literary forms. It is about a family living in a decaying house that has become lopsided from overbuilding and is about to tumble down. The fumbly, inept father, who has taken the day off from

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work, tries to set up little talks with his sons and daughter, and plays tape recordings, made long ago, of their childish games. The mother has become almost blotted out; she barely thinks or feels anymore, and spends almost all her time preparing food. The older son has planted a bomb in the cellar and plans, unenthusiastically, to kill his father, as the only solution to everything. The younger son, self-described as "a hard-core *re*tard," dreams of escaping to the wilds of Oregon to gambol with the bears and squirrels and to drink fresh water out of running streams (a very good part, by the way, and a very good performance by Jon Korkes). The rather nebulous daughter has become the sex object of her father and her older brother. As the action proceeds, the dramatist's intentions become clear, and his symbols proliferate. Like most parables, the play is far too pat, and in this instance it is immature as well. Nevertheless, there is an original imagination at work here. It would be a mistake, I think, to consider "The Carpenters" simply as Mr. Tesich's state-of-the-union message; there is more to it than that. I didn't like it much, but I do respect it. Vincent Gardenia is the father, Alice Drummond is the mother, Glenn Walken is the older son, and Laura Esterman is the daughter; Eugene Lesser was the director.

SHELLEY WINTERS' "One-Night Stands of a Noisy Passenger," which came and went, was like a whole evening of audition material; if Miss Winters achieved nothing else, she certainly provided her actors with plenty to do and say. There is very little to add about the play itself—a rather foolish and vulgar affair, consisting of three autonomous but related scenes—except to observe that Sally Kirkland was nutty, charming, and funny as a young actress, and that Robert DeNiro did well as a pot-smoking, drug-sniffing, neo-mystical, switched-on, aging boy. —EDITH OLIVER

•

The members to be nominated by Nixon are Hobart Lewis, 61, president of the Reader's Digest, Bedford Hills, N.Y.; author James A. Michener, Pipersville, Pa.; and John Shaheen, 55, president of Shaheen Natural Resources Co., Inc., and a former chief of the Office of Strategic Services in Washington.

Because few own cars or trucks, they seldom see animals that may be relatively close.—*Corpus Christi Caller.*

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AROUND CITY HALL

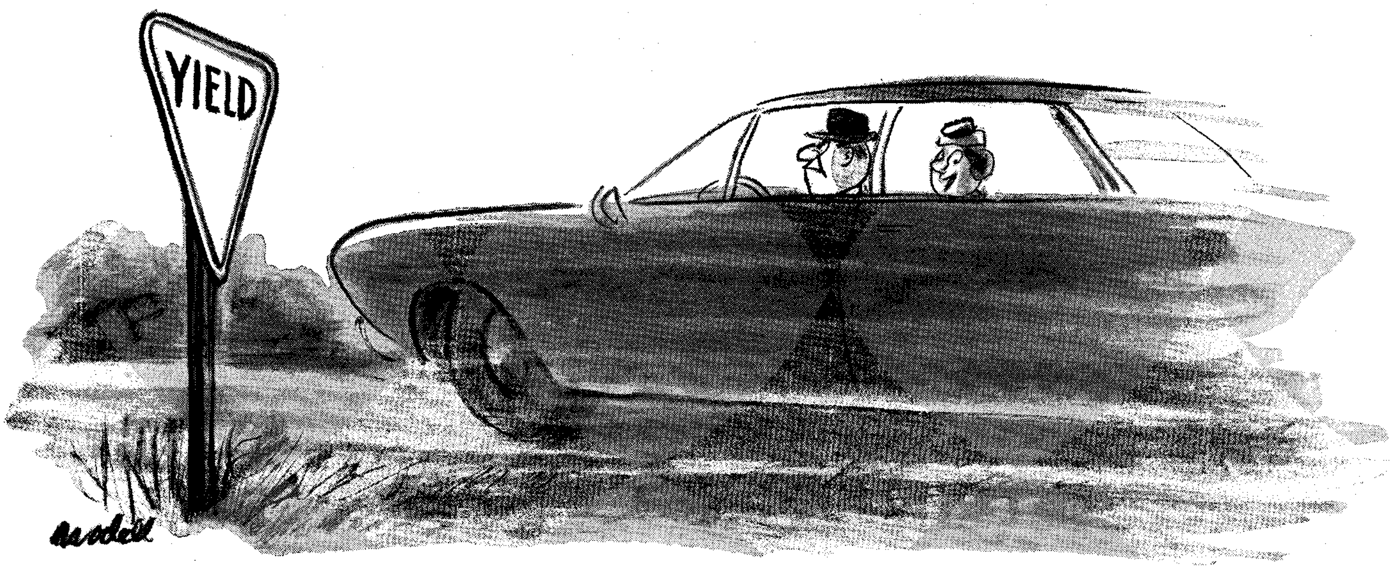
FIRE AND ICE

ONE thing that a mayor of New York rarely has to worry about is where to go on New Year's Eve. Late in the last afternoon of 1970, after a long day of crisis, small warfare, and business-as-usual at City Hall, John Lindsay—whose skill at dramatizing his predicaments (or, as politicians call it, "showboating") is a great trial to Lindsay nonbelievers—pointed out at a press conference that because of one end-of-the-year crisis or another he had not once since his election as mayor been free to celebrate New Year's Eve in the ordinary lighthearted way. New Year's Eve, 1970, would, of course, be no exception. As most of those in the room well remembered, Lindsay's first hours at City Hall—beginning at midnight, December 31, 1965—had started with a series of angry exchanges with Mike Quill, the head of the Transit Workers Union, which had culminated in a disastrous thirteen-day transit strike. Five years later, the city was once again facing a labor crisis involving an essential city service. It was pretty much the same old plot at the same old stand, but since in this case the penalty for not paying attention might be the fire next time, the drama held its audience.

By the time this year's critical night of judgment approached, however, the principals' lines were beginning to sound somewhat overrehearsed. Beginning in the late summer, the heads of the city's three uniformed services—police, fire, and sanitation—had proclaimed at regular intervals the undeniably crucial nature of their services to the city, and had outlined the additional wages and pension and retirement benefits that they expected to find in their new city contract, or else. At the same time, the Mayor, leaving it to local editorial writers to label the demands "unconscionable" and "outrageous," was issuing weekly press releases proclaiming the city's depressing financial circumstances in increasingly grisly terms. Throughout these exchanges, the recurrent word was "meaningful," with the unions insisting that the city was not conducting meaningful negotiations, and Lindsay's Director of Labor Relations, Herbert Haber, maintaining that it was, too, although he agreed tartly that if "meaningful" was defined as giving the unions everything they asked for, the negotiations had indeed not been meaningful.

All sides knew perfectly well that no negotiations could in fact be meaningful (whatever it meant) until after a decision was handed down by the State Court of Appeals later this month on a complicated case resulting from a raise that was granted two years ago to police sergeants, which immediately produced new claims by the patrolmen, reflecting their traditional right to a commensurate raise, or parity. Also riding on the court's decision was the further tradition that firemen get the same pay as policemen, and the fact that the sanitation men might well insist on similar benefits. By late December, the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association (which expects to win its case) indicated that they might be willing to bide their time until the decision came down. The Uniformed Firefighters Association, however, which had already emerged as the most militant of the three groups, now moved front and center with a reminder to the city that for the past two years its union constitution had contained a mandate to institute some form of job action, or slowdown, whenever a contract with the city was not in force. Asked why it was the firemen who were now making all the trouble, a former high police official commented cynically, "Nobody ever paid any attention to them before. They just went along. Now they're determined to have *their* turn on the six-o'clock news." In all the proclamations from the various sides, the new favored word became "mandate"—not only the firemen's mandate for job action but the city's mandate, under the Taylor Law, which forbids strikes by public employees, to apply for an injunction against the firemen in case of any job action. But despite all the portentous exchanges, there was the suspicion that many of the principals were convinced that the end-of-year crisis would somehow be survived, and that what threatened was not really Armageddon. During the last week of December, while the Mayor was being interviewed by a *Women's Wear Daily* reporter, the phone rang on his desk, and he picked it up. "I hate people who are skiing; it kills me," he said to the man on the other end of the line. Then, after a moment, he went on, "Can I persuade you to be on a panel to aid and assist in the uniformed-service negotiations we're in the midst of? . . . No, no, no, I don't think it will be too arduous. . . . There's a little problem of fire, but I think it's manageable."

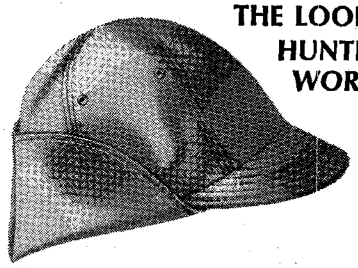
Two days before the end of the year, Lindsay had alluded to the dissatisfac-



"That really kills you, doesn't it?"

tions of the service unions in a manifesto dealing with one problem of the city that he does not regard as manageable. The various city agencies were in the process of presenting their fiscal requirements under the 1971-72 operating budget (unlike the capital, or construction, budget, which is largely paid for through bond issues, the operating budget is primarily funded by local taxes and state and federal aid), and the figure put forth by the Human Resources Administration—just one of the city's nine superagencies—came to 2.4 billion dollars, of which 2.1 billion reflected the soaring costs of welfare and Medicaid. Lindsay simply announced that he was rejecting it. The city did not have that kind of money, he said, and shouldn't be required to tax its citizens to provide it, since, he insisted, it was state and federal law that dictated who were eligible for welfare and what they should receive. He added that the enormous "mandated" welfare program "understandably troubles our police, fire, and sanitation men." The suspicion that the gesture was less a serious legal move than symbolic showboating—or, in other terms, a simple cry of defiant despair from the nation's most prominent urban leader—was reinforced when Martin Tolchin, a *Times* reporter, casually stopped by the Corporation Counsel's office and happened to mention the 1819 Supreme Court decision in McCulloch v. Maryland, which asserted that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy." When Tolchin asked whether the power to mandate costs might not be considered the same, he suddenly found himself being listened to respectfully by the city's lawyers, and when he left they were busily scribbling memos.

ONLY comparatively few of City Hall's vast number of daily problems are susceptible to showboating, however. Far more typically, the city government's last official public meeting on the last day of last year was a morning session of the City Planning Commission in a small conference room in its headquarters on the fifteenth floor of an office building two blocks north of City Hall. At the meeting, the Commission adopted the final draft of the city's capital budget for the next fiscal year, which it is charged with preparing for the Mayor. A few staff members, some reporters, and six of the seven Planning Commissioners sat around the big conference table awkwardly bumping elbows as they leafed through the oversized pages of the still



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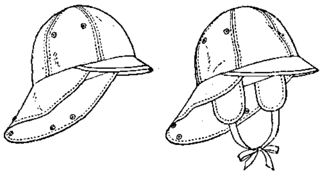

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unbound document, which called for an expenditure of 1.6 billion dollars for construction and capital-improvement projects. The first draft of the budget had been published on December 1st, and although more than three hundred citizens had spoken on it during three long days of public hearings, protesting that schools, hospitals, and other improvements desperately needed by their neighborhoods were being left out, there were few changes in the final budget, and the total had not been increased, in keeping with Lindsay's litanies on the city's grim fiscal position. The Commission's formal letter of transmittal to the Mayor, ordinarily a bland and routine affair, contained one unconventional paragraph: "We . . . note that while our hearings were going on in New York, our nation's leaders were wrestling with how much money it would cost to rescue an ailing private aircraft manufacturer. Rarely has the distance between action in Washington and the needs of the people as expressed here seemed so great." By coincidence, that morning's papers had carried a report that the federal government was proposing to spend three-quarters of a billion dollars to ease the financial predicament of Lockheed Aircraft.

"Is line ES 94 a new entry?" asked Mrs. Beverly Moss Spatt, the only woman Planning Commissioner, toward the end of the meeting. Donald Elliott, the chairman, in the tight voice of one who was certain that she only asked it to annoy, because she knew it teased him, assured her that the item had appeared in the first draft. For her last official appearance—her term would run out that midnight—Mrs. Spatt, a thin, auburn-haired woman in her mid-forties, whose hazel eyes a New York *Post* reporter had recently labelled "as humorless as a newt's," was dressed in a tight-fitting lavender sweater, a midi-length striped skirt tasselled at the hem, and suède boots. The daughter of a former Brooklyn surrogate judge long active in Borough Hall politics, Mrs. Spatt—the only remaining Commissioner who had been named by Lindsay's predecessor, Robert F. Wagner—had confounded early impressions of her as strictly a clubhouse appointee by spending most of her spare hours during her more than five years on the Commission studying at New York University for an advanced degree in city planning, a subject on which few of her fellow-Commissioners (including the chairman, a former associate in John Lindsay's old law firm) are certified experts. In recent

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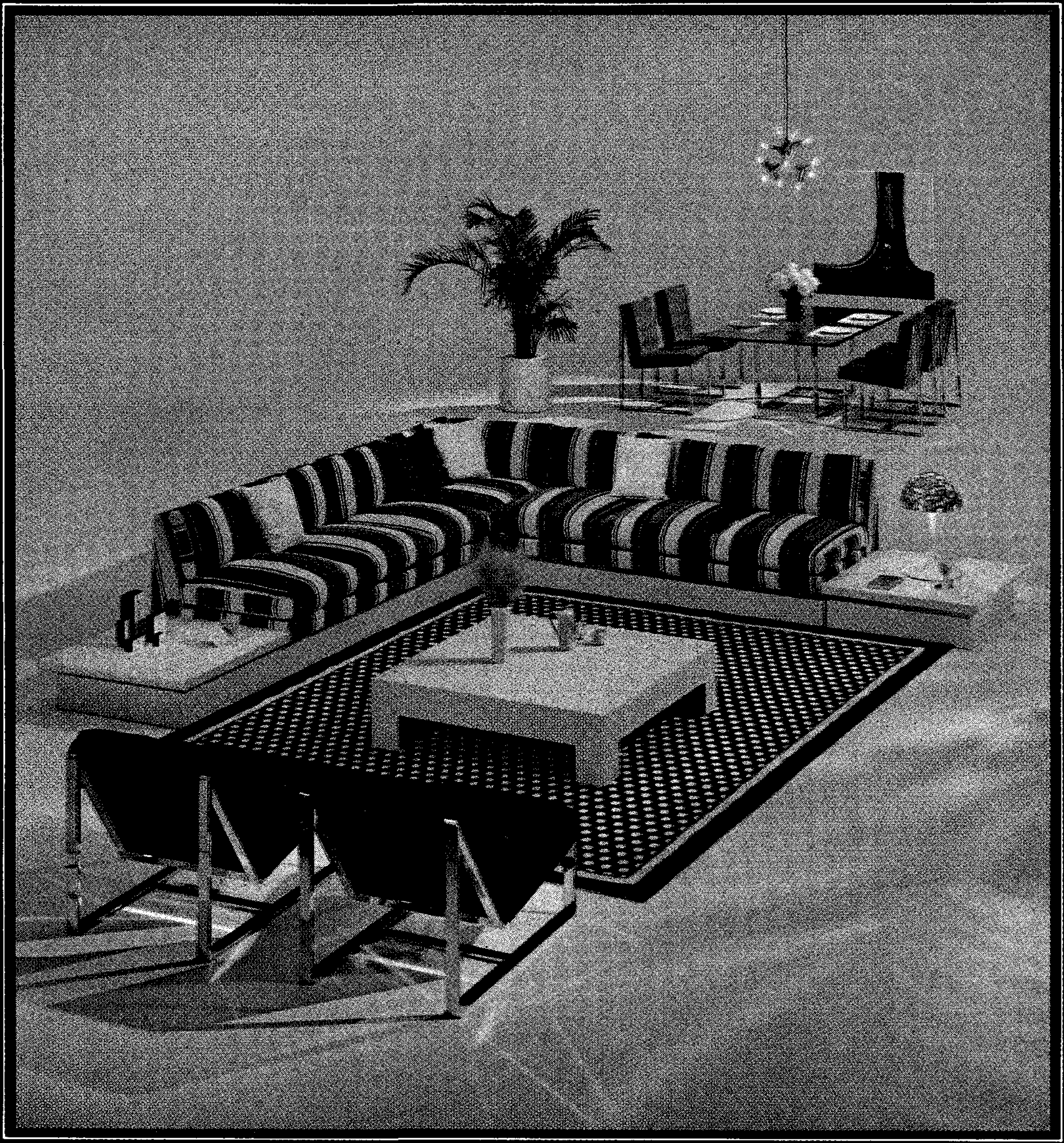
years, her dissents from Commission decisions had been frequent, acerbic, and crammed with footnotes. In addition, she had from time to time conveyed the impression that she thought the Commission was playing into the hands of real-estate interests, had willingly opened her office to discussions with neighborhood groups protesting Commission policies, and, during open hearings, had sometimes made remarks, in her rather chirpy voice, that provoked the usually self-contained Elliott into shouting matches. To no one's surprise, the chairman had recommended that she not be reappointed ("I don't think she plays a useful role"), although a campaign for her reappointment had been supported not only by four of the five Borough Presidents and close to half of the City Councilmen but by a quarter of the employees of the Department of City Planning and by numerous professional organizations, including the American Institute of Planners. When her final meeting as a Commissioner was adjourned, at 11:40 A.M. on this last day of the year, everyone in the conference room stood up and began gathering his papers together. After a few minutes, Mrs. Spatt went over to her colleagues. "Well, Happy New Year, gentlemen," she said. They looked at her blankly. "The least you could have done was wish me a Happy New Year," she said, moving toward the door.

IN his City Hall office, the Mayor had by this time learned that at a morning meeting the firemen had rejected the recommendation of the city's chief mediator, Eric J. Schmertz, which was that the firemen follow the lead of the police and sanitation workers in continuing to work under the old contract until the crucial Court of Appeals decision came down. Michael Maye, the president of the U.F.A., had apparently not urged this course very loudly upon his fellow union members at the meeting, probably because he was too busy putting down noisy demands from all parts of the hall that the union call not a simple job action but a full-scale strike—that is, pull out of the fire stations entirely. ("This is it—my kids need shoes. The city's been poormouthing too long," said one fireman as he stomped out of the hall. "Look at that welfare budget," he added, obligingly reinforcing the Mayor's point of two days before.) Lindsay now announced that Herbert Haber, the two Deputy Mayors (Richard Aurelio and Timothy Costello), Fire Commissioner Robert Lowery, Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, and other top police and fire officers would gather in his office at two o'clock for a high-level strategy meeting, to be followed by a press conference. Several of the men, he added, would then move down the hall to join other members of the Emergency Control Board for a strategy session on City Hall's second major crisis of the day: according to the latest Weather Bureau forecast, the winter's first big snowstorm would begin in the early evening. To the Lindsay regime, of course, "snow" has been a four-letter word not confronted lightly since the famous case of the missing snowplows in Queens two winters ago. During the rest of the afternoon, Jerome Kretchmer, the Environmental Protection Administrator—a tall, tousle-haired young man who is often teased about his resemblance to Elliott Gould—was seen moving in and out of Lindsay's office, looking even more intensely involved and exhilarated than usual. It would be his first real snow since he took over the additional duties of Sanitation Commissioner late in the summer.

THE word in the corridors outside the Mayor's office was that Beverly Spatt's successor, due to be announced that afternoon, would be an Italian-American from Brooklyn, which sounded like a shrewd political move, since Brooklyn was Mrs. Spatt's home borough, and since Mario Procaccino's taunt about Lindsay and his "Manhattan arrangement"—a term widely understood to include the word "Wasp"—was well remembered. Local Puerto Ricans had been clamoring for representation on the Planning Commission (one Commissioner, Ivan Michael, is black), but they would have to wait; City Hall was currently going through an Italianate phase. Early in the afternoon, thirty-three-year-old John Zuccotti, the new Planning Commissioner, arrived at City Hall. By then, reporters had made phone calls to several Brooklyn Italian leaders, who said they'd never heard of him. It soon developed that he had moved to that borough only a few weeks before; in fact, he had been born and had spent most of his life in Manhattan, where he was now practicing law. The press release on the Zuccotti appointment issued by the Mayor's office (its seven hundred and twenty-first of the year) credited him with a number of city-planning achievements, but this cut no ice at all with several City Councilmen



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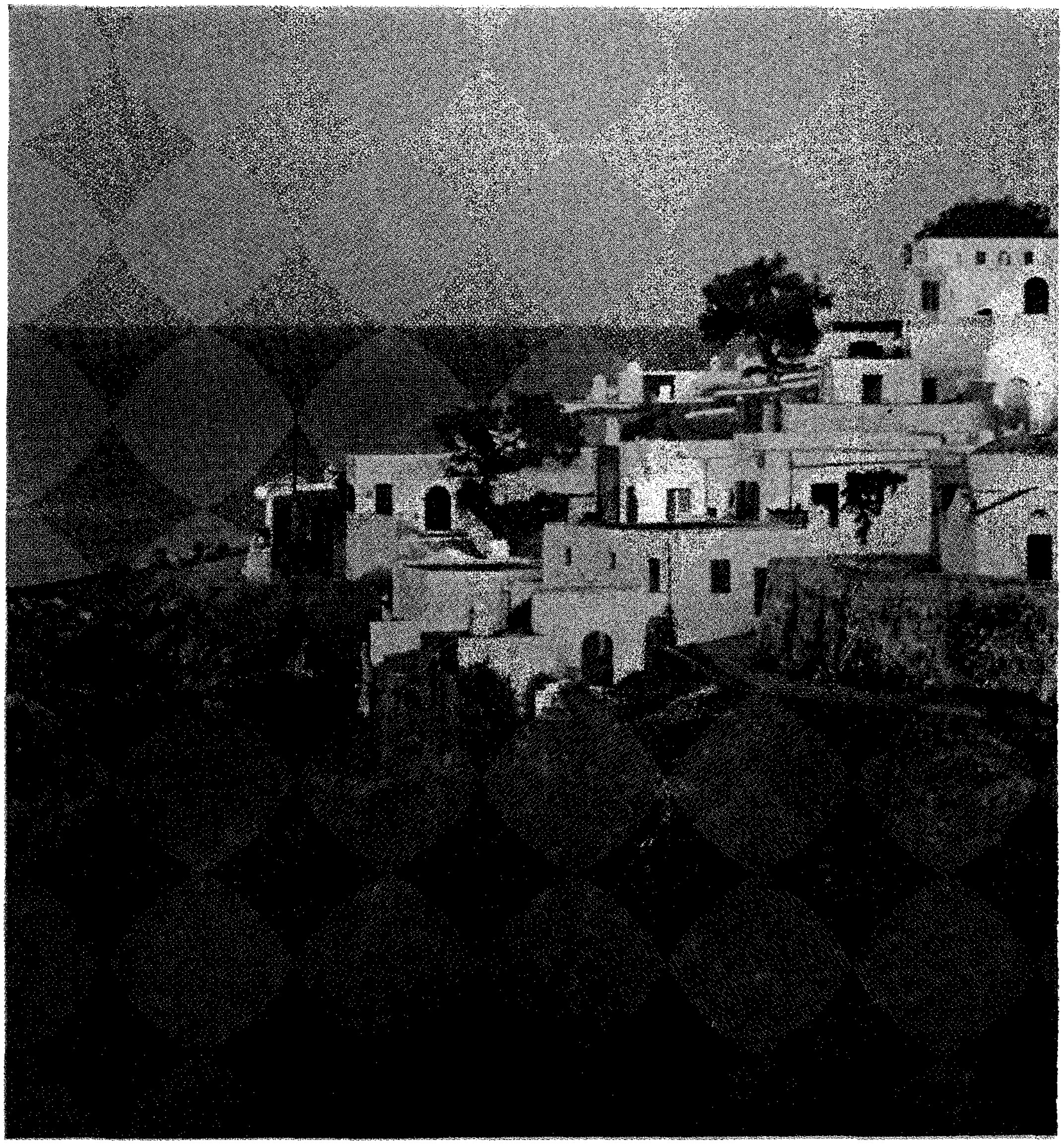

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standing around grousing in the eighty-foot rotunda that separates the Mayor's office, in the west wing, and the City Council offices, in the east—a demilitarized zone where the ban on overt hostilities between the two camps is only occasionally violated. The Councilmen had discovered at the bottom of the page the information that the new man was an Ivy Leaguer. Meanwhile, Zuccotti, of Princeton and the Yale Law School, was having his picture taken, with his wife and their two small children, standing between the Mayor and Donald Elliott. In the radio interviews that followed—appropriately, they were conducted in the office of Deputy Mayor Aurelio a few feet from the portrait of Christopher Columbus—the square-faced, pleasant-looking young man insisted, without being prompted, that he found many of Mrs. Spatt's ideas valuable, and that he planned to emulate her "degree of independence." In a parting announcement, Lindsay had dismissed her contributions to the city as "energetic," while Chairman Elliott had called her "frivolous." "I may be humorless, but I am *not* frivolous," declared Mrs. Spatt, who had not been invited to the ceremony but had come to City Hall anyway. "I wish this new man luck. Lindsay believes in dissent for everyone but the people he works with."

TO many of New York's retired public figures, City Hall is a kind of club, to which they return again and again in search of some of the old controversy and excitement. Among the visitors that afternoon, as everyone was standing around waiting for the end of the high-level strategy conference in the Mayor's office, was seventy-seven-year-old Samuel Leibowitz, the famous criminal lawyer of a generation ago and later a stern judge of the Kings County Supreme Court, who moved slowly through the corridors looking for old friends, defending the verdicts in half-forgotten murder cases, and shaking his head in distress when anyone spoke up against capital punishment. The question of the treatment of criminals came up often that day because of Lindsay's distribution, about noon, of a letter he had received from Corporation Counsel J. Lee Rankin. The letter reported on the progress of an investigation into the beating of prisoners in the Branch Queens House of Detention on October 5th, following the uprising there; three hostage guards had been released after negotiations that included Commissioner of Correction George McGrath's guarantee to the prisoners that they would suffer no physical reprisals. A close reading of the Rankin letter indicated that all prisoners so far interrogated as witnesses to the beatings were still under detention—that is, awaiting trial—in city jails, and thus possibly in the care of the same guards their testimony might inconvenience. Rankin wrote that his office hoped to complete its investigation by the end of January, or nearly four months after it had begun. "But you heard the Great God Lindsay say McGrath was doing a magnificent job in the city prisons, so what's the problem?" one reporter asked as the buzzer sounded in the pressroom, signalling the end of the strategy session and the beginning of the press conference.

AS Lindsay walked across the hall from his office to the so-called Blue Room, where press conferences are held, it was already dark outside City Hall's tall, leaded windows. When the television lights were finally adjusted, the Mayor, who is wearing his hair longer these days, brought the roomful of reporters up to date on the double crisis, which came down to fire and ice. To prepare for the threatened twelve-inch snowstorm, twelve hundred sanitation men had been called out on overnight duty. During the afternoon, the city had applied for and been granted an injunction against the firemen's job action. The Mayor did not go into the fact that the U.F.A. had announced that its men would ignore the injunction, and although he lavishly praised the "responsible" attitude of the police and sanitation workers, he declined a television reporter's invitation to call the firemen irresponsible. ("If he'd treated them the way he treated Mike Quill, the city would already be in flames," commented one old City Hall hand. "I do believe he's learned something in five years.") The conference adjourned—in accordance with the unwritten bylaws of all significant municipal events—in time to be covered on the six-o'clock television news. Lindsay moved back to his office for a meeting with the Corporation Counsel and other members of his staff on his welfare manifesto.

MEANWHILE, at a small gathering in the administrative offices of the City Council, which are in City Hall's basement, Robert Postel, a Democratic Councilman who has been especially active in calling for prison re-

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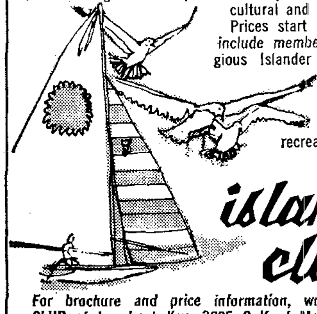

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form, was doing fantastic tricks with one of a supply of yo-yos that someone had provided—after all, it was New Year's Eve. Also present was John E. Kelly, president of the Uniformed Fire Officers Association—a stocky, curly-haired man with the head of an Irish poet who, along with Michael Maye, had been subpoenaed for an appearance in court the following week. "They're going to send me to jail," he kept saying, smiling broadly. As he and everyone else there knew, the penalties that would really cripple either of the firemen's unions would be the imposition of the large daily fines provided for in the Taylor Law and the loss of the automatic checkoff arrangement for union dues—but even these would not get the city's fires put out if many of the firemen followed through on some of their current threats. Another guest was Edward Kiernan, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, a solemn giant of a man who wanted to know what Lindsay had been saying upstairs. "I hope to the Lord he didn't say anything nice about me," said Kiernan. "If he did, I'm in bad trouble."

MOST of the rest of the night at City Hall was given over to a snow watch. The snow began falling soon after midnight and continued until late the next afternoon. The vast snow-removal process went smoothly; Queens had no special complaints. (The city's bill ultimately came to nearly a million dollars, including $323,344 for rock salt and $619,466 in overtime pay.) Very early on New Year's morning, while the snow was still coming down heavily and all cars were being warned to stay off the roads, the Mayor set out on the long drive to Albany, where Nelson Rockefeller was to be inaugurated at noon for his fourth term as governor. It was Lindsay's first trip there since his endorsement of Rockefeller's opponent in the November election. It wasn't Canossa by any means, but in the new year Lindsay would clearly need all the friends he could get. As it turned out, he was the only big-city mayor who made it, and Rockefeller, on his way down the aisle after the ceremony, stopped and invited him for lunch. No one knows what they talked about, but it was probably worth the trip.

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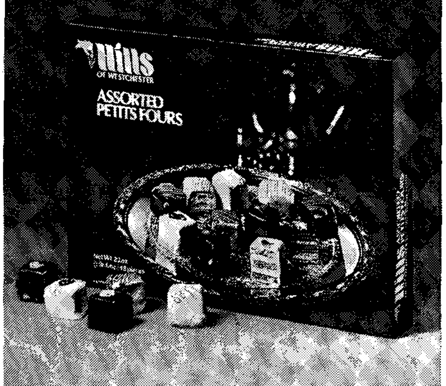

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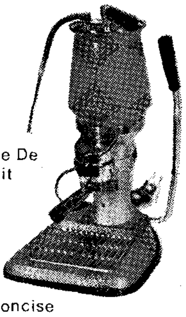

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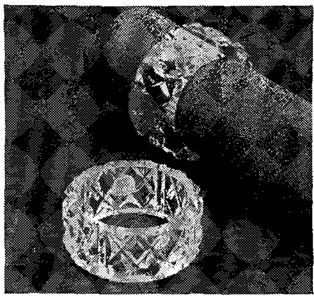

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WAITING FOR THE ROSES

THE first spectators at the Tournament of Roses parade began gathering along the parade route on the morning of December 30th, giving them forty-six hours to wait for the first rose. At ten-thirty, a few members of the Christian Minstrels, a young people's chorus sponsored by the Pasadena First Church of the Nazarene, staked out an area on the west side of South Orange Grove Boulevard that was thought to be large enough for all seventy Minstrels and twenty or thirty followers. Not long after that, an advance party of the Heitman family set up a few cots and a hibachi across the street, occupying the same spot they have had for almost every Tournament of Roses parade since about the time Shirley Temple was Grand Marshal. Over the years, the Tournament of Roses parade as seen from South Orange Grove has become a kind of family reunion for the Heitmans—with children and grandchildren and relatives and friends and visitors from back in Nebraska—and reserving enough territory seems to require an earlier arrival every year. A lot of people like to watch the parade on South Orange Grove—before it turns down Colorado Street for the long march through the Pasadena business district—on the theory that after coming only a few blocks neither the flowers nor the bands are likely to have wilted. But long before the first spectators arrive at any other part of South Orange Grove the space along the curb between Colorado and Green—the block the Heitmans and the Christian Minstrels had chosen—is entirely spoken for. The peculiar attraction of the stretch between Colorado and Green is visible at the top of some grandstands erected on the east side of the street for the parade—the control booth and cameras of C.B.S. television.

The traditional advantage of being on the same block as television cameras is the effect they have on the bands and the equestrian units and the people riding the floats: there are no bands ambling along between songs when they pass the Heitmans. But most of the spectators who arrived toward the evening of the thirtieth to claim space on the west side of the street—the side facing the C.B.S. booth—seemed to have plans for appearing on camera themselves. The decision of the Christian Minstrels to try for front-row space on South Orange Grove had come after one of their members was chosen a princess in the Tournament of Roses court. But in addition to greeting the princess and this year's grand marshal, Billy Graham, the young Nazarenes hoped to hold up some signs for Jesus and to do some singing that might give the Christian Minstrels national television exposure. A publicity release prepared for C.B.S. by one of the advisers to the chorus pointed out that the Christian Minstrels had made two record albums, that they planned to greet Billy Graham by singing his theme song and holding up their index fingers to signify "One Way—Christ's Way," and that anyone who wanted to interview them would find that "they have been trained to be courteous, warm, and responsive." By the evening of the thirtieth, space down the street from the Minstrels had been roped off by representatives of the Jewish Youth Council of the Greater Los Angeles Area, whose members planned to display banners protesting the Leningrad trials and demanding that the Jews of Russia be allowed to emigrate. Farther toward Green, a young woman named Vaughan Kaprow, shivering in the evening cold, began holding space for another organization that had a special greeting for Billy Graham—the Pasadena Women's Liberation Group. After reading a *Ladies' Home Journal* article by Graham that they found particularly offensive, the women's liberationists had decided that the Tournament of Roses parade would provide a fine opportunity for letting him know that they considered him a sexist and a false prophet.

THE Heitmans could presumably pay for reserved seats in the grandstand behind them—Clair Heitman, the head of the family, is a physician who now practices in Stockton—but they aren't likely to. When the people who stroll down South Orange Grove a day or two before the parade ask Dr. Heitman why he bothers to reserve space by camping out, he may say, "Oh, something to do," or, "It's different." But his daughter, a student at Glendale College, has said, "After being on the front line, it kind of ruins it for you not being on the front line. Watching it from the grandstand would be the same as going to Paris and staying at a Hilton. It would be like seeing any other parade. I'm not sure if we'd even watch it if we couldn't get this spot." The Heitmans share the feeling of Homer Boulin—who, with the help of a couple of teen-agers, had reserved huge areas on either side of them—that being in the front row means "you're more *in* the parade than watching the parade." Last year, Boulin walked out and shook

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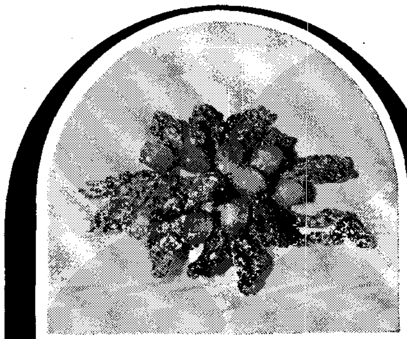

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hands with one of the Apollo 12 astronauts; Mrs. Heitman can remember when Hopalong Cassidy stopped to talk to her daughter. Boulin, a young black man who is active in the Altadena Seventh-Day Adventist Church, got in the habit of organizing a front-row section for church members and friends ten or twelve years ago, when he lived near the parade route. He seems to be a friendly and forthright man, but he spends a lot of the two days before the parade talking about "scheming." The scheming that Boulin engages in himself is strictly defensive scheming. He bustles around checking the twine that encircles his group's boundaries, making sure he always has someone guarding each piece of territory, complaining that people haven't come through with the promised folding chairs, and, most of all, worrying about his space being stolen. There are customs about how much space can be held and what constitutes holding it, but there aren't many firm rules. "You've got to scheme," Boulin says. "You've got to think how they're going to think, or they'll steal something on you."

The most dangerous time for long-waiters is the move to the blue line. Until about midnight New Year's Eve, nobody is supposed to move into the street; the front line of a group's folding chairs or cots or sleeping bags goes only to the curb. Then, after the traffic has been cut off, everyone is allowed to move out to a blue line that has been painted in the street to indicate how close the crowd can stand during the parade. In some places, the blue line may be ten feet from the curb, and Boulin is haunted by the thought that just before the move to the line some squatter could come right off the street and take that space from people who had been waiting a day or two at the curb. "Usually, I try to get everyone to agree to move out to the blue line at ten or eleven," Boulin says. "You *got* to do a little scheming."

BY the morning of the thirty-first, twenty-four hours before the parade was scheduled to pass by, virtually all of the front-line territory between Green and Colorado had been claimed. The Heitmans and Boulin's Seventh-Day Adventists controlled almost the entire east side of the street. On the west side, near the Women's Liberation area, folding chairs five or six rows deep had been set up for large groups from two more Nazarene churches. A pastor from the Hermosa Beach church explained that in the 1971 parade the Nazarenes could claim

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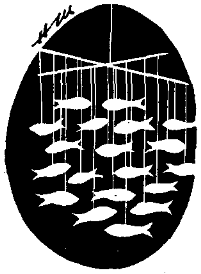
not only three of the six princesses but the president of the 82nd Annual Tournament of Roses—A. Lewis Shingler, who worked his way up to that civic honor by twenty-five years of volunteer labor, which, according to a press release, included serving on twenty-two committees and coördinating ten planning units. The Hermosa Beach group had already prepared a sign greeting Shingler, as well as one that said "Good Morning C.B.S.—Hermosa Beach Church of the Nazarene." In the middle of the block, a few small family groups had slipped in, and some space had been claimed by a group of high-school students from the La Cañada, California, Environmental Action Group.



During the previous night, a group of young men from around South Gate and Lynwood, working-class white sections in southern Los Angeles, had wandered in, and, noticing that nearly everyone else on the west side of South Orange Grove was pushing some cause, had started talking about police harassment on Tweedy Boulevard, in South Gate, their cruising street. They had built a low platform next to the Christian Minstrels—out of wood sold cut-rate in return for a promise to flash signs with the lumber company's name in front of the C.B.S. cameras—and had raised a Lynwood-South Gate banner over it to attract the Tweedy Boulevard crowd. "Our whole main purpose is meeting people," said a young man who looked very much like Ringo Starr. "That's just the way we are. We like to meet people."

"That's right," said a young man in a Shell-filling-station shirt. "Especially girls."

The Lynwood-South Gate representatives turned out to be good-natured—they liked to say "You're under arrest!" to passing girls, but not in a threatening way—and they had no problems getting along with the Christian Minstrels. "They're actually nicer than they look," someone on the block said, nodding toward the Lynwood-South Gate sign. "Although nicer than *they* look is not hard to be."

The representative of the Jewish Youth Council spent part of the thirty-first talking politics up and down South Orange Grove. His group planned to cheer both Billy Graham and George Putnam, a right-wing newscaster who always leads an equestrian unit in the parade. Because Putnam had participated in a Los Angeles rally denouncing Soviet anti-Semitism, it was hoped that he might react to the greeting by riding over to the Youth Council's banner ("Russia: Let the Jews Go") and luring the television camera with him. The Youth Council's representative thought it was too bad that his group would have to be on the opposite side from the Women's Liberation Group on the Billy Graham issue, but he accepted the situation as the kind of thing that could be expected in politics. "A lot of us dig Women's Lib," he said. "But Graham made a good statement on Soviet Jewry, so we have to play kissie with him for a while." The signs denouncing Graham would constitute the first demonstration by the Pasadena Women's Liberation Group, a moderate organization, and their exact wording was still being discussed as New Year's Eve approached. "I wouldn't be surprised if a sign with 'sex' on it caused trouble," one of the members said, smiling, during a discussion of how best to express opposition to Graham's sexism. " 'False prophet' is probably all right."

The talk on South Orange Grove occasionally turned to whether or not the demonstrators could count on their messages' being on television. A lot of people on South Orange Grove took it for granted that, being the only background to the parade available, they were bound to appear on television, but some pessimists believed that C.B.S. would at least avoid dwelling on the signs—treating the Pasadena Women's Liberation Group and the Jewish Youth Council of Greater Los Angeles more or less the way television has traditionally treated a fight that breaks out during a baseball game. Among the most cynical on South Orange Grove there was a belief that, considering the money coverage of the parade brought in to a television network, C.B.S. might be capable of some pretty uncanny camerawork when faced with the possibility of offending the Tournament of Roses Association by acknowledging the presence of anything other than unrestrained civic joy on New Year's Day in Pasadena.

Toward evening, all of the front-line groups had people camped behind them. Some people who start the parade vigil on the evening of the thirty-first consider the parade itself an anticlimax: they like spending New Year's Eve on South Orange Grove or Colorado, both of which have sufficient density to qualify as New Year's Eve parties fairly

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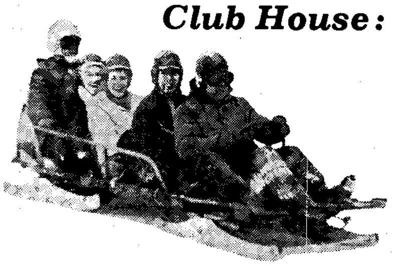

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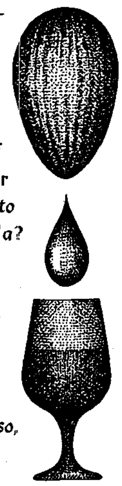

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early in the evening. For veterans like Homer Boulin, the party atmosphere is somewhat diminished by the knowledge that an apparently carefree celebrant could be a space-stealer in disguise. At eight o'clock, part of the space between the curb and the blue line in front of the Jewish Youth Council was occupied by squatters who refused to move. The rest of the front-line space-savers on the west side of the street immediately moved out to the blue line, four hours ahead of schedule. Gazing at the squatters, Dr. Heitman talked about hooliganism. Homer Boulin said that he had known there was going to be trouble, but he seemed relieved when the move to the blue line was accomplished without wholesale disaster.

On New Year's Day, an hour before the 82nd Annual Tournament of Roses parade, the west side of South Orange Grove between Green and Colorado was a garden of signs. A Lutheran youth group had lined up behind the Hermosa Beach Nazarene signs holding a banner bearing New Year's blessings; some people had arrived with a sign greeting their grandmother in Dayton, who claimed to have seen their sign on television three years in a row. The Christian Minstrels—the boys in blue blazers, the girls in red jumpers—held not only a huge banner identifying the group but a lot of smaller signs about the relevancy of Jesus. In front of the Jewish Youth Council section—a section draped with banners about freeing the Jews—an organizer was reminding everyone of parade plans. "Remember, when Graham comes by, we say 'Save the Jews!' " he said. "When Putnam comes by, we say 'Let the Jews Go!' " The La Cañada Environmental Action Group displayed signs saying "Ecology Now" and "Resist Pollution." A number of women's liberationists and their supporters marched to their section in a group, holding placards like "Billy Is a Sexist" and "Welcome Balaam Graham—Sell-Out Prophet" and "Equal Pay for Equal Work." The Nazarenes booed. Across the street, Homer Boulin hurried up and down, rearranging a seating chart as he went. "I'm trying to get the front row all schemed into," he said.

As the women's liberationists were getting settled into their territory and arranging their signs, one of the Men in White—the Tournament of Roses Association members who traditionally wear white suits while managing the parade—came over to ask what their purpose was. He was given a press re-

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lease about Billy Graham's sexism. A few minutes later, a policeman showed up to confiscate the women's signs, on the ground that they had blocked the view of those standing behind the demonstrators—the view of what remaining unspecified, since the parade still hadn't started. When it became clear that the women were willing to put up a serious argument about it, the policeman decided that the smaller signs could remain if kept below the shoulder. Some of the Men in White held a conference at the corner, and one of them finally came over to speak to Mrs. Kaprow, the first claimant of the territory, who happened to be sitting in a folding chair on the first row, holding the sign that said "Billy Is a Sexist." The Man in White asked Mrs. Kaprow not to display that particular sign, explaining that it was not the kind of thing that belonged on television. Mrs. Kaprow denied the request, whereupon one of the Men in White, looking mildly embarrassed, was stationed directly in front of Mrs. Kaprow—raising the possibility that someday a press release about a Tournament of Roses president will say that he served on twenty committees, coördinated a dozen planning units, and stood loyally in front of a sign that said "sexist." Another policeman tried to persuade Mrs. Kaprow to give up the sign, and, after failing at that, started marching up and down in front of the Women's Liberation section making sure nobody's toes were touching the blue line. Two more Men in White stood by, at the ready.

Suddenly, the parade was passing. When Billy Graham came down South Orange Grove on the Grand Marshal's float a few minutes later, holding up his index finger to signify "One Way—Christ's Way," a Man in White and a policeman were standing sternly in front of Mrs. Kaprow, protecting the television audience from her sign. Their services were unneeded. For all a viewer could tell from the C.B.S. coverage, there were no women's liberationists present to boo Billy Graham or Jewish Youth Council members to cheer him—just the same kind of happy, cheerful crowd that had lined the streets when Shirley Temple was Grand Marshal. —CALVIN TRILLIN

●

He said a new bridge was required at the site since the old bridge did not meet specifications of the State Highways Department. The bridge collapsed several months ago.—*Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record.*

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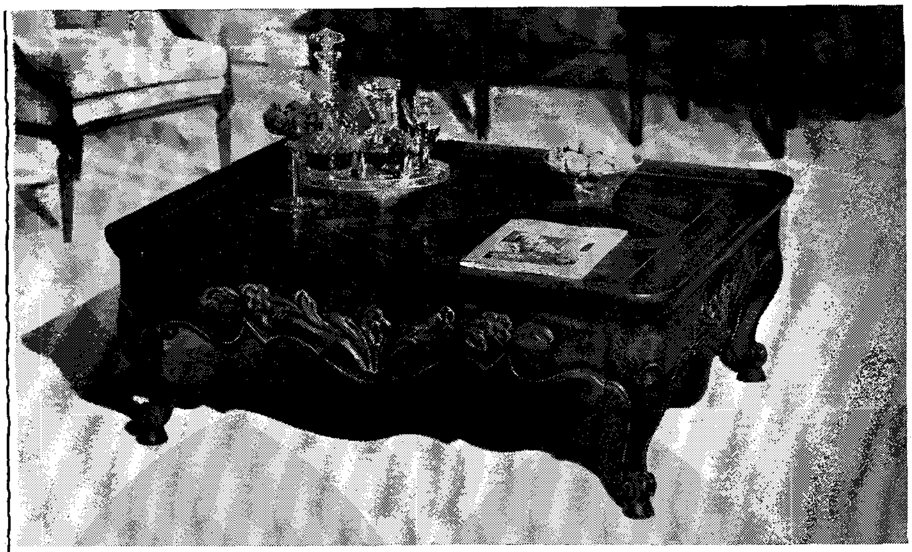

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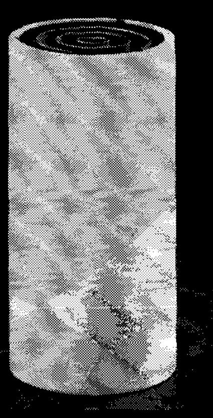

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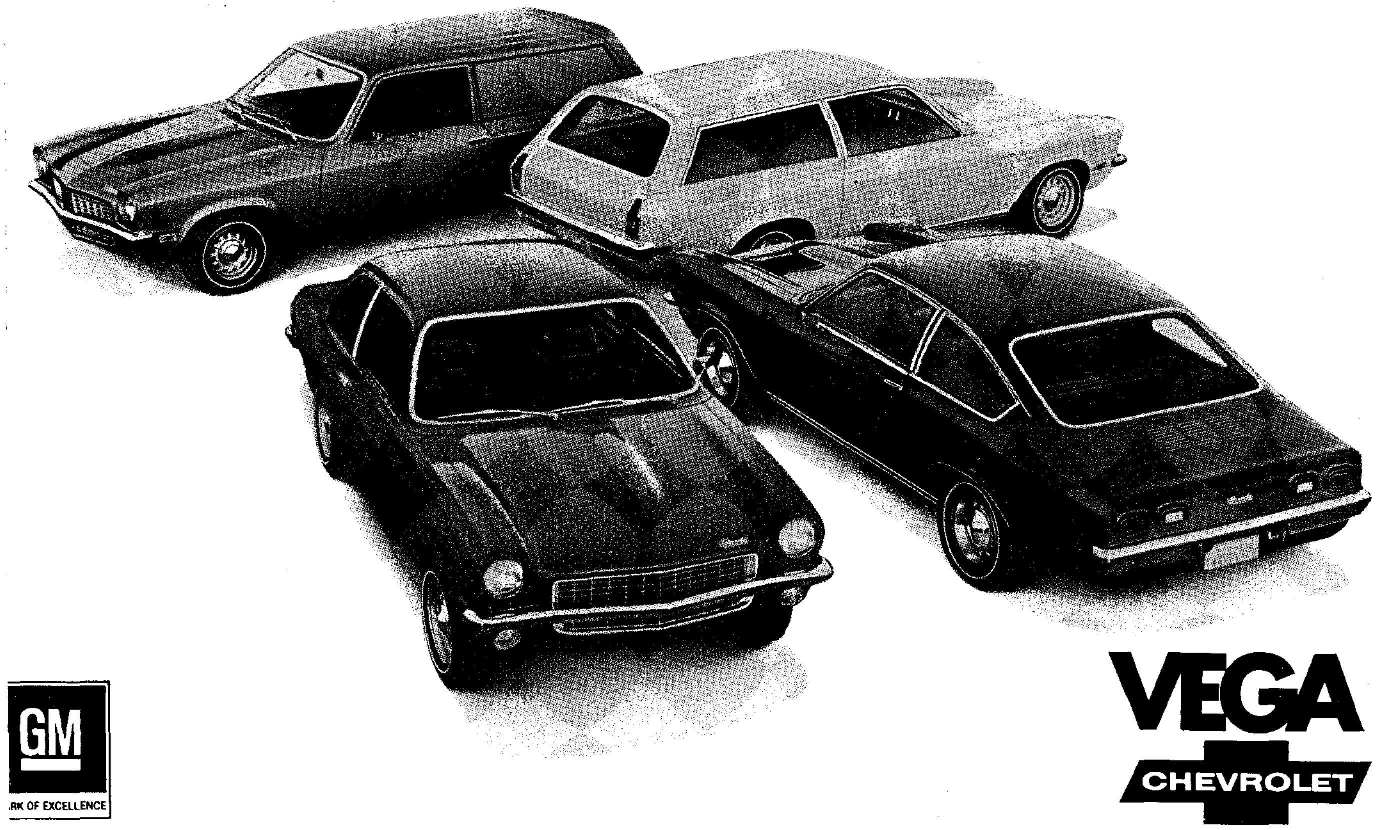

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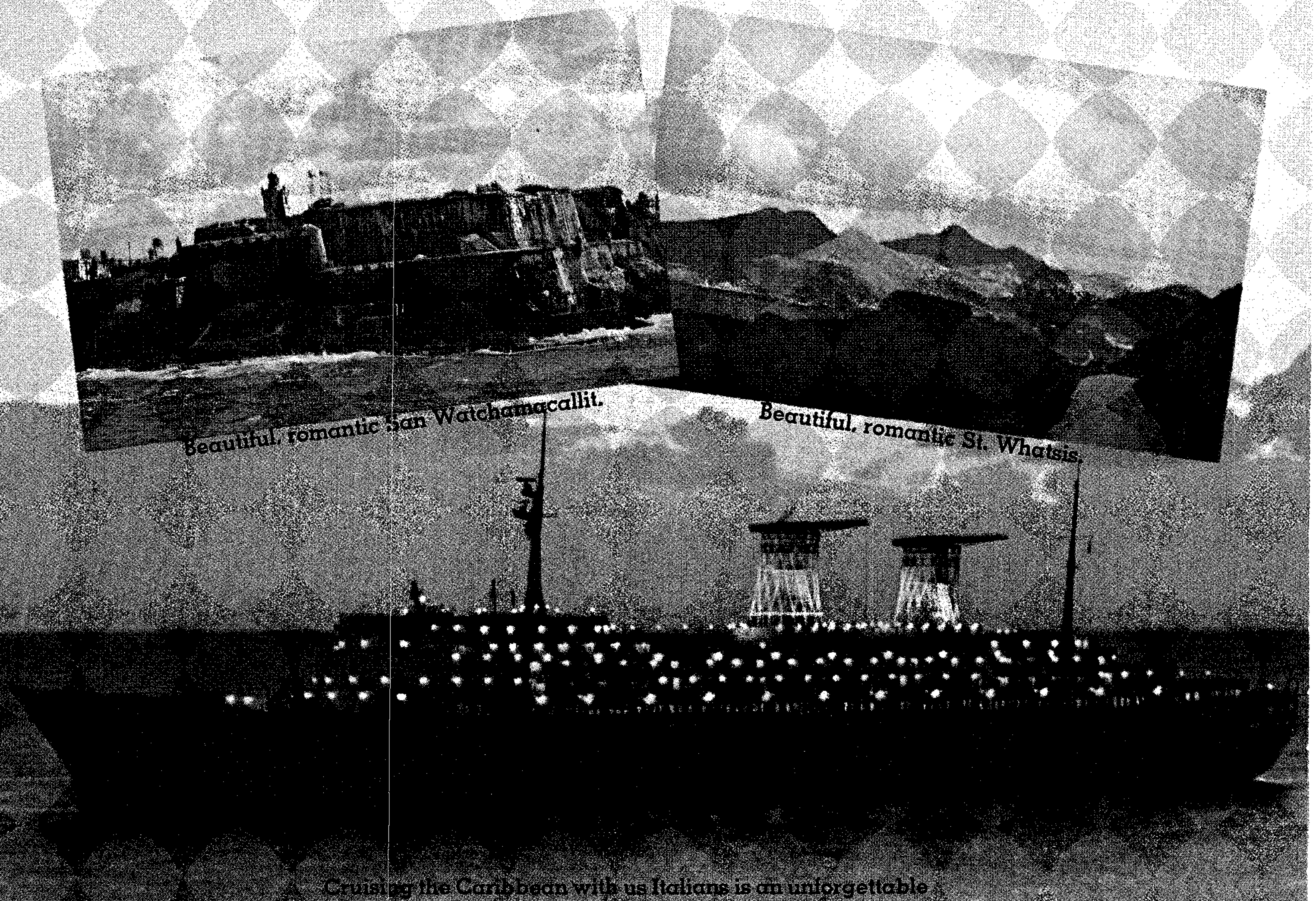

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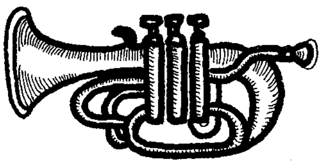
MUSICAL EVENTS

Farewell?



SHOSTAKOVICH's Fourteenth Symphony, which was given its first New York performance by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday night, is a fascinating work in several ways. Its structure is spare, requiring only about twenty instrumentalists, plus a soprano and a bass as soloists. It contains no ideological bombast. On the contrary, its subject is a universal one—death. As I listened to it, the thought came to me that it may constitute the composer's farewell, for it bears strong resemblances to Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," which in its time was considered a farewell. Like "Das Lied," the Fourteenth Symphony is a song cycle accompanied by orchestra. And the analogies do not stop there. Shostakovich has, if one can judge from his music, always been an admirer of Mahler. There are passages in the Fifth Symphony that are practically quotations from Mahler. And the same is true of the Fourteenth: there is a malagueña, based on a García Lorca poem, that has all the earmarks of one of those grotesque Mahler scherzos, and there is also a direct quotation of that melancholy up-and-down movement of a minor third that is so prominent in "Das Lied" and can also be heard elsewhere in Mahler. This element of Mahler's vocabulary is particularly noticeable at the end of the movement entitled "The Suicide," and it occurs in other places, too—notably in the movement entitled "O Delvig, Delvig!," which is the most lyrically beautiful part of the entire work. But the most surprising thing about this symphony is the inclusion, in this very movement, of some lines by the obscure Russo-German poet Wilhelm Karlovich Küchelbecker that could be read, or heard, as a protest against the conditions imposed upon the artist in the Soviet Union:

> O Delvig, Delvig! What reward
> For high deeds and poetry?
> For talent what comfort is there
> Among knaves and fools?
> In the stern hand of Juvenal
> A terrible whip lashed at villains,
> Drove the color from their cheeks,
> And made powerful tyrants tremble.

Of course, the lines can be read in other ways, too. After all, it was the Czar's government that Küchelbecker was complaining about (he died in exile in Siberia). Still, considering the neo-Stalinist conditions that now obtain, one marvels at the composer's audacity. And one also marvels at the fact that the symphony has not only been played but also recorded in Soviet Russia.

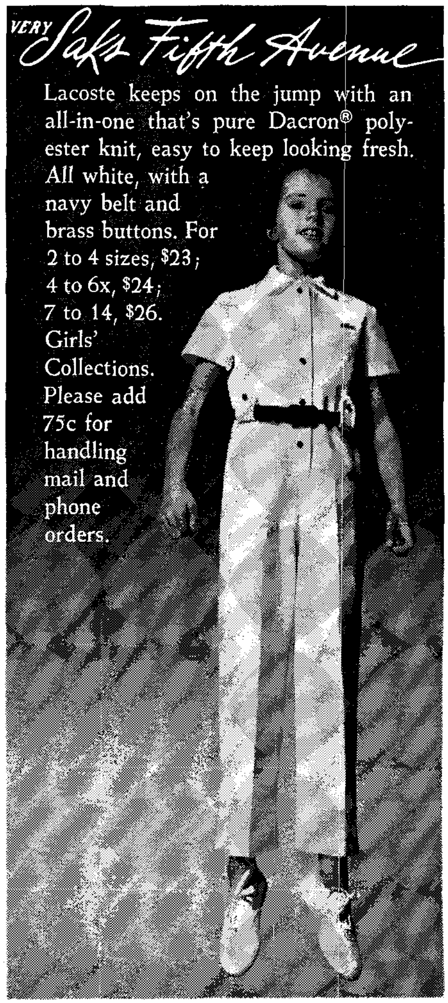
Setting aside these political speculations, I shall now try to get down to the character and quality of the work. To my mind, it is one of Shostakovich's finest creations, harking back, in its simplicity, to the First Symphony yet containing a deep flow of sincerity which that brash, satirical work never sought to approach. We have here a mature Shostakovich, freed of all worldly considerations (and "worldly" in Russia means "ideological"), singing his heart out about universal human concerns in a way that recalls Dostoevski or Tolstoy. The poets whose words have been set to music are an international lot—Lorca, Guillaume Apollinaire, Küchelbecker, and Rainer Maria Rilke. Each poem is made into a song, sung by the soprano or the bass or both, accompanied by a small orchestra with remarkable feeling for color and mood. Lorca's "De Profundis" and "Malagueña" are followed by six of Apollinaire's works—"Lorelei," "The Suicide," "On Watch," "Madam, Look!," "In Prison," and "The Zaporozhian Cossacks' Answer to the Sultan of Constantinople." I found all of these very moving. But it is "O Delvig, Delvig!," which is placed—I am sure purposely—in the strategic penultimate location, where the composer is at his most touching (I say "penultimate" because this was the next-to-last serious and extensive poem the composer used). Then comes Rilke's "The Death of the Poet." The following "Conclusion," also to words by Rilke, is very short, and struck me as the only flaw in the work. It is boisterous and loud, and brings what is a predominantly meditative and subjective composition to a rather rough end. Never mind. There are few other living composers who could even attempt such a work with any success.

The performance was remarkably good. The singers sang in Russian. They were Phyllis Curtin, whose extraordinary intelligence and sense of style as a soprano have long been familiar to me, and Simon Estes, a splendid bass, who projected deep feeling as well as beautiful tone. Miss Curtin's finest moments were in "The Suicide," in which her voice took on what might be described as the vocal color of despair, and Mr. Estes' were in the unforgettable "O Delvig, Delvig!" Mr. Ormandy conducted the work superbly, getting remarkable effects from the small orchestra.

After the intermission, William Smith, assistant conductor of the orchestra, presided over Brahms' Second Piano Concerto, with Alexis Weissenberg as soloist. Mr. Weissenberg's fine qualities as a virtuoso of the brilliant type are well known to most of us. There was a miscalculated note toward the beginning of the first movement, but in general he produced an excellent if somewhat standard performance. I was more interested in Mr. Smith, whom I had never seen conduct before. To judge by this performance, he is an extremely able maestro who does not merely beat time but conveys ideas to the orchestra in a manner reminiscent of Furtwängler. He is a middle-aged man and a fully mature musician. He probably deserves a place at the head of a major orchestra.

A NEW ballet by Dennis Nahat called "Ontogeny" was performed by the American Ballet Theatre last Wednesday night. "Ontogeny" means "the life history or development of an individual organism"—or so my dictionary says. The symbolism of this ballet was completely baffling to me. A large egg appeared in the middle of the stage against a background of erotic objects. Five people with emphasized erogenous zones got up out of what looked like faulty birchbark canoes to dance and roll on the floor. There was a great deal of rolling on the floor. The music was unpleasant but appropriate. I found the whole thing a bore. Such biologico-philosophical conceptions are best left to Martha Graham, who does them more interestingly and without the vulgarity that seemed to inspire every moment of this spectacle. The program also contained José Limón's "The Moor's Pavane," which, I am afraid, will never be the same without Mr. Limón's own intense stage personality; the pas de deux from "Le Corsair;" and Balanchine's "Theme and Variations." Of all this, I enjoyed only the athleticism of Lupe Serrano and Ted Kivitt in the pas de deux.

BACK to books again: In "The Tenth Muse" (Knopf; twelve dollars and ninety-five cents), Patrick J. Smith has written a remarkable and very serious study of the opera libretto considered as an art form—perhaps not



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an independent one but one with its own rules, virtues, and vices. The study is historical, beginning with the works of the seventeenth-century Florentine Camerata, which was seeking to revive the Greek drama in some form, and Mr. Smith points out, interestingly, that when Italian opera took form it was the librettist, or the dramatist, who was the big figure, and that the composer merely tagged along as an ancillary craftsman. Later on, during the reign of the librettist Metastasio in Vienna (his librettos are no longer performed), composers became more important, and the power of the librettist began to be subservient to that of the composer. Most great librettists seem to have been highly sophisticated men of the world whose talents were adaptive rather than creative. Such a man was Lorenzo Da Ponte, who wrote the librettos for Mozart's greatest operas. Styles changed along with styles of the legitimate theatre. Eugène Scribe, master craftsman of plays, wrote for Meyerbeer. Arrigo Boito, a tremendously versatile and highly educated man, wrote Verdi's finest librettos, as well as two operas of his own. He was one of the greatest, along with Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who worked with Richard Strauss. Mr. Smith regards Émile Zola as an important librettist. None of his librettos survive today, but his influence is to be felt in Charpentier's "Louise." The book contains a great deal more than the small points I have mentioned. It analyzes the characteristics of a good libretto, and it might well serve contemporary librettists as a guide.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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What happened to Ivan? Out to lunch?

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CORRECTION: Ruth Galen is National Secret not Corresponding Secretary as mentioned in the October L.A.W. Bulletin.—*Bulletin of the League of American Wheelmen.*

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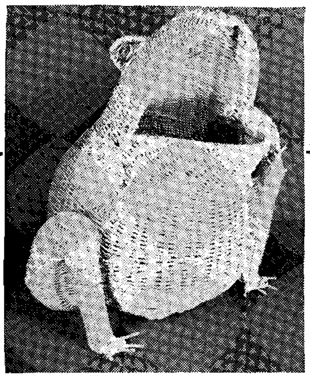
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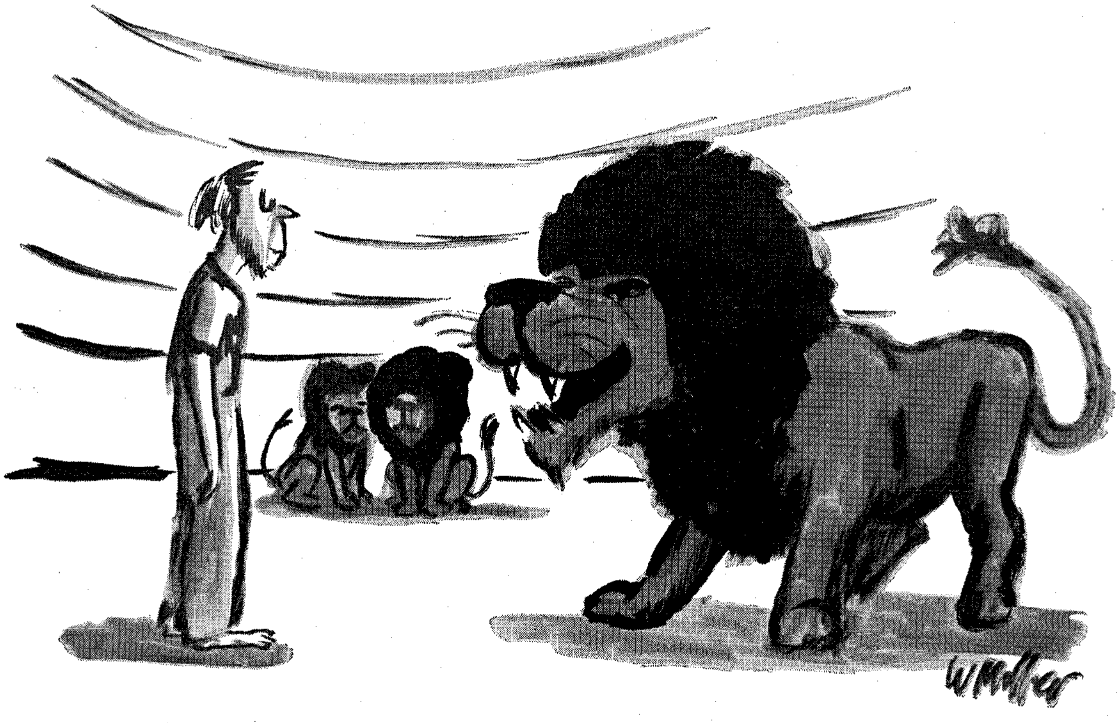
BOOKS

Art, the Always-with-Us

YOU will have noticed that nothing makes some terrific intellectuals more cross than art. They are always complaining acidly that a man's books won't stand up when he is dead, or that he hasn't properly realized his intentions, or that a film falls off in the last two reels, or that the lower-right-hand passage in a painting doesn't succeed. Everything has to be beaten into submission by assessment, and they hint that the job is enough to break anyone's back, getting testy about the fatigue and exasperation that contact with art brings with it. It is as if the stuff had been created only to make work; they approach it like the housewives who will rebuke a beautiful piece of sculpture with the remark that it's a dust-collector. At bottom—when, say, a scholar with a grant is swatting away at "Huckleberry Finn" with bitter little footnotes leading to a Ph.D.—you feel that the grumble may be that fiction is a lot of poppycock because it's all made up.

In a distractingly funny new novel called "Mrs. Wallop" (Little, Brown), Peter De Vries has had the consoling idea of enshrining the ratty souls of these academics in the body of a practical nurse. She is a mettlesome creation who burbles on with unfounded fearlessness of ever being wrong. Her views on art and society are firm, grumpy, and spirited. Some things are *beyond the pail*, she says, and it grows clear that in her eyes a good many of those things beyond that pail are aesthetic in nature and not at all what they're trumped up to be. Emma Wallop has the vocabulary of a Mrs. Malaprop reborn, mixed with the spelling habits of some Eng. Lit. don who has gone on the bottle. Chattering away at a rate of knots in the first person, she barges into the large questions of our culture like Matron bumping into your hospital bed when you have just got off to sleep, and her view of the work of the writers whom she sees as dogging her life is very much the attitude of that Matron to your fever—that it is an avoidable lapse which only rumples the sheets.



"Don't worry, Daniel. I've fixed it with the pride."

Literature pursues Mrs. Wallop everywhere. Having given up nursing, she now keeps a rooming house in the small town of Appleton, Indiana. The book begins with the nasty moment when her one-time favorite tenant, an over-lettered, surly lad called Randy Rivers, who was always flouncing out of the house complaining that April was the cruellest month or that the wench was dead, goes and writes a novel about her called "Don't Look Now, Medusa." The work infuriates her. Calumny. Not that she is sure who Medusa is, but she has her suspicions. The dust jacket of Randy's book shows "a dark-complected, Cubistic-type woman sitting under the dryer in a beauty parlor, her hair a nest of vipers." Emma Wallop spits "Cubistic-type" into the halls of fame, and the hell with it; art is up to no good and it can't be trusted a moment. Look at the treachery of Randy, when she had always thought they got on. Look at the store she set by him in the days when they read poetry out loud to each other and she let him intone T. S. Eliot by the yard while he was shaving. "Don't Look Now, Medusa" is a perfidious work. And, as she says, six dollars and a half for a book is a lot of money in these costive times. Not the sort of loot one would expect to have to dole out to be attacked, but that's art all over. Give it an inch and it takes a mile. To think of the patience she used to have with Randy when he was chanting one of his interminable favorites, which went:

> Leave us go then, you and I,
> When the evening is spread out
> against the sky
> Like a patient etherised upon a
> table.

A figure of speech that, she points out, she can appreciate after some twenty-odd years of nursing.

To pile Ossa on Pelion, if one is going to fall in with one of the many opaque conventions of expensively educated speech, Mrs. Wallop has a *son* who writes. His name is Osgood Wallop, and he goes and produces a novel about her, too. (It appears as the middle of De Vries' book.) The villainess here, who Mrs. Wallop reckons is almost certainly modelled on her, is not Medusa but a mother, though the clever lads who dreamed up mythology would probably say the two figures were one. This higher intelligence with its dreaming-up is dross, and it's the creative imagination that is the most slippery thing about it. Emma Wallop is on the *qui vive* about the creative imagination. In her alert view, the eternal toil of man's noblest endeavor is one long story of pulling the wool over your eyes.

Art is no stranger to her. She had an artistic marriage. Her dear departed,

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who was in floors, wrote poetry with the keynote of bawling optimism that she likes best in a man. There was a yes-sayer if ever there was one. His hymns to beauty were modelled on college cheers:

> Flowers, flowers, rah rah rah!
> You've smelled 'em with your noses
> So let's hear it for the roses,
> Roses, roses, sis boom bah!

F. Scott Fitzgerald, on the other hand, is flossy stuff, and she doesn't take to Shakespeare, apparently on account of his habit of preaching to other people about their jobs, like the way he lectures actors with the trippingly-on-the-tongue business. There are also altogether too many writers around now who, unlike the loved one over the Styx, can't write at an honest family fireside but hole up in a locked room by themselves. She says, irritably, that it seems Oscar Wilde couldn't concentrate with a woman in the room, either.

The quotations of world literature are an annoyance to her—always buzzing, and often misleading into the bargain. "Only man is vile"—well, O.K., but man isn't *only* vile, she says, pulling the bung on a pretty big topic, and quite a brave one to boot, when she has been so sorrowfully betrayed by Randy and her own Osgood. How she adored Randy, born of a marriage between a man called Positive Rivers and one Stella Slobkin. Positive Rivers and Miss Slobkin, we are told, fell in love "with a blind, unreasoning passion, which . . . is great in this day of canned hams."

"Mrs. Wallop," the funniest book since I don't know when, celebrates an apparent goon who actually has a bead on every sort of voguish stupidity. Her style is flushed and practical. The sentences De Vries gives her are sometimes marvels of blithe muddling-on. The words will come out in a hapless order, as if a compositor had flung trays of type into the air on a boozy day before a public holiday and printed them as they happened to fall. Her grammar is often laborious and usually off. Wandering prepositions cling to each other in miserable clumps at the ends of sentences, since they have found nowhere to go. Her ethic, in syntax as in life, is to soldier on. She has a queer poise. Like aesthetics, the present in general disgusts her. The New Writing is a sell, especially allegories of guilt in our time, and even the work of dear Osgood, which we see from the sample to belong to the highly regarded current school of mother-de-

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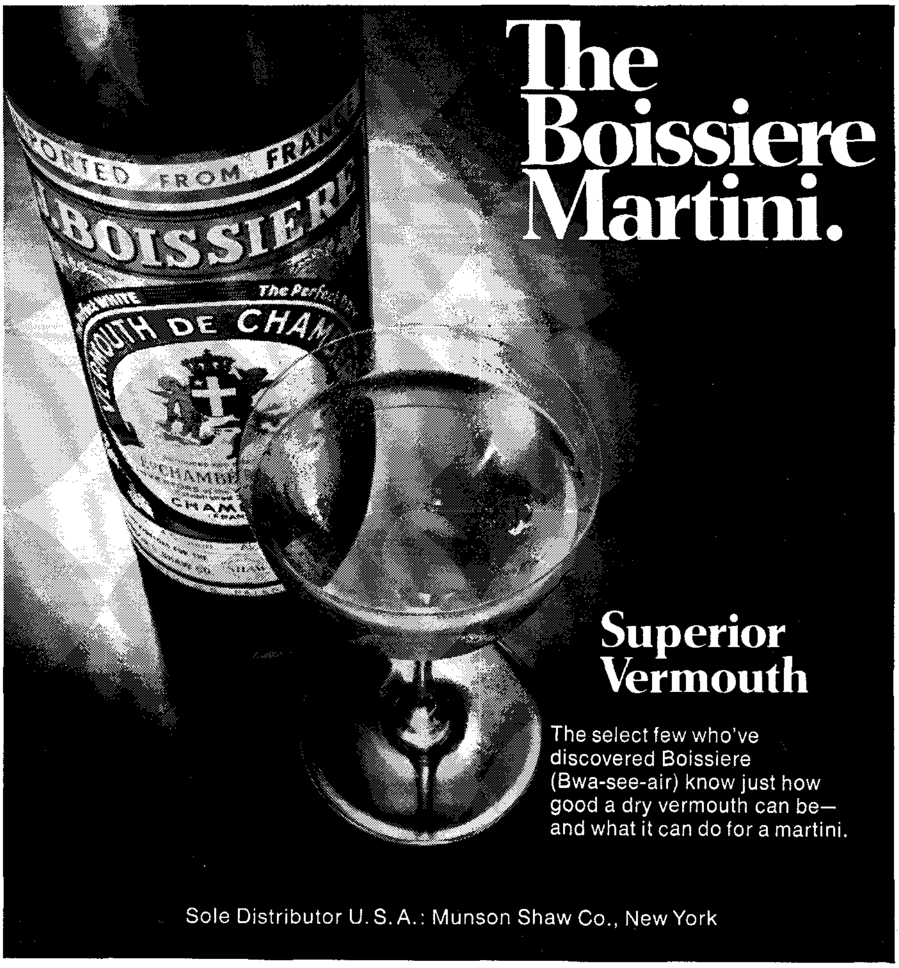
bunking porn; as for doctrinal modernity, it leaves her aghast. She reports, tight-lipped, a couple trying to save their marriage by fishing together through the ice in a chilly rural place. It is the melancholy of highbrows that really miffs her. Experimental art strikes her as perverse in wanting to make you depressed just because *it* is, and Freudianism she handles from a distance with a pair of sterilized tongs, mostly because of its rotten view of mothers. "The primordial life-slime I represent," she says, thinly. Seldom have the unadmittedly maddening aspects of modern thought been so athletically explored. She chatters with splendor, in a prose that is sometimes a parody of Joyce. Her command of language is full-blown, kicked into life by fury and horse sense. You have to keep on your toes in these hifalutin times. Somebody mentions Picasso. "*Pablo* Picasso?" she says, watchfully.

There are minutes, like this one, when Emma Wallop reminds you of Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster—Bertie fending off Jeeves when he seems to be threatening to quote Alexander Pope ("the poet Pope"). A good deal else that De Vries does with English is much like Wodehouse, especially his mixing of American slang and Lady Bracknellisms and silly-ass talk with some empyrean carry-on of his own. ("I'm partial to the old tapioca"—pearls, that is—says not Bertie but Emma Wallop.) De Vries has found a way of making his heroine, while she is mesmerizingly unpredictable, appear to be a mine of truisms, although they are truisms that no one else in the world is likely ever to have uttered: "You know what we say in medicine when it comes to symptoms? 'The stomach is the biggest liar in the anatomy.' " It's a hard world, and you can do with a nice adage on a cold morning. Emma looks after readers in the spirit of a bracing English nanny.

The book is really a character narration. The plot structure is nothing much, and not supposed to be the support of the novel. The story deals exclusively in the outrageous, and it is only the eyeview of the author and the heroine that is plausible, with its lucid vision of absurdity in the commonplace. Emma Wallop's opinions, which she herself would take to be Mrs. Average's, have a formidable acuity about intellectual conventionalism. As in De Vries' other novels, particularly "The Tents of Wickedness," there is a backhand suggestion that nonconformists are seldom up to the stress of being unorthodox. Emma notes, with kindness,



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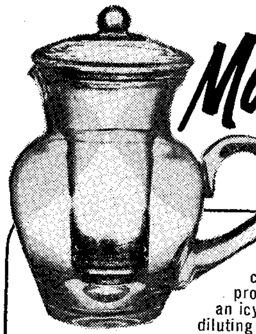

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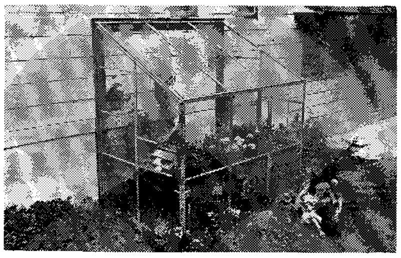

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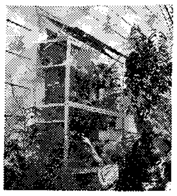

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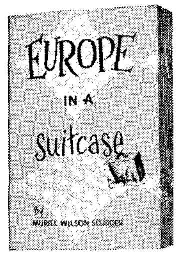

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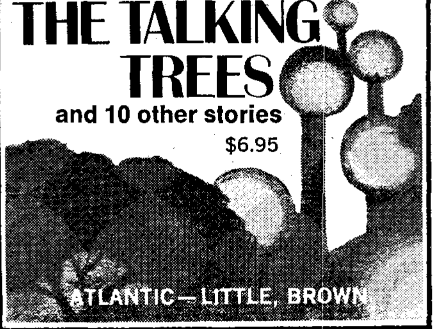

that hippies don't care if they aren't really grubby as long as they look grubby; on reflection, this is one of the more cutting moral remarks on the topic. And the misanthropy of Women's Lib bothers her: "premarital battle-axes."

Her Osgood becomes the abandoned father of a child whose mother skedaddles in order to work, and he decides, despondently, to wear drag as the only method of getting the people at a Lutheran Day Center, who are picky about the gender of an applicant parent, to accept the care of the baby. After this, and an arrest for homosexual masquerading, he falls in love with a man, as who wouldn't, and his panicked mother goes to church to pray for him. Hatless, she covers her head with her only available accessory, which is her bag.

Mrs. Wallop has moments of mysterious reverence. De Vries makes her seem very nice, very expansive. She thinks of herself as impossible, but she has a tonic nature, with a powerful dislike of the crabbed.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE OTHER GERMANS: REPORT FROM AN EAST GERMAN TOWN, by Hans Axel Holm, translated from the Swedish by Thomas Teal (Pantheon). A sociological study of Neustadt-Glewe (pop. 6,700), in the province of Mecklenburg. The author, a Swedish journalist, employs the contemporary, or interview, method, rather than the classic, or statistical, approach exemplified by "Middletown." His book has many faults. The organization is haphazard; there is no controlling design. The speakers are seldom adequately introduced, and they confusingly reappear time after time, introduced only by name (Frau Schröder); an identifying *personae*, as in the recent "Akenfield," would have been helpful. Much of the talk is mere mumbling, and there is far too much reminiscence about experiences in the Second World War. There is no index and no area map. Its parts, however, are often exceedingly interesting, and there are many telling observations. On Russians: "A Russian once told me that we *Germans* were primitive. In Russia, he said, a place the size of Neustadt would have three delousing stations. In Neustadt there weren't any." A cabinetmaker: "Furniture

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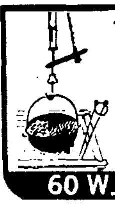

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isn't solid wood any more, but only veneered fiberboard; you have to be an expert to repair it." On motivation: "There are levels where bonuses are no attraction, simply because it isn't money the person lacks but, rather, some reason for existing in the first place. In the old days there was religion." An old man: "Now everything is gray and boring."

OPIUM AND THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION, by Alethea Hayter (University of California Press). An English student of literature examines the lives and work of such notable addicts as Crabbe, De Quincey, Coleridge, Collins, and Thompson to see what effects opium had on their literary abilities. She emphasizes that well into the nineteenth century the dangers of opium were not understood, and that it was sold to the public as a near panacea in an assortment of concentrations, from soothing syrups for babies to painkillers, hypnotics, and tranquillizers for adults. A few addicts (Crabbe was one) merely maintained themselves on an even dosage. More often, the pattern was that of De Quincey: taking ever larger amounts, unable to tolerate withdrawal, and finding—as did Coleridge—that the drug steadily deprived one of the power of sustained, coherent thought. The author manages to make a tragic subject as entertaining as possible by (for one example) exploring how a variety of modern people, from learned scholars to a class of teen-age girls, visualize Coleridge's Xanadu. She is careful never to outrun her facts in impossible generalizations, but on the whole she concludes that opium helped no one's art.

AFTERMATH, by Harold Owen (Oxford). Harold Owen (born in 1897) is a brother of the poet Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) and a self-acknowledged second-rate painter whose three-volume autobiography, "Journey from Obscurity: Childhood, Youth, War" (with its central portrait of Wilfred), revealed him to be a first-rate writer. This book, as its title declares, is an epilogue to that extended effort. It brings the author up to the present, but it is largely concerned with his hardscrabble struggles in the twenties and thirties—years in which he almost starved as an art student in London, years in which (when his art-school money ran out) he almost died of overwork as a farm laborer,

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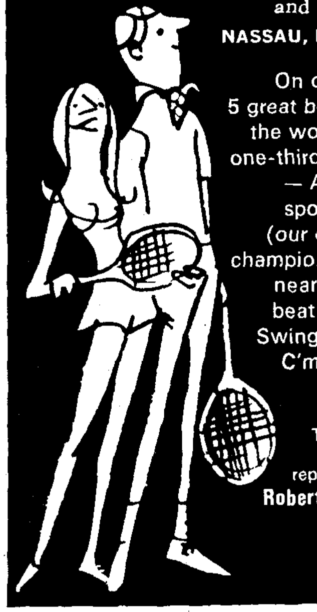

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years in which a succession of clearly war-related (five years at sea) psychosomatic ailments (muscular weakness, inability to eat, dread of tomorrow) led him to the edge of incapacity. Mr. Owen is a strange, muted, oblique kind of writer: his narrative moves straight ahead, but its meanings, probably unconsciously, are multi-layered. He pictures his mother, without a single unkind word, as a trial; he shows himself revering the memory of his famous brother but driven (remembering Wilfred's coolness toward him) to achieve a competitive fame; he seems to wish to tell us very little and ends by telling us almost too much for comfort. Illustrated (characteristically) with photographs only of early paintings and etchings—none of himself, his wife, his family, or his friends.

BOSWELL IN EXTREMES: 1776-78, edited and with an introduction by Charles McC. Weis and Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill). Here—in the ninth volume of the obligingly unending Yale Editions series of "The Private Papers of James Boswell"—we see Boswell at home in Edinburgh, generally drunk and often sexually promiscuous (or, as he puts it, "truly Asiatic"), and Boswell sojourning in London, sipping water and firmly continent. Such are the extremes of the title. Boswell drunk and raging (he once observed that "of all human arts" he valued distilling the most) is not a wholesome sight, but he records his depravities with a simplicity that disarms, and even charms. Boswell on his good behavior, however, is far more entertaining. A sober reporter is obviously a better reporter, and the conversation of his London friends (Dr. Johnson, Gibbon, Garrick, Reynolds, Burke, General Paoli) now appears, as it not always has before, as *conversation*—as extended exchanges, and not mere punching retorts. Moreover, Boswell continues to charm, and even to impress: "[Lord Mountstuart] said with great propriety, 'Boswell, you must drink. Drink claret, or go into the next room.' I went away." Contemporary illustrations, including a map of Edinburgh. Fifteen dollars.

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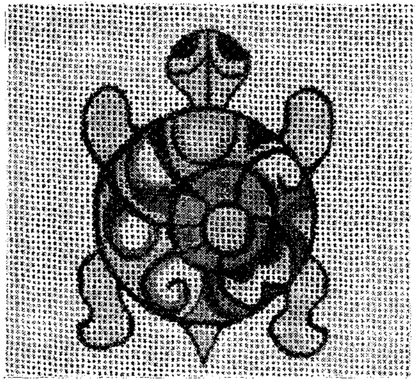

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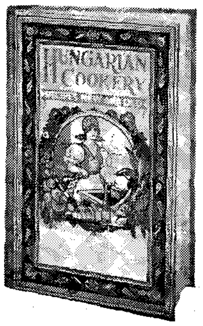

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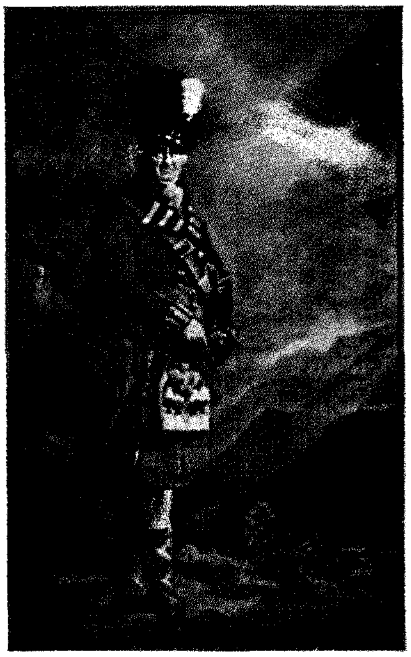
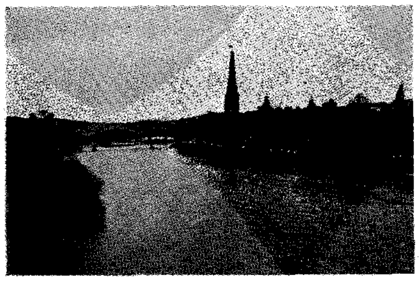
Authentic.

This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



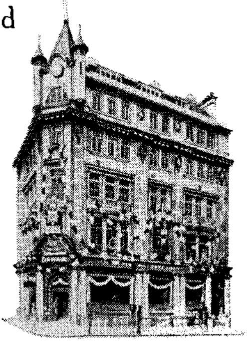
Dewar's
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS.
PERTH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth. The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquillity. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.

Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantrey Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



Dewar's never varies

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

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